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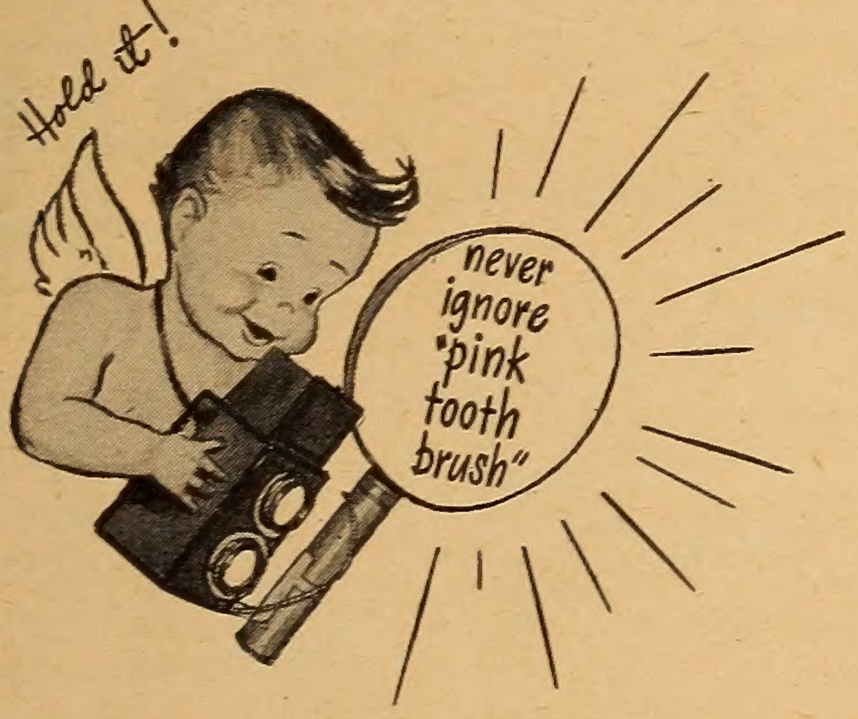
GIRL: Sorry, but I've sworn off smiling. Why, if I smiled–

CUPID: . . . you might get a *man* into the picture with you some time. Just fancy! Or don't you care for that kind of mush?

GIRL: Look, snip, what I do is my business. Why don't you go attend to your *own?*

CUPID: It so happens, scrap-happy, that smiles *are* my business. Men *go* for smiles. If you think that sour puss of yours will ever make a man look twice . . .

GIRL: Well, my smile is worse than my sulk. It would frighten away even the photographer. No high-lights . . . no glitter. I brush my teeth regularly but–



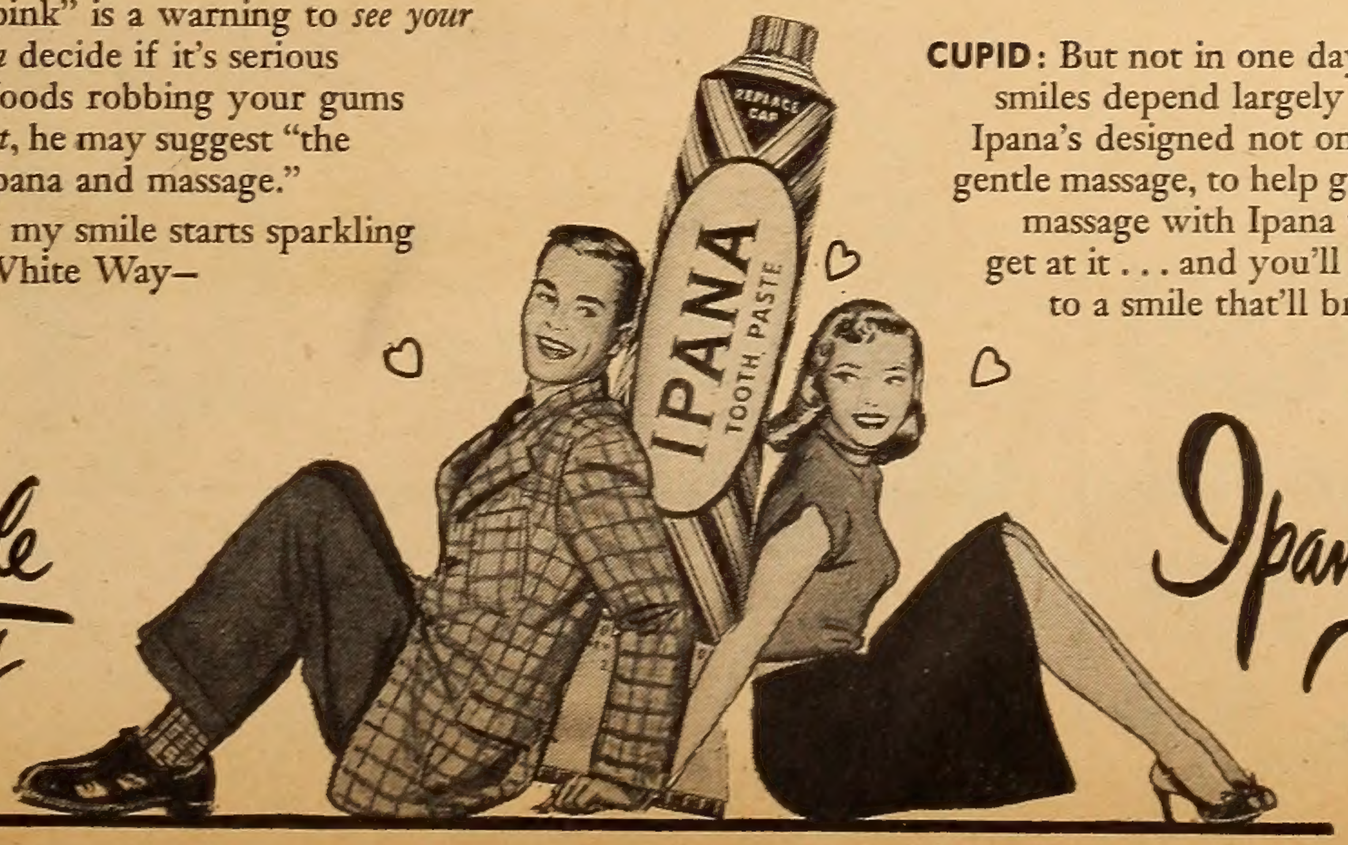
CUPID: But your tooth brush often shows a tinge of "pink"?

GIRL: Pink, green, blue . . . we were discussing the rainbow, perchance?

CUPID: Listen, sister, "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist AT ONCE.* Let *him* decide if it's serious . . . or just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. And if it's *that*, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And then suddenly my smile starts sparkling out loud like the Great White Way–

CUPID: But not in one day, dopey. For sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, get at it . . . and you'll be on the Great Right Way to a smile that'll break men's hearts!



For the Smile of Beauty

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MAR 13 1947

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LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

At last! The world is going to see the dramatic picturization of the most hush-hush secret of all time.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has made the picture of pictures, "The Beginning or the End"—the story of the beginning of a new civilization or the end of civilization itself—the dramatic story of the atomic bomb.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you see "The Beginning or the End", you'll virtually become a part of the events that were so fraught with drama, danger, and above all—suspense.

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★ ★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★ ★

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Here is the story of the hour, the burning topic of the moment, the greatest "must" picture in the history of pictures.





M-G-M has assembled top talent for this mighty production. Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker, Tom Drake and Beverly Tyler (the celebrated "Green Years" lovers), beautiful Audrey Totter, Hume Cronyn and many more. Each contributes an unforgettable performance.

★ ★ ★ ★

To Producer Samuel Marx, Director Norman Taurog, and to the many others who had their part in picturizing the greatest drama of our time, we offer congratulations on an entertainment unique in motion pictures.



"The Beginning or the End" is tremendous from beginning to end!



—Leo

APRIL, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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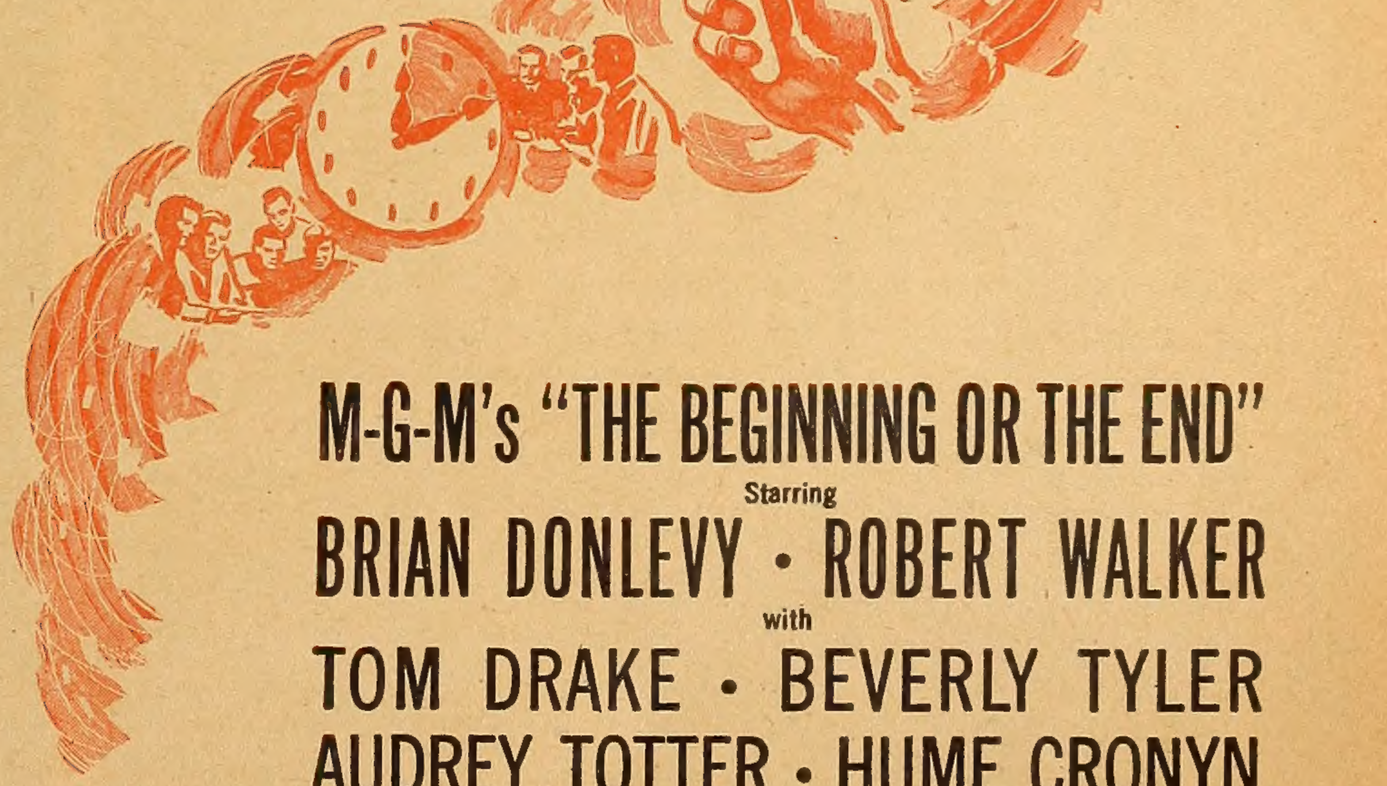
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THE LONG-AWAITED DRAMATIC STORY OF THE ATOMIC BOMB

THE BEGINNING OR THE END



M-G-M presents the picture of pictures...the story of the most HUSH-HUSH secret of all time!



M-G-M's "THE BEGINNING OR THE END"

Starring

BRIAN DONLEVY • ROBERT WALKER

with

TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER
AUDREY TOTTER • HUME CRONYN

Screen Play by FRANK WEAD • Original Story by ROBERT CONSIDINE
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG • Produced by SAMUEL MARX
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Look into the forbidden city!
Meet the girl who lost
her identity—the only girl
who knew the world's
most terrifying secret!

LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

van marries evie!

Fifteen minutes after Van Johnson and Evie Wynn planed in from their Juarez elopement, I was talking to the newlyweds on the phone.

"Happy?" said Van in answer to my question, "Louella, I've never known complete happiness before. Evie is the first and the only girl I have ever loved. This is the love of my life. I think you know that."

Then the bride came on to say that she was still trying to catch her breath after the way Van had swooped her up and carried her over the threshold after the fashion of newlyweds from time immemorial.

"On the way back out to our home," Evie told me, "we stopped by to see my children. I want them with us as soon as I can make arrangements. We really aren't completely settled in the new house yet."

Well, I must say that after all the false starts and, yes, unlucky angles about this most sensational of Hollywood romances, Van and Evie are glowing with happiness.

Believe me, it's a puzzler when a man's wife falls in love with his best friend and yet all three remain on the best of terms even after the wife announces that she is divorcing her husband and sets a wedding date with the friend.

And apparently, their sudden elopement to Juarez, where Evie divorced Keenan one minute and married Van the next, has not interrupted that friendship.

I also talked with Keenan the day of the wedding and he said, "I wish them all the happiness in the world. I'm keeping the children with me for a little while until Evie is ready to take them. But believe me, it won't be one of those cases where I have them six months out of the year and their mother the other six months. I went through too much unhappiness that way in my own youth. The children will stay with their (*Continued on page 6*)



Hold on, Evie, that's no way to induct an unsuspecting groom into matrimony! Ever since Evie started buying draperies and furniture for his new house, it seemed certain she'd wed Van.

Van Johnson and Evie Wynn were married in Juarez, Mexico, on January 25, as soon as she obtained her divorce from Keenan. There was no time for an immediate honeymoon, so Van, who told Louella he'd never been happier in his life, brought his bride into the $125,000 "bonus" home Metro gave him.





Metro execs are reported worried over the reaction of the bobby-soxers to Van's marriage, but the newlyweds aren't upset; look at Frankie! Van and Gene Kelly will co-star as Weber and Fields.



Van attended the *Yearling* premiere with old friends Peter Lawford and Lucille Ball. Then he and Evie left for Sun Valley for some skiing. Van invited his Dad to live with them, but Pop Johnson said no; Providence was his proper home.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS



Greg and Greta Peck (at *The Yearling* premiere) are planning on a bigger house for their two sons to romp in. Other plans include eventually doing a play in N. Y. every other year.

Recognize the brown-haired Lana Turner, with Peter Shaw? Lana turned songwriter, wrote a tune called "Love You, That Is," and Frances Faye recorded it.





Jimmy Durante may steal a kiss now and then, but Margaret O'Brien's own true love is really Claude Jarman, Jr.—otherwise known as Jody. Only Jody's at the age where he prefers older women—like Mrs. Gregory Peck.

mother with the understanding that I can see them any time."

Perhaps as long as movie history is written, no one will ever really know what happened in this sensational triangle with the exception of the three interested parties.

But this I do believe: In the beginning there was a great deal of opposition to the romance of Van and Evie not only from his studio, M-G-M, but from many of the letter-writing fans as well.

I think the realization of this opposition was responsible for many changes in their plans. Several months ago, you will remember, Evie went to Las Vegas to get a divorce—and then suddenly called it off. Around the holidays she took off for Sun Valley for the same reason—and then again changed her mind.

The elopement, I am sure, was very sudden. I think it came after Van had convinced his studio that this marriage was the one thing in his life really important to his happiness. "All right," said the bosses in effect, "if that's the way it is, marry the girl you love and with our blessing."

And so the beginning of the marriage of Van Johnson and Evie Wynn is the ending of one of the most amazing love stories of all time in Hollywood.

Let's you and I add our voices to those wishing them happiness and health.

* * *

As this is written, two of my closest friends, Greer Garson and Richard Ney, are separated. By the time you read it, they may be back together again. This I sincerely hope.

But at the time I broke my exclusive story of

(*Continued on page 8*)

His Dream!

Her Love!

"... a filly that doesn't tame easy ... long-limbed and deep through the heart!"

"... broad in the shoulder ... with fire in his blood... and not too easy to hold on to!"



Your Kind of Romance!

CORNEL WILDE

MAUREEN O'HARA

THE *HOMESTRETCH*

in TECHNICOLOR





20th CENTURY-FOX ROMANCE!

with **GLENN LANGAN · HELEN WALKER**

JAMES GLEASON · HENRY STEPHENSON · MARGARET BANNERMAN · ETHEL GRIFFIES · TOMMY COOK

Directed by **BRUCE HUMBERSTONE** · Produced by **ROBERT BASSLER** · Original Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock





Lucky Jean Morrison! The Screen Guild Broadcast found her surrounded by John Garfield, Gene Kelly, and Greg Peck, whose lap proved very roomy.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

their separation I knew it was true in spite of the luke warm denials. Richard had admitted it to me. He told me he was living with Ginger Rogers and Jackie Briggs, but "any official statement must come from my wife. She is the star and the important one."

Greer, on the other hand, stuck persistently to her story that Richard had moved out for a few days because the house was being redecorated (exclamation point).

The trouble, either temporary or permanent, I believe, was due to the fact that Greer has been ill and depressed for several months. She never fully recovered from the accident she suffered filming location scenes for *A Woman of My Own*, in which she nearly drowned. Finally, when the picture was completed after six gruelling months of work, she was bitterly disappointed in it. The studio agreed with her that some of it would have to be re-shot.

It was impossible for her to pitch right in again without a good rest; she wasn't physically up to it.

"During the past few months both my mother and Richard have had to worry about my depressed condition," Greer told me.

After she has a rest—she's even closing their big house to be free of all worries—I'm hoping that she and Richard will be as happy as they were in the past.

The cutest story of the month concerns Margaret O'Brien, out shopping for new clothes in some of the swank shops in Beverly Hills.

Suddenly she noticed a cute little shop with a skirt in the window which caught her eye. A sign said that the buttons could be moved over, or back, to make the garment bigger or smaller.

"Oh, mother," said the little girl, "let's go in and order one made in my size. If I keep on eating ice cream and cake it would come in so handy."

The shop, if you please, was the famous "Anticipation Shop," specializing in maternity clothes!

* * *

For thirty-six hours, Hollywood had it's own who-dun-it. The big mystery was: WHERE, OH WHERE, WAS BLONDE, BEAUTIFUL VIRGINIA MAYO?

The girl who plays the naughty wife of *The Best Years of Our Lives* so well, just up and disappeared into thin air for almost three days.

The manager of her apartment house knew nothing of her whereabouts. The Goldwyn studio crowd were so worried and puzzled they were within five minutes of calling the police. Her "fiance," Michael O'Shea, was beside himself.

Then out of the blue, Virginia called me from Palm Springs.

She said she hadn't intended to stir up a mystery, but she hadn't wanted anyone,

(*Continued on page 10*)



SOL LESSER presents

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

and

LON McCALLISTER

in

"The RED HOUSE"

with JUDITH ANDERSON • RORY CALHOUN • ALLENE ROBERTS • JULIE LONDON
ONA MUNSON • HARRY SHANNON • From the novel "THE RED HOUSE" by GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN • Written for the Screen and Directed by DELMER DAVES

Straight from the pages of The Saturday Evening Post serial and the novel that thrilled over 7 million readers!

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says **IRENE KULBACK,** lovely
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
stewardess

Irene really gets around, in Pan American's big transoceanic Clippers—but, anywhere in the world, she finds the few minutes needed for her regular streamlined shampoo with GLO-VER. No other shampoo can do more for your hair—for that *natural*-looking hair-beauty! Contains mild, efficient cleansing agents, made from fine *blended* vegetable oils. Rinses out *instantly*—no trace of unsightly film. Removes loose dandruff, cleanses scalp. Ask for the regular size package at Drug or Cosmetic Counters —or mail Coupon for free Sampler.



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Be Glover-wise . . . *glamorize* with GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine, Glover's Hair Dress! One complete application of each in hermetically-sealed bottles—all 3 in free Sampler Package *not sold in stores.* Mail Coupon today.

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Send free Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—GLO-VER Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine and Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with *free* booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

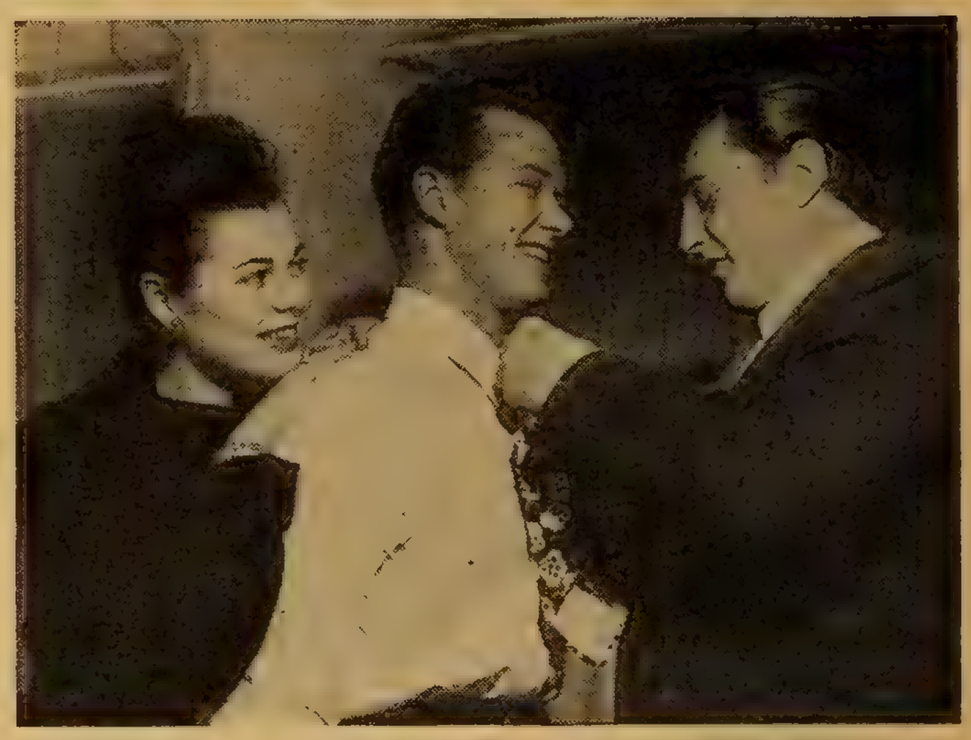
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At the *Duel In The Sun* premiere: Maria Montez and husband Jean Pierre Aumont. Maria's all excited about making their first picture together, *Queen Of Hearts.*



It isn't every broadcast at the Lux Show that features Bob Mitchum as the official four-in-hander. Even Bill Williams' wife, Barbara Hale, said he had a fine technique.



LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

particularly O'Shea, to know where she was.

"We had a battle," Virginia told me. "I don't know whether we will ever make up." I think the real reason is that Mike's long-expected divorce has not gone through. Ah, amour, amour!

* * *

I have the greatest respect in the world for Jean Hersholt for his candor and honesty in coming out and saying something that many of us have long suspected about the Academy Awards.

And that is—that too much studio politics is tied up in the selections for the coveted Oscars.

In a letter to all Academy members, Jean, who is the president of the organization, said that the "loyalty" of the voters was to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and not to any studio affiliation.

The eyes of the nation and many foreign capitals are on Hollywood at Oscar voting time. And the results should be a free and unhampered verdict that proudly bestows honors on achievements proudly won.

To me, and to all of us who so much want the Oscar to stand for the finest achievements in Hollywood, it is completely shocking that professional gamblers have moved in and are quoting "odds" on the players likely to win.

When you read this, we will all know the results. Let us hope, for the dignity of Hollywood, they are honest!

* * *

I don't think any dress in the world is worth 1400 or 1500 dollars even if it were lined with gold and studded with diamonds. And yet, a certain Hollywood designer is getting "them" prices.

What surprises me is that the girls who are paying these sums for finery are not always the biggest stars. A girl who was recently married and who paid $1500 for her wedding gown, is little more than a stock player at one of the major studios.

Another girl, who paid $1400 for a dinner gown, is listed as a featured player. I understand they think the glad rags will attract attention and they will be given bigger opportunities. In other words, a "business investment." As such, it's the best way I know to go broke.

* * *

The biggest yen in town is the undisguised "crush" 12-year-old Claude Jarman, Jr. has on pretty, cute, blonde little Mrs. Gregory Peck. Greg is standing up under his romance

(*Continued on page 65*)

A MOUTH LIKE HERS

IF YOU WERE NORA PRENTISS WOULD YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT?

IS JUST FOR KISSING

Ann Sheridan

AS A WOMAN WHO DOES WHAT SHE HAS TO DO IN "NORA PRENTISS"

THE NEW WARNER SENSATION

NOT FOR TELLING

CO-STARRING

KENT SMITH · BRUCE BENNETT

with ROBERT ALDA
ROSEMARY DeCAMP • DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN • PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS

SCREEN PLAY BY N. RICHARD NASH • FROM A STORY BY PAUL WEBSTER & JACK SOBELL • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

The law is a little confused about Laraine Day and Leo Durocher— but the heart knows nothing about man-made laws.

Suddenly it's love!

by florabel muir

special correspondent, N. Y. Daily News

■ A few months ago I chatted with Laraine Day for an hour at the Beverly Hills Club. In the midst of a merry, laughing crowd I had observed that she was quiet and pretty much aloof.

I said: "Laraine, you seem strangely pensive tonight." She shot me a quick glance. "Do I?" I quickly assured her that it was quite becoming.

Little enough did I suspect that she was at an emotional crisis in her life.

A great and overpowering love had come to Laraine. Not one of us here in Hollywood had the slightest suspicion of it. Ray Hendricks was at the club that night. He wasn't spending much time with his lovely wife, but that isn't extraordinary at Hollywood parties. By the same token, Gene Tierney was there with Oleg Cassini, her devoted squire, and no one would have guessed that within a few weeks she would be filing suit for a divorce.

Two years ago, Laraine, on a USO tour, met Leo Durocher on an airplane flying from Chicago to Minneapolis.

Laraine has let me know something of the terrible (*Continued on page 130*)



Dancing at Ciro's, shortly before their Mexican wedding, Laraine Day and the Dodgers' Leo Durocher were blissfully unaware of the marital mess ahead. At this writing, they are married in every state but Calif.

The Woman Hunt is on for the girl with the little black book!

DEBORAH KERR*

(you'll love her...you'll love her brogue)

as the Gay Young Innocent caught in a Web of Intrigue and Love!

"The Adventuress"

J. ARTHUR RANK presents

DEBORAH KERR • TREVOR HOWARD in "THE ADVENTURESS"

with RAYMOND HUNTLEY • MICHAEL HOWARD • NORMA SHELLEY • LIAM REDMOND

Screenplay written and produced by FRANK LAUNDER and SIDNEY GILLIAT

Directed by FRANK LAUNDER • AN INDIVIDUAL PICTURE

An Eagle-Lion Films Release

* KERR RHYMES WITH STAR

Dorothy kilgallen selects "the best years of our lives"





Butch (Hoagy Carmichael, left) is sympathetic, and understands that Homer (Harold Russell, center) must be treated naturally if he is to overcome his physical handicap. Though unhurt in battle, Al (Fredric March) has other adjustments to make when he comes home.

■ You know how you think of an American town—the main street, the gleaming drug store, the parking lot? The bank, and the bar where the nice little guy plays the piano the way it sounds best over a beer at two o'clock in the morning?

You know how you think of an American hero—modest and sensible, good-natured and scornful of pity?

You know how you think of an American husband—hard-working and honest, loving his wife, puzzled a little by the way things are but wanting to make them better? . .

All this, and all these, you will find in Samuel Goldwyn's picture *The Best Years Of Our Lives*, and that, I think is its secret. It shows the people you know, and it shows them the way you think of them in a setting as familiar as your own backyard, and what is says about them is true. It is a picture for which the only simple descriptive word is wonderful.

American veterans are owed much and owe very little, but they are in debt to Director William Wyler and all others involved in the making of *The Best Years Of Our Lives*. It tells their story by following the homely and predictable adventures of three men—one young, one middle aged, one very young and maimed

(*Continued on page 92*)

RAY MILLAND · TERESA WRIGHT

On her wedding night

She Alone Can Send
A Stranger To His Death,
Or Keep Silent And
Have Her Happiness Forever.

Because she loved him so much... she hurt him so deeply!

"The Imperfect Lady"

with

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE · VIRGINIA FIELD · REGINALD OWEN · ANTHONY QUINN · MELVILLE COOPER

Produced by **KARL TUNBERG** · Directed by **LEWIS ALLEN**

Screen Play by Karl Tunberg · A Paramount Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Virginia Wilson



Cattle baron Jim Brewton (S. Tracy) introduces his bride Lutie (K. Hepburn) to a rancher. Later, he learns that her sympathies lie much more with the ranchers than with him.

SEA OF GRASS

There is, perhaps, no more bitter life for a woman than being married to a man whom she loves but cannot respect. A man with a twisted outlook on the world, which results in repeated injury to others. Colonel Brewton (Spencer Tracy) is such a man, but Lutie (Katharine Hepburn) doesn't know that when she marries him.

Lutie is a St. Louis girl, and even in 1880, St. Louis is quite different from New Mexico, Brewton's home. Lutie is used to shining silver, and champagne, and quiet-voiced servants. Brewton, in spite of his tremendous land holdings, has none of these things to offer. They spend their honeymoon in a rough camp at the edge of the "Sea of Grass," Brewton's term for his enormous grazing lands. Lutie soon comes to understand that this land means more to him than anything in his life.

The countryside is in a state of unrest. Small farmers are trying to get holdings, but Brewton and his fellow cattle-barons make it impossible. Even the brilliant lawyer, Brice Chamberlain (Melvyn Douglas), can't win a case in the politically controlled courts against Brewton.

From the time Lutie first meets Brice there is an unmistakable spark of passion between them. Yet she is truly in love with her husband, truly anxious to share his interests and opinions. But she finds it impossible to adopt a belief that brushes aside the rights of everyone except a certain privileged group—a belief that cares nothing for people, only for land. *(Continued on page 18)*



Lawyer Chamberlain (Melvyn Douglas) loves Lutie, helps her in the fight—against her husband's interests—to get the ranchers the land which they feel is rightfully theirs.



Years later, Jim finds that he has lost touch with his son Brock (Bob Walker) and daughter (Phyllis Thaxter). Lutie leaves him, and it takes Brock's death to bring them together.

If He Knew
Where He Lost it...
If He Knew
When He Lost it...
Then He'd Know
Which of These MISSES
to Call MRS.!

The Groom

The Bride

the Wife

LOST! ONE HONEYMOON
If anyone finds a honeymoon with me on it, please return. *FRANCHOT TONE*

Eagle-Lion Films presents

FRANCHOT TONE
ANN RICHARDS
TOM CONWAY

IN

"LOST HONEYMOON"

BRYAN FOY

with

FRANCES RAFFERTY · CLARENCE KOLB
UNA O'CONNOR · WINSTON SEVERN
Original Screenplay by **Joseph Fields**

EAGLE-LION FILMS

Music by **Werner Heymann** Produced by **Lee Marcus** · Directed by **LEIGH JASON**

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all skin blemishes can be *completely* concealed with this *amazing* cream



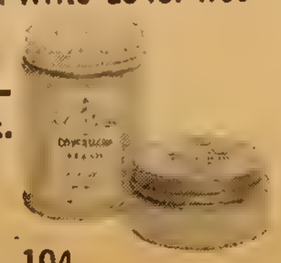
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My Favorite Brunette: Bob Hope finds Dorothy Lamour once again the girl in his arms—in a hilarious parody of Hollywood's tough mystery thrillers.

(*Continued from page 16*)

Lutie grows increasingly unhappy, even after the birth of her daughter. When Brewton's cowboys beat up a farmer who has gotten in the way of their cattle, Lutie decides she's had enough. She leaves her husband and when she sees Brice again the spark between them fans to flame. A brief, quick-dying flame, for she realizes even then that it's Brewton she really loves.

Lutie has a son and he grows to manhood as Brock Brewton (Robert Walker), although she told Brewton the truth at his birth. In the end it is made clear to both Lutie and her husband that it was always the "sea of grass" which stood between them.—*M-G-M.*

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE

Bob Hope's new picture is a hilarious parody of the "tough" mystery thrillers that have lately flooded the screen. With Dorothy Lamour as his favorite brunette, Bob plays a photographer, Ronnie Jackson, who yearns to be a private detective.

His studio is just across the hall from the McLeod Detective Agency. While Ronnie begs squawling children to "Smile and look at the birdie!" Sam McLeod is saving beautiful girls from sudden and violent death. Anyway, that's what Ronnie thinks. Sam goes away for a few days and Ronnie is in the office pretending he's a great detective, when a client walks in. She's a sleek brunette who tells him she is Carlotta Montay (Dorothy Lamour). Before he can explain that he's only a photographer, she has hired him to find her missing uncle, Baron Montay (Frank Puglio).

The Baron is an invalid, confined to a wheelchair, but he has disappeared, wheelchair and all. Carlotta whispers mysteriously that she's afraid "they" have got him. She tells Ronnie to come to a certain address that afternoon to get further details, and she gives him a secret map to hide for her.

The address turns out to be a country estate, complete with a sinister butler called Kismet (Peter Lorre) and a host, Major Montague (Charles Dingle), who tells Ronnie that the lush Carlotta suffers from delusions. "This nonsense about the Baron having disappeared is an example," he explains, when she's out of the room. "The Baron is right in the library here." He takes Ronnie in and produces a man in a wheelchair whom the photographer recognizes from the picture Carlotta showed him of her uncle.

Ronnie is not only convinced, he is now terrified of Carlotta. He's allergic to crazy people, and after all, she might get violent any minute! But as he is about to leave, he overhears a conversation that shows Carlotta is the victim of a conspiracy. Gallantly, Ronnie swings into action again. So far in that he gets thoroughly beaten up, has to dodge knives thrown by Kismet, and spends considerable time in an expensive looney-bin! He even is arrested and almost executed for a murder he didn't commit. Who wants to be a private detective, anyway?—*Par.*

THE FABULOUS DORSEYS

Fabulous is the word for the Dorsey brothers. They've been a legend in show business for years—their talent, their battles, their rivalry. Tommy on the trombone and Jimmy on the sax are tops in their particular fields, but they just don't play the same kind of music.

That's what starts all the trouble, way back when they are kids in a Pennsylvania mining town. Their dad, Tom Dorsey (Arthur Shields) is a miner, but he's a musician too. He keeps the boys practicing when the other kids are out in the corner lot playing baseball, by the simple expedient of taking away their shoes. Even in those days they'd fight like devils over the way to play a particular passage. Tommy wanted it hot and Jimmy wanted it sweet, and it would take little Jane, the girl next door, to keep them from committing murder and mayhem.

When they grow up, they form a band of their own and go out on the road. Jane (Janet Blair) goes with them as vocalist. Things are tough and they don't get the bookings they'd hoped for. When they do get one, it's apt to end in a row between the brothers. Finally, their piano player walks out. He says he can starve cheaper on Broadway. So they hire a guy who plays piano in a local movie house. His name is Bob (William Lundigan) and he's good.

Of course he falls in love with Jane, and gets awfully tired of seeing her devote her time to patching up the quarrels of the Dorsey brothers. He's writing a concerto

DON'T *CONDEMN* JANET AMES
UNTIL YOU'VE SEEN THE PICTURE!



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

ROSALIND
RUSSELL · MELVYN DOUGLAS

in

The Guilt of Janet Ames

with SID CAESAR • BETSY BLAIR
NINA FOCH

Screenplay by Louella MacFarlane, Allen Rivkin, Devery Freeman
Directed by HENRY LEVIN



That Bandbox Look

isn't come by accidentally, Lamby . . . You achieve it only by paying close attention to the little details of grooming . . . The prettiest hair-do, for instance, can go limp around the edges fast —if you don't anchor it with Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip. And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They're made of high-carbon steel so they can't slip and slide and they keep their snap and shape indefinitely.



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BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

and he wants Jane to marry him and be his inspiration, instead of worrying about Tommy and Jimmy.

The band falls apart, and the brothers get a job with Paul Whiteman. Then they have a really flaming row over who should play what how, and swear they'll never play together again. Each of them wins fame with his own band, and it's a long time before they break that vow. . . .

Paul Whiteman, Charlie Barnet, Henry Busse, Art Tatum and Ziggy Elman are a few of the music-makers you'll hear. Aside from "the fabulous Dorseys" themselves. —*U.A.*

THE GUILT OF JANET AMES

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, let me present the case of Janet Ames. The crime she is charged with is selfishness. Consider your verdict carefully.

One rainy night in April, Janet Ames (Rosalind Russell) sets out with a list of five men. They are the men whose lives were saved when her husband threw himself on a Jap grenade. He died so they could live, and Janet has done nothing for two years but mourn him. Now she feels that she must find out all about these men. Were they worth that sacrifice? Could anyone be?

The first address is Danny's saloon. As Janet starts across the street toward it, she is struck by a car. When she comes to in the hospital, she can't walk. The doctors tell her there is nothing wrong with her physically—it's a neurosis. If she really wanted to walk, she could.

Janet has a visitor in the hospital. He's a newspaperman called Smitty (Melvyn Douglas), and he tells her he used to know Dave, her husband. What he doesn't tell her is that the police sergeant called him, because his name—Smithfield Cobb—is on the list in Janet's bag. Smitty asks where she was going, and gradually she confides in him the story of Dave's death, and her decision to find the five men who are alive because of it. But she adds that she won't be able to carry out her plan now—she can't walk.

"Maybe that's why you can't walk," Smitty says slowly. "Because you're afraid of what you'd find."

That doesn't make sense to Janet at first. But Smitty leads her into a sort of dream world where she meets four of the men. And she begins to see what he means. There's Joe who's a bouncer in a saloon because he only has one leg left and wants to prove he's still as tough as any guy with two. There's Pierson who's doing scientific experiments in the desert instead of living on his rich wife's money. There's Merino, whose little daughter needs him. And Sammy (Sid Caesar) who has a wonderful ability to make people laugh. And then there's Smitty . . .—*Col.*

SINBAD THE SAILOR

No one ever quite believes the stories Sinbad the Sailor tells about his voyages. Around the bazaars of Basra, he's known as Sinbad the Liar, but everyone listens to him anyway. Take the story of his eighth voyage. . .

Sinbad (Douglas Fairbanks) and his first mate, Abbu (George Tobias), see a ship foundering on the rocks. They swim out to it and find the whole crew dead of poisoned water. Sinbad, fascinated by a chart on board which has curious symbols matching those on a talisman he always wears around his neck, feels that Destiny is at work. He bids for the ship at auction, although he hasn't a dime—or its Persian equivalent, in his pocket.

Bidding against him is a spectacularly beautiful girl named Shireen (Maureen O'Hara). Sinbad outbids her and manages to pay for the ship by a piece of magician's mumbo-jumbo which I don't profess to understand. He also fixes up a date with Shireen, and—in the course of it—almost gets a knife in his back. Shireen disappears, although it wasn't she who threw the knife.

Sinbad decides to sail his ship to Daibul where the gorgeous redhead came from. The knife which almost ended his artful career has a name carved on the jeweled handle—Jamal. That name recurs in a threatening pattern throughout the rest of the picture.

Sinbad and Shireen meet again at Daibul, where she presides over the harem of the Emir (Anthony Quinn). The Emir wants her to become Wife Number One, but Shireen dreams of Sinbad and the rose he gave her, and puts off her decision. She and the Emir have a common objective—the discovery of the gold treasure on an island called Deryabar. They think that Sinbad, because of the medallion he wears, is Prince Ahmed of Deryabar, and can lead them there. Actually, Sinbad knows nothing about it, and the direction chart has been stolen from the ship. The fat and crafty ship's barber (Walter Slezak) claims to have memorized the chart. Perhaps he can take them there—but what then?

The Technicolor is something that's out of this world.—*RKO.*



The Guilt of Janet Ames: War-widow Rosalind Russell tells Melvyn Douglas of her strange quest.



Sinbad the Sailor: Maureen O'Hara listens skeptically to Douglas Fairbanks' weird adventures.

This is the story of Annie...



NOW ANNIE WAS...



AS BEAUTIFUL A GIRL...



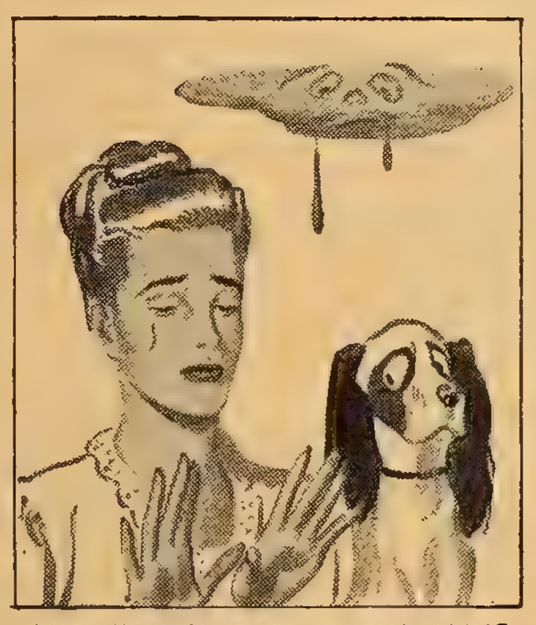
AS EVER WAS PUT TOGETHER!



WHY, WHEN ANNIE WALKED DOWN THE STREET...
WOW!



YET ANNIE HAD HER BAD MOMENTS...LIKE ANY OTHER GAL.



AND YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY? ANNIE'S HANDS WERE A MESS. ALWAYS ROUGH AND DRY, LIKE SANDPAPER.



AND WHEN A MAN WANTS TO HOLD A GIRL'S HANDS... EVEN A GIRL LIKE ANNIE ...HE DOESN'T WANT TO WEAR GLOVES...



THEN, LUCKILY, FANNIE TOLD ANNIE ABOUT AN ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT HAND LOTION! THE **BEFOREHAND** LOTION...**TRUSHAY!**



SO ANNIE SMOOTHED CREAMY, FRAGRANT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE DID DISHES...BECAUSE **TRUSHAY** GUARDS HANDS EVEN IN HOT, SOAPY WATER!



AND ANNIE PUT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE TUBBED HER UNDIES...SO **TRUSHAY'S** SPECIAL "OIL-RICHNESS" COULD HELP PREVENT DRYNESS AND ROUGHNESS.



SO NOW ANNIE IS ABLE TO KEEP HER HANDS SOFT AND SMOOTH AND HOLDABLE... THANKS TO **TRUSHAY'S** WONDERFUL SOFTENING HELP.

TRUSHAY



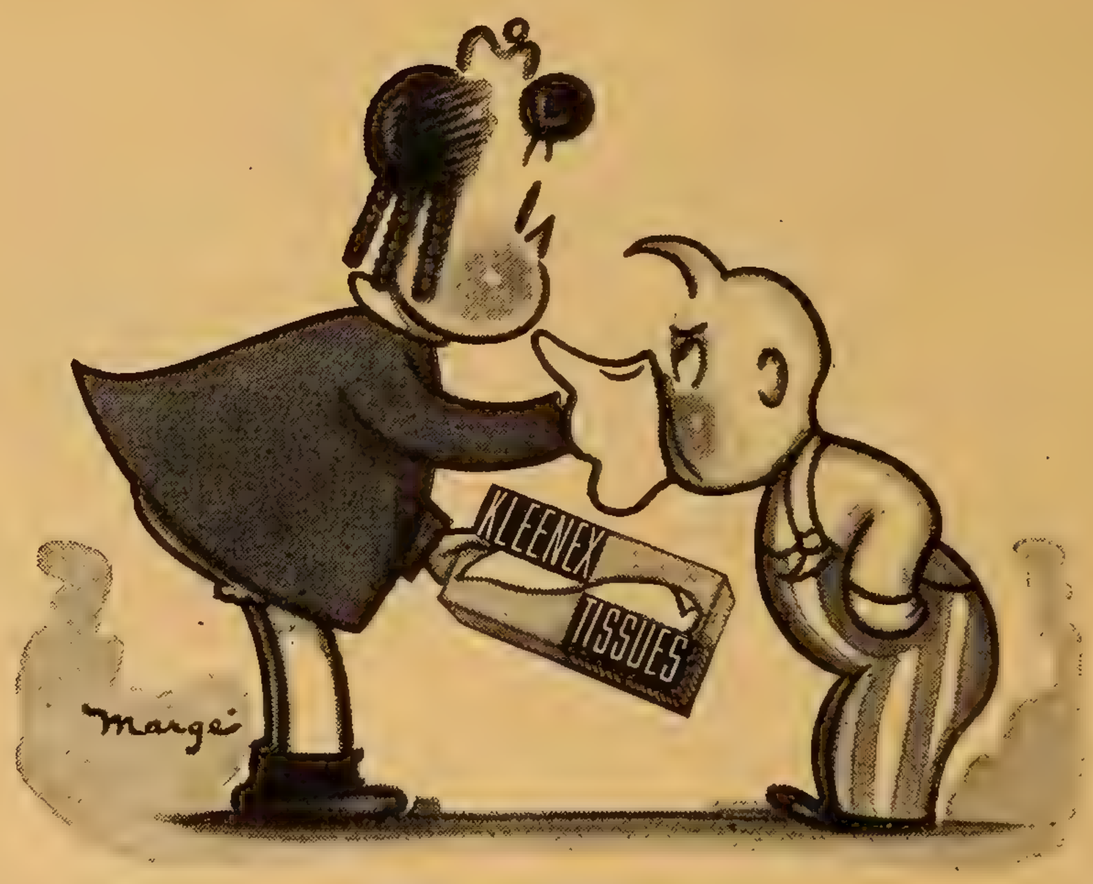
The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



P. S. Trushay's grand for softening hands at *any* time! Wonderful, too, for rough, dry elbows and heels . . . as a powder base . . . before and after exposure to weather. Trushay contains no alcohol, is not sticky. Begin today to use Trushay!

LITTLE LULU

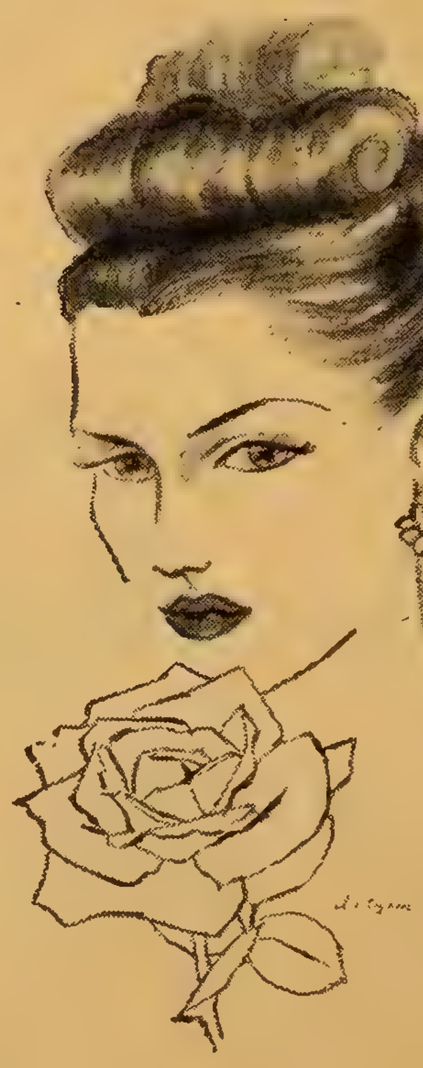


"You can let yourself go, Alvin, it's Kleenex."

LITTLE LULU SAYS . . . Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

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romantic as a rose...



your hair... like your face . . .

needs *daily* make-up!

Ogilvie Sisters Hair Beauty Aids will lend an aura of enchantment to your hair . . . making the most of your own sweet self. . . .

Special aids for dry, oily hair.

New! Creme Shampoo $1

Highlights Hairinse $1*

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The Locket: Laraine Day is a psychopathic liar and thief, who brings sorrow to Bob Mitchum.

THE LOCKET

When you were a little girl, did you have a gold locket that was your pride and joy? Whether you did or not probably had no lasting effect on your life, but in the case of Nancy Patton (Laraine Day) it made her a thief and a murderess.

Let's start where the picture starts—on the day that Nancy is to be married to John Willis (Gene Raymond). Just before the ceremony, a man appears who demands a private talk with John. He says he's a psychiatrist named Blair (Brian Aherne) and he advises John very strongly not to marry Nancy. "She's a charming girl," he admits. "She is also a psychopathic liar and thief."

John is furious at this accusation, but Blair says quietly that he was married to Nancy for five years and should know what he's talking about. He also says he understands John's feelings, because a short time after his own marriage, a man came to him with much the same story. This stranger was an artist, Norman Clyde (Robert Mitchum), and the story he told Blair about Nancy was a frightening one.

According to him, Nancy had been the secretary of a rich man named Bonner (Ricardo Cortez), whom she persuaded to take an interest in Clyde's painting. But Clyde suspected his real interest was in Nancy, although he was married. One night at the Bonners' house, Nancy steals a diamond bracelet. No one but Clyde knows she has taken it, and he forgives her when she tells him the story of the locket which was taken away from her as a child. He sends the bracelet back, and she promises never to steal again. A few months later, she has not only stolen, but murdered Bonner who caught her at it.

Clyde can't prove she did this, and she denies it even as an innocent man goes to the chair for the murder. Clyde's disillusionment is complete, and tragic. Nancy, however, goes on, unconcerned by the lives she has wrecked or taken. Until the locket of her childhood reappears, and in a strange way she pays at last for her crimes.—*RKO*

THE BRASHER DOUBLOON

The Philip Marlowe for this month is George Montgomery. Last month it was Robert Montgomery. How confused can you get? *The Brasher Doubloon* is, like all Chandler mysteries, so full of action that it leaves you gasping like a just-landed trout by the time it's over. Murder, robbery, humor and sex are mixed expertly and ladled out by Montgomery, Nancy Guild, Conrad Janis, Florence Bates and Fritz Kortner.

When Philip Marlowe, detective, is summoned to Pasadena to see a Mrs. Murdock (Florence Bates), he doesn't know that the case's solution will depend on a murder

committed seven years before. Mrs. Murdock is a stone-faced, mountainous old woman, with a weakling son, Leslie (Conrad Janis) and a lovely but frightened secretary, Merle (Nancy Guild). Merle has a psychosis about men. Shivers with terror when one tries to hold her hand, the silly girl!

Mrs. Murdock tells Marlowe that a coin known as the "Brasher Doubloon" is missing from her late husband's collection. It is worth ten thousand dollars. But she says sharply that he's only to get the coin back—not try to find out who stole it. She has reason to think that a dealer named Morningstar knows where it is.

Marlowe, expert in such matters, frightens Morningstar into telling him who has the Doubloon. It's a private investigator, Anson, who is murdered before Marlowe can get to him. He finds a baggage check among Anson's clothes, and sure enough, with it he redeems a box holding a small gold coin. He takes it to Morningstar for identification, but you know the Marlowe bad luck! Morningstar, too, has been killed. Shot with a pearl handled revolver just like one Merle had in her desk.

Marlowe thinks Merle is too pretty to be a murderess, but he admits she may be a little bit crazy. Then the story of Murdock's fall from a high window seven years before comes out. And with it the blackmail which provides a motive for murder.—*20th-Fox.*

DISHONORED LADY

If you're a beautiful woman with a fascinating job, plenty of money and dozens of men in love with you, what you need, it seems, is a psychiatrist. Anyway, that's the way it works with Madeline Damien (Hedy Lamarr), who has everything except emotional security. She is so bored with life that she tries to kill herself.

Madeline is editor of a chic and sophisticated magazine which she runs with the help of Garet (William Lundigan), who likes her but has no illusions about her. One night he introduces Madeline to a diamond merchant named Courtland (John Loder), and she adds him to her collection of lovers. He doesn't make her any happier than the others have, so she finally goes to see a psychiatrist, Dr. Caleb (Morris Carnovsky).

He tells her the only solution is to assume, temporarily at least, a new identity. As a different person, she will not be bound by her past and her interests will be different. Madeline begins a new life. She takes a vacation from the magazine, without telling anyone where she's going. She rents a furnished room in an unfashionable neighborhood. There she meets a young man who is doing scientific



Dishonored Lady: Hedy Lamarr is bored with life —until she meets attractive Dennis O'Keefe.



Don't turn it out, Honey—
you'll be back by ten!

SURELY A BUNDLE of charm like you couldn't miss out tonight. Yet just when the fun's getting started, the dance will be over for *you*.

It's so easy for even the prettiest girl to miss, when she fails to *keep* her charm safe from underarm odor.

She should remember—a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but to guard against risk of future underarm odor—Mum's the popular word.

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.



The Angel and the Badman: Gail Russell, a well-brought-up Quaker girl, loves "badman" John Wayne, who seeks vengeance for his father's death. Irene Rich plays Gail's mother.

research. His name is David Cousins (Dennis O'Keefe) and he is completely different from the other men she has known. He's serious-minded; he works hard, and to him Morocco is a place in North Africa, not a spot where you go and drink champagne. For the first time, Madeline really falls in love. When David asks her to marry him, she is perfectly happy.

However, the past has an unpleasant habit of catching up with you when you least expect it. David goes away to a science conference, and Madeline meets Garet by accident. He is now working for Courtland, who has been trying to trace Madeline. Garet has stolen money from his new employer and this leads indirectly to Madeline's trial for murder.

Dishonored Lady is reminiscent in spots of Michael Arlen's classic of the Twenties, "The Green Hat," but it's good entertainment.—*U.A.*

THE ANGEL AND THE BADMAN

Maybe angel is a slight exaggeration, and certainly "badman" is. Even when Quint Evans (John Wayne) is holding up trains, it's with the very best intentions and a pure heart. You see, a guy named Laredo Stevens (Bruce Cabot) killed Quint's father, and all the trouble Quint has gotten into since has been because he's trying to avenge that death.

One of his less successful sorties against the Laredo gang lands him, wounded and delirious, at a ranch owned by Thomas Worth. Worth is a Quaker who doesn't like violence, but that doesn't mean he would turn a wounded man from his door. He takes Quint in, and has his daughter, Prudence (Gail Russell) nurse him. That's fine except that Prudence immediately falls in love with Quint, and naturally he isn't just the type her family would have chosen for her. Furthermore, Quint is not a marrying man—at least he never has been.

Yet where Prudence is concerned, he begins to feel differently. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to settle down and be a farmer, instead of chasing around the country trying to catch up with Laredo. "When you find yourself thinking along those lines, brother, it's time you got out," Quint decides and, wound or no wound, he gets on his horse and rides off. That night he and a couple of pals hold up some of Laredo's tame gamblers, and come out of it with lots of shiny gold dollars. Only Quint doesn't get any satisfaction out of it this time, and next morning he finds himself riding up to the door of the Worth ranch again. He tells himself that it's because Mother Worth makes the best buckwheat cakes in the county, but he and Prudence both know it isn't anything of the kind.

Laredo continues his career of depredation and murder, and the Marshal of the Territory (Harry Carey) comes around to ask Quint some questions. What with one thing and another, he is forced to use his gun for one last time!—*Rep.*

TIME OUT OF MIND

"A Bicycle Built For Two" isn't the kind of thing a pianist-composer usually plays for his debut in Symphony Hall. This pianist, however, is drunk. Not falling-down drunk, just "high" enough so the elaborate arrangements his rich and patronizing wife has made for the concert seem suddenly ridiculous. Chris Fortune (Robert Hutton) knows he used to be a good composer. Maybe even a great one. And what is he now? A musical gigolo who plays pretty tunes for his wife's friends. So—he gets drunk.

Things might have been different if Chris' father, Captain Fortune (Leo G. Carroll) hadn't insisted that Chris go into the shipping business with him instead of becoming a musician. Chris and his sister, Rissa (Ella Raines) and their best friend, Kate (Phyllis Calvert), the housekeeper's daughter, are sure Captain Fortune is wrong. So sure, that Kate borrows money from a local fish dealer in the New England town where they live, and with it Chris and Rissa go to Paris where he can study.

But Kate's investment turns out to have been a bad one. Chris marries fashionable, haughty Dora Drake (Helena Carter) while he's there. He gives up the crashing, rugged New England rhythms he used to compose, and becomes lionized as a strictly drawing-room imitator of Debussy. There is no feeling left in his music—or in him.

He and Dora, and Rissa, who goes everywhere that Chris goes, come back to the United States, but not to New England. They live in New York, where Dora arranges the concert at Symphony Hall. But that night Chris realizes how futile the whole proceeding is. Even if Dora's rich father succeeds in buying a favorable notice from a critic or two, it won't mean a thing. So, half-sick, desperate and bewildered by what these few years have done to him, Chris gets drunk.

This finishes his marriage. Dora feels he has disgraced her, and Chris knows by now that he needs someone quite different from Dora. Someone who will believe in the essential things of life, and who will make him believe in them. Someone like Kate.—*Univ.*

ESCAPE ME NEVER

There is a double love story in *Escape Me Never,* and four lives are tangled in a web of heartbreak that for a while seems too strong to break. Sebastian Dubrok (Errol Flynn) and his brother, Caryl (Gig Young) live in Vienna in 1900. They are as different as brothers can be. They've both inherited their father's talent for music, but Sebastian is irresponsible, charming, selfish—and a genius. Caryl is only a mediocre musician, but he is dependable, and head over heels in love with Fenella McLean (Eleanor Parker), a pretty English girl.

Sebastian is in love with no one but himself. However, he shares his shabby flat with Gemma (Ida Lupino) and the baby. Gemma was starving on the street when he found her. She idolizes him and waits on him and thinks he's the most wonderful man in the world, with which he is in complete agreement.

Fenella's proper English family hear that the young musician, Dubrok, is living in sin, and jump to the conclusion that it's Caryl, since they don't know he has a brother. They cart Fenella off to Switzerland to forget her love affair. Caryl, disconsolate, tells Sebastian what has happened. Sebastian roars with laughter. "I'll get you a reputation in spite of yourself," he says gleefully. But when he sees how unhappy Caryl is, he makes a typically impulsive resolve. They will all follow the McLean family and straighten things out.

Unfortunately, Sebastian meets Fenella without knowing who she is, and she falls in love with him. When he discovers her identity, he does his best to make things right for his brother. But by now Fenella is too dazzled to think of Caryl. Sebastian and Gemma go back to London and are married there, yet even then Fenella can't recover from her infatuation. Sebastian, working far too hard on his ballet, quarrels with Gemma and is easily persuaded to go away for a weekend with Fenella. Only the ensuing tragedy brings him to his senses.—*War.*



Escape Me Never: Ida Lupino, Gig Young and Errol Flynn are involved in a tragic love story.

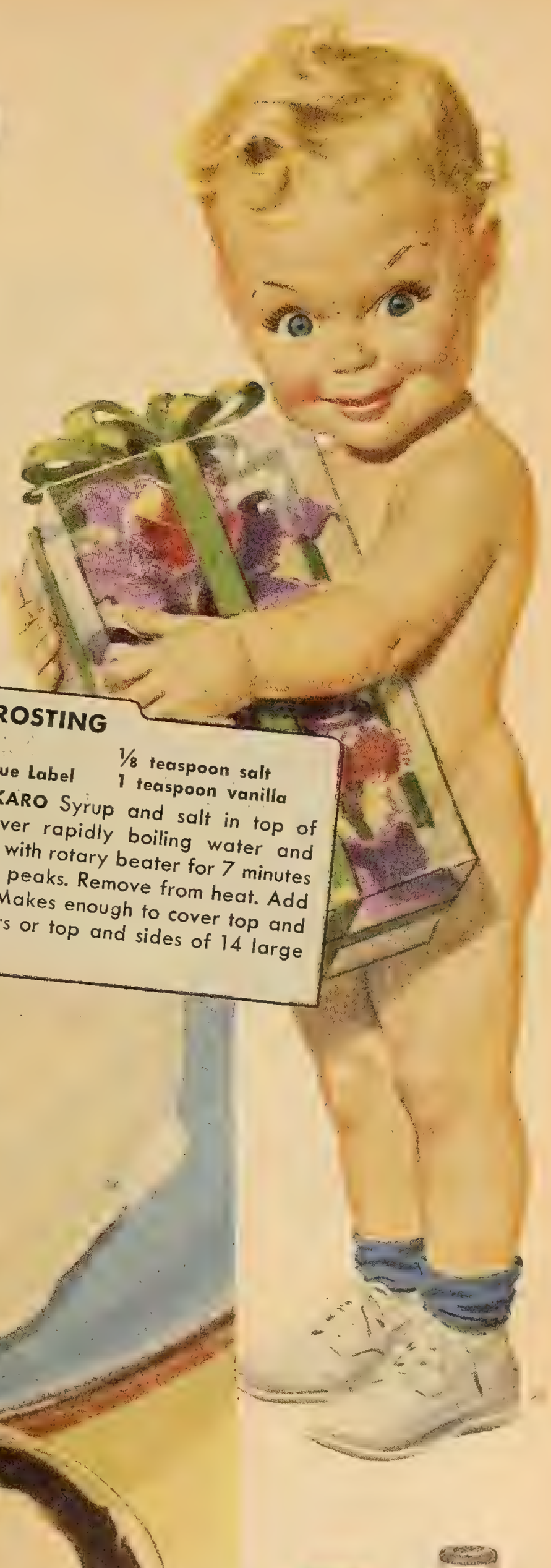
What do you mean... Happy Birthday?

Goodness me — these are *regular* desserts at our house but every time Mom makes 'em I feel just like bringing her orchids! She deserves 'em.

Chocolate sauce made with KARO* Syrup is wonderful — and the KARO Cake Frosting is tops. Mom makes 'em both in a jiffy.

By the way — if you want a swell recipe for the Spice Cake itself — and for the best Ice Cream ever made — just drop me a post card c/o Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. A, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.

— the KARO Kid



SEA FOAM FROSTING

2 egg whites
1 cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine egg whites, **KARO** Syrup and salt in top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook, beating constantly with rotary beater for 7 minutes or until frosting stands in peaks. Remove from heat. Add flavoring, beating well. Makes enough to cover top and sides of two 8-inch layers or top and sides of 14 large cup cakes.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Add 2 squares melted unsweetened chocolate to 1 cup **KARO** Syrup, Red or Blue Label. Stir until well blended. Add ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Makes 1 cup sauce.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Measure ⅓ cup brown sugar, tightly packed, ¾ cup **KARO** Syrup, Red or Blue Label, 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon water into saucepan. Bring to a boil and boil 1 minute. Remove from heat. Sauce will be thin until cold. Serve cold over ice cream or pudding. Top with toasted almonds, if desired.



* KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Company, New York, N. Y. © C. P. R. Co., 1947

Lucky the Girl whose Easter Gift is

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Jewelite Combs and other lovely Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Combs are available in a wide variety of styles for men and women.

Better drop a hint today that you'll want Jewelite this Easter. Its sparkling crystal and joyous colors are a shining promise of lovelier, healthier hair for you. Jewelite Brushes, made by the makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, have bristles of long, resilient Prolon that reach right down to your scalp to provide beneficial stimulation, while burnishing each strand of hair to bring out *all* its natural beauty. Jewelite is sold at good brush departments. Be sure it's *genuine* Jewelite, a product of Pro-phy-lac-tic, America's foremost maker of fine brushes. Look for the name Jewelite on the box. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

The new Jewelite "Invigorator" provides extra bristle surface (a *complete half-circle of bristles*) in a brush of unique grace and beauty. And it's *easy* to clean. Jewelite Brushes are available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, or in diamond-clear crystal.

JEWELITE BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

by bosley crowther,

celebrated motion picture critic, n. y. times

those academy awards!



■ No matter what else happens on the night the Academy awards are made, you can count on that Hollywood shindig to grab a top spot in the news. For, on that big night, the American public—or a sizeable proportion of it—tunes in on the Hollywood function as though the fate of the nation were at stake.

Your editors feel—and I don't wonder—that these awards are of sufficient import to keynote this issue of MODERN SCREEN. I agree with them—although I don't feel that the possibility of winning an "Oscar" should be the only incentive to the making of good films. However, there is no question that the Academy has exercised a subtly refining influence on the quality of American pictures. And its decisions certainly deserve the thoughtful attention of critics like myself—and naturally a place of honor in MODERN SCREEN.

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking on the subject of Academy awards—that being a field of selection from which professional critics are adamantly barred—I welcome this opportunity to tell the readers of MODERN SCREEN whom I would pick for "Oscars" as the best performers of 1946. And I do this with full recognition that my friends and I of the New York critics' group have already tossed our parchment laurels onto the brows of a couple of British stars. As a group, we selected Laurence Olivier as the year's best actor for his glowing *Henry V* and we picked Celia Johnson for her fine style in *Brief Encounter*. But, of that, more later.

There still isn't any question in my mind, regardless of the above, that the year's best (*Continued on page 128*)



Jane's emergence as a dramatic star so impressed Jack Warner, he paid $50,000 for screen rights to *Johnny Belinda*—a script that answers an actress' dreams.

JANE CRIED AFTER

THE PREVIEW—AND THEY ALL KNEW

WHY. EACH HAD

LEFT A PIECE OF HIS HEART

WITH *THE YEARLING*



Ronnie, making his return pic, *Stallion Road,* polishes his riding boots, while Jane studies up for *Cheyenne.* They'll play man and wife (in *Out of the Frying Pan*) for the first time since their marriage.

"I GIVE YOU JANE WYMAN"

by gregory peck

■ I've guessed wrong about Jane Wyman twice in my life—but you can bet it won't happen again.

The first time was in New York, about five years ago. A friend of mine called one evening. "Jane Wyman's in town from Hollywood," he said, "and we're all stepping out tonight. How about you and Greta coming along?"

Greta and I were newlyweds. I'd just closed a flop play; I was out of a job. I wore a chip on my shoulder about movie stars in the money; they gave me the pip. In my mind I had a definite picture. I figured we'd spend the evening at El Morocco talking about Wyman, her contract, Hollywood. I couldn't have cared less.

But this fellow was a friend of mine. "Delighted," I lied.

Well, I got a slight surprise. Jane wasn't dressed (*Continued on page 102*)





"why gene's divorcing my brother"

by cholly knickerbocker

■ I think most of us generally take any "hot news" breaks from Hollywood with a raised-eyebrow, tongue-in-cheek attitude. Press agents for the fantastic filmfolk are constantly outdoing one another in bizarre attempts to get their clients on the front page.

That is why I first shrugged off reports that Gene Tierney and my brother, Oleg, were getting a divorce. I shrugged, that is, until this particular "rumor" became a bit too persistent. Then I cornered Gene at the Stork Club—during one of her junkets to the East—and decided to crack the case once and for all.

While dancing with Gene, I asked her: "What's all this nonsense about you and Oleg? Is it true that you're going

IT WASN'T "JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS." THERE WERE REAL REASONS FOR THE TIERNEY-CASSINI PARTING— AND HERE THEY ARE.

Gene Tierney, seen here at a Waldorf-Astoria cocktail party in New York, is one of Hollywood's most "painted" ladies. Artist John Vogel will do her portrait next—for her newest film—*The Ghost and Mrs. Muir.*



With Gene's divorce suit already filed, hopes of a reconciliation have faded—although both plan joint Eastern trips this month. Gene has asked the courts for custody of three-year-old daughter Daria.



to divorce him? Or are the press agents cutting capers again?"

"This one is no stunt," she said. "We *are* getting a divorce."

Gene wasn't kidding, and I knew it. To say that I was surprised is a fair example of an understatement. After all, I had just spent a month on the Coast as guest in their (Oleg's and Gene's) house, and I can honestly say that I saw nothing amiss in their homelife. Maybe a squabble or two (who knows a married couple that doesn't have them?), but nothing bordering on murder, mayhem or divorce.

But from Gene, herself, I found that the rumor was not a rumor. After nearly six years of what many had termed the "perfect marriage," the Cassinis were now going their merry way—in opposite directions. Up to the time I had spoken to Gene I labeled any talk of a divorce as fantastic. No doubt they were the ideal pair. In Hollywood—where most people expect marriage to be a flop—Gene and Oleg were held up as the happy couple. They were well liked. They were dined and wined frequently by members of the filmland colony. In short, everything clicked smoothly.

What happened? Somewhere, something had gone haywire. And, as usual, the public was misled by stories of the sensational variety. There was nothing "sensational" about it, and there was no lurking villain who came between them.

Recall the rumors:

"Gene Tierney is in love with (*Continued on page 114*)

EASTER DREAM

IN THE SPRING, A YOUNG GIRL'S FANCY TURNS TO DREAMS—OF CLOTHES. AND ESTHER WILLIAMS DREAMED IN TECHNICOLOR . . .



■ Girls are funny about Easter. The first couple of Easters a girl can remember, she's mainly interested in pushing a chocolate rabbit around the rug with her nose. And saving dirty jelly beans.

But from the minute a girl's mother pulls a girl's howling head out of the chocolate, and ties a ribbon on it (the head, not the chocolate) the girl is cooked. Done. Finished. She gets a load of herself in the mirror, and suddenly she wants to be in pictures.

After that, you've just got to have a new Easter outfit every year. It's part of your debt to society. And for weeks before, you dream. You dream about walking into the fanciest store in the biggest city in the United States. The salesgirl calls you Modom, and fits you out in the prettiest things in the place—all delicately fashioned from old rose petals and the palest star-dust, all hideously expensive.

But somehow nobody ever mentions money. And somehow the whole thing never happens, and you go out and buy a cute navy-blue dress which is practical, and maybe you splurge a little on a hat. Maybe the hat has a giddy, (*Continued on page 113*)

Like all women, Esther Williams had trouble deciding which hat she wanted—even with the assistance of Mr. Wally. He's one of the partners who runs John Frederics, an exclusive millinery store. Esther was charmed with the story of one customer who broke her leg, then sent for a dozen hats—for her morale!





It's all well and good for Esther to pose in gay prints like this, but Mr. Donn, famous Hollywood designer, advises girls on small budgets to plan carefully, choosing one-color costumes with lots of gay accessories.



Mr. Donn congratulated Esther on her new picture, the technicolored *Fiesta*. So Esther retorted that it wasn't any more colorful than Mr. D.'s dazzling black and red jacket!

there was always dad

HE WAS ALWAYS

THERE, TERESA WRIGHT'S

DAD, SOMETIMES

FOR TRIUMPHS, SOMETIMES FOR

TEARS—BUT ALWAYS

WITH LOVE.

By Abigail Putnam







Teresa's dad, Arthur Wright (top), liked his daughter's role in *Pursued*, an original story written for her by husband Niven Busch (below). But he really plays proud father about *The Best Years Of Our Lives.*

■ There was a certain monotony about the letters Teresa used to write to her father from school. Incidentally, she was Muriel in those days, and still is to her dad and husband. Muriel Teresa, she was christened, and had to drop the first name on joining Equity because of another Muriel Wright already registered.

To get back to the monotonous letters, they'd go something like this: "Dear Daddy, how are you, I'm fine, we went swimming today, I'm having a wonderful time. Your loving daughter, Muriel—"

Once she made a mistake and wrote, "Your lovely daughter, Muriel—" He smiled over it, but felt secretly that she hadn't made a mistake at all. Any revision of opinion since then has been upward. Arthur Wright comes of Dutch and British ancestry, so he doesn't (*Continued on page 123*)

Shirley Temple doesn't know
how it got started--
that myth about the first year
being the hardest. It's so silly--
when you're married to John...

Shirley Temple and John Agar believe in working out their future carefully, instead of just drifting. For example, Shirley has great hopes for Jack as an actor; would like him as a co-star. Jack isn't so sure.





Despite Jack's quips to the contrary, Shirl *is* a good cook. At her recent dinner party for both their families, she prepared food for 14! Main dish was Agar Ham—easy to make. Nobody got sick, either.



With *Honeymoon* and *Bachelor and the Bobbysoxer* completed, Mrs. A. deserved a vacation, so she and John went off to Palm Springs for plenty of sunshine, outdoor lounging, and a quiet first-anniversary celebration.

by Vela Zeitlin

"Golly," said Shirley, "if the first year's supposed to be the hardest, think how easy the rest of our years are going to be—"

The young Agars sat watching the flames of their own hearthfire, Jack in his big chair, Shirley on the floor, using his legs as a backrest. They'd been married several months over a year, but for part of that time Jack had still been in the service. This was a special kind of anniversary—the completion of their first year together under one roof.

"Maybe they're all wrong," Shirley persisted. "Maybe the first year's *always* the easiest—"

Marriage experts agree that marriage crashes most often against one of three rocks: Money. In-laws. Incompatibility.

The Agars have no money problem in the usual sense. But before their marriage, Jack made one point clear. "If you want to go on working, that's your own business. But we live on my dough. Your three squares a day are *my* business."

"Two," Shirley said. "I don't eat breakfast."

"Fine. That means I (*Continued on page 96*)

THE FIRST YEAR IS THE EASIEST



6 to 5 on Jones!

AS WE GO TO PRESS, THE SMART MONEY'S ON JENNIFER JONES—TO WIN THE HOTTEST "OSCAR" DERBY HOLLYWOOD'S EVER SEEN!

by FLORABEL MUIR

Special Correspondent, N. Y. Daily News

■ This year, for the first time, big-time gamblers east and west made book on the Oscar Derby. Olivia de Havilland moved into top place when prices were first quoted in Hollywood. She was 3 to 1. Then David O. Selznick put on his arc-lighted, illuminated-balloon press preview of *Duel in the Sun* at the Egyptian Theater and, lo and behold, the next odds sheet showed that a new and sharp young filly named Jennifer Jones had moved up into first position at the prohibitive price of 6 to 5.

A couple of nights later Selznick dropped over to my table at the Chantecleer Restaurant on the Strip where he and Jennifer had been dining with Anita Colby, Skitch Henderson, and the Louis Jourdans.

"That hot copy of yours is getting hotter by the minute," I said to him. "I mean Jennifer. Not only does she sizzle the screen in your picture but she is a feedbox tip to take down her second award. I want to interview her."

The minute Jennifer walked into the private dining room at the Selznick studio for afternoon tea and talk, I got the same kind of hunch that must have stirred up the odds-layers. Around the Selznick stable they call her Jonesy.

But she might have been mistaken for a young society debutante just turned loose on Park Avenue from Miss Spence's school and a postgraduate training at Mme. Balsan's in Paris. Her costume was one of simple (*Continued on page 92*)

Despite objections of some civic groups, Jennifer and David Selznick are confident that the public will vindicate their faith in *Duel In The Sun*. Poor Jenny's still living at the beach—uh-huh, housing shortage.



Jennifer hasn't forgotten the veterans, is a regular visitor at Birmingham Hospital. Incidentally, she's the only star to appear in N. Y.'s Metropolitan Museum of Art—as Bernadette in Norman Rockwell's portrait.



Anne goes for Beethoven, John's a jazz fan. She likes to ride, he prefers golf. But in art—ah—they're both mad for young artist Scott Benton, whose "Clown" was a gift from him to her.



John was a happy man when he finished *Desert Fury* and *Arnelo Affair,* and took his wife East for the first time. Before leaving, he set up a fund to provide sports centers for kids in his home town.



ANNE BAXTER SCOFFED

AT DREAMS OF A PERFECT

MAN—AND THEN SHE

MARRIED JOHN HODIAK. NOT THAT

HE'S PERFECT. HE JUST

DOESN'T HAVE ANY FAULTS



Granddaughter of architect Frank Lloyd Wright, Anne (who's next is *Blaze of Noon*) has a natural interest in home-building. So has John, who likes his landlady (Anne), but would rather not "rent."

The man I married

by anne baxter

■ I have little patience with the time-honored theory that a girl really never *knows* a man until after they are married.

I don't wish to appear old-fashioned or smug, but the John and Anne of my story knew each other well before their marriage, and built a foundation of friendship along with romance. From the time Hume Cronyn first introduced us, through our brief hello at Alfred Hitchcock's Easter party, to the time of our marriage, two full years and more passed by.

There were several times, shortly after our friendship had blossomed into romance, that we thought of marrying at once, but we decided, at all costs, to be deliberate. This meant that we had to suffer the reading of occasional stories that we had quarreled and called the whole thing off. John and I just laughed. We could afford to, because after all, what was more important: our marriage, or the gossip columns? And besides, nobody *really* knew what our intentions were.

John Hodiak is the most intriguing man I know.

However, when I try to explain WHY John is my most interesting exhibit in the species male, I'm a little nervous. Perhaps I shouldn't (*Continued on page 80*)

MARK STEVENS

LIFE STORY



At four, Halifax's "Sonny" Stevens was a redhead, with a temper that matched.

"Wake up, Steve," insists wife Annelle. (He probably wouldn't answer if she called him Mark.) "Aw, Buster," protests Mark. But it's no use; he's got retakes on *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now.*



Like his old man, Mark Richard Stevens, Jr. is a fighter; see those fists? His Grandma brought him a silver cup given to her sea-captain dad by the King of Denmark for the daring rescue of a ship.



■ As Mark Stevens' bus rumbled across the frozen Canada-U. S. border, headed South, he knew he was going to America for good—and to make good—or else.

His first invasion had been a flop—true enough—but he was seventeen then and he'd tackled New York, the biggest, stoniest city in the world.

This trip Mark was nineteen, and he was headed for a smaller city, Akron, Ohio.

He sat bundled up in his long overcoat, staring through the frosted pane at the snow-packed highway.

Akron was where Marge Shipple lived. The thrilling days of their summer romance at Round Lake in Quebec buzzed up inside his brain. Marge was the first and only girl so far who had penetrated his cautious, touchy heart.

He wanted to see Marge now. He was only a few miles away.

The bus rolled on. He climbed down, finally, at Akron and called the Shipples.

"Mark Stevens! Well—of all people. I'll run right down and pick you up!"

"Oh, no—" protested Mark's pride.

Marge laughed as she hung up. "*You* certainly haven't changed a bit!"

Mark remembers the Shipples as one of the kindest, nicest families he's ever known. They laughed him out of his stand-offishness, took him into their home, told him to stay as long as he liked. For the first time in his life Mark ran around with youths his own age, tasted—and liked—good clean teen-age fun and companionship. He went to nice parties, (*Continued on page 105*)

Mr. and Mrs. James Cooke, Mark's mother and stepfather, live in Montreal, but came down to see their first grandchild, admit frankly he's "wonderful."



The kitchen in their new house is an alcove off the living room, and the Stevenses do their own cooking—excelling, says Mark, in well-done toast. Dishwashing, when guests are invited, always turns into a riotous community affair.

HE DIDN'T HAVE A PENNY IN HIS POCKET, BUT WHEN IT CAME TO PRIDE, HE'D CORNERED THE MARKET! • (PART II)

By Kirtley Baskette

club caulfield



JOAN'S SISTER BETTY PROVES

THAT SISTERS ARE THE SAME THE WORLD OVER, SWIPING EACH OTHER'S SWEATERS, PEARLS—AND MEN!

by betty caulfield

■ Daddy and I were walking home from seeing *Blue Skies,* grins on our faces two feet long. "Isn't it incredible?" I said. "Joan Caulfield—your very own child in Technicolor!"

"Not exactly incredible," Daddy said smugly. He's gotten very smug over her. Sort of "Well, what did they expect of Henry Caulfield's daughter-" ish. "Quite a sister, eh Betty?" he went on heartily. It is to laugh, really. I knew all along that Joan was wonderful stuff, but they had to *show* Daddy.

Come to think of it, there was nothing in Joan's past to indicate that she'd one day be a movie star. Whoever heard of a movie star being born in Orange, N. J., and drinking sodas with hordes of unsmooth characters at (*Continued on page 86*)



When Joan and John Lund were young N. Y. actors, he made a wager she'd win movie stardom first. She lost, and cheerfully paid her debt by playing his guide at Farmers' Market.



Enjoying an afternoon off from her new picture, *Welcome Stranger,* Joan has a cup of tea with Mrs. Caulfield, who's very particular about the blend. Afterwards, Joan will read, mend, or catch up on household chores.



by
ed sullivan

INGRID'S JUST AS

BEAUTIFUL INSIDE AS SHE IS OUTSIDE—

A WOMAN OF PASSIONATE

CONVICTIONS, WITH THE SHINING COURAGE

TO LIVE UP TO THEM.

she walks in beauty...

■ For thirty uneasy minutes, Ingrid Bergman had been interviewed by the drama critics, the movie critics and the reporters from the morning and afternoon staffs of Washington, D. C., newspapers.

"Uneasy" is at best a partial characterization of the tautness and tension that electrified the room. It was a fencing exhibition, with the blades never quite completing their forward plunge to the heart of the subject.

"For half an hour," suddenly said Ingrid Bergman, "I have been hoping that one of you would ask me the only important question. Nobody has asked it, so I shall ask the question and answer it myself."

The newspapermen looked at each other.

"Miss Bergman," said Ingrid, "what is your reaction to the knowledge that Negroes will not be permitted to see your performance of *Joan of Lorraine* at Lisner Auditorium?"

If Ingrid Bergman suddenly had whipped out a king size atom bomb and tossed it deftly at the head of an afternoon reviewer, the sensation could not have been more violent. These Washington newspaper veterans had met other Hollywood stars, and had engaged them in discussion of such innocuous things as California climate, realism in Art, or the (*Continued on page 121*)



After completing *Arch of Triumph,* Ingrid flew to N. Y. to star in B'way play, *Joan of Lorraine.* On opening night, author Maxwell Anderson gave her Joan of Arc statuette.





MAYBE SOME DAY
HE'LL WANDER OFF AND NEVER COME
BACK. . . . ONLY WHEREVER HE
GOES, ERROL FLYNN TAKES WITH
HIM NORA'S UNDERSTANDING,
UNDEMANDING HEART.

By Carl Schroeder

On board the "Zacca" for first postwar marine expedition: Errol and Nora Flynn, artist John Decker, and Errol's father, scientist Thomas Flynn.

Before their yachting trip, Errol escorted Nora to the Brown Derby, laughed at Reno rumors. Nora went only as far as Acapulco, then came home to await her St. Valentine's Day gift: another baby!



Author meets author: Errol, who's working on a new novel, talks shop with Carl Schroeder. Errol (now in *Escape Me Never*) had to get rid of the talking mynah bird he had aboard his yacht; its language was too offensive!





When Nora Eddington Flynn arrived from Mexico with two-months-old Deirdre (who's now two *years* old!) reporters wondered why her husband didn't meet her. Was Errol ill with an attack of malaria?

■ A little man stood on a rain-swept street corner in New Orleans, hopelessly hailing taxicabs. To his surprise, one stopped. The door swung open. The wet little man gave an address on St. Charles Street and leaned back with a sigh of relief.

Abruptly, the sigh changed to a gasp. The taxicab, with a great grinding of gears, began to move backward. Then it stopped. It moved backward again.

"Please," the little man said, "we're going in the wrong direction."

"I know it," the driver said, not turning his head.

The cab stopped again, then slammed into high gear and roared away. Eccentric people, these cab drivers, the little man thought.

Nearing St. Charles Street, he leaned forward and said, "Turn right on St. Charles."

The cab driver nodded. At St. Charles Street he turned left. The little man rapped on the window.

"I said right!" he shouted.

The cab stopped.

Still with his eyes straight ahead the driver exclaimed, "Look, bub, I'm driving this cab. We can't both do it. If you (*Continued on page 83*)



Like his new picture, Dane's *That Way With Women*—only not with his wife, Margot Clark, who's "agreed to disagree" with Dane. Temperament's the trouble; both Clarks have plenty of ambition and spirit.

Break OF Hearts

THEY COULDN'T BREAK

EACH OTHER'S WILLS, STUBBORN

DANE AND STORMY MARGOT

CLARK—BUT THEY ENDED UP BREAKING

EACH OTHER'S HEARTS . . .

by Valerie Sloan
special reporter for MODERN SCREEN



■ Place two restless, dynamic, brilliant individuals together in a man and wife relationship and sooner or later something snaps or one of them bows to the superior will. Set them down in Hollywood, the walled city of the Kingdom of Make Believe, where realities often appear phony and nothing is on the level—except struggle—and true love finds its path rugged, indeed.

Dane Clark has bidden a sorrowful farewell to his talented wife Margot, a beautiful redhead of so many talents that she



hasn't up to now been able to decide exactly which one to emphasize. Their break came as a shock to all except close friends who have known for months that it was inevitable.

Margot, a girl of high strung temperament, wilful, determined, ambitious—a dynamo of energy—has gone back to New York. In fact, she went back before Christmas, leaving Dane in the midst of his new starring picture at Warner's, *Deep Valley*. There have been some guarded whispers that tempestuous Ida Lupino, who co-stars with Dane in the film, may be the other woman in this drifting apart of a magnetic pair; but I can assert with positive emphasis that it is simply not true. There is no other woman; there's only a "thing."

The "thing" in Hollywood rifts is always intangible, imponderable, elusive—but there. I hurried all the way out to Calabasas, in the far end of the San Fernando Valley to get Dane's own story of the breakup of his marriage to Margot. I caught the overtones of sorrow (*Continued on page 126*)



"that's what I like about Tom"

by maurine cookson

IT WAS RAINING—THEY WERE HUNGRY—AND THEY HADN'T A QUARTER AMONG 'EM. "VIOLETS!" BEAMED TOM DRAKE. "THAT'S WHAT WE NEED!"

Peter Cookson and wife, Maurine (below, with Tom), have been Tom's best pals since hash days on Broadway. Even then, they tagged him for stardom!



■ I remember a scene Tom Drake played once that was good enough for an Academy Award. I didn't see it, but I certainly heard about it. In fact, the only audience Tom had was a nurse in the corridor of a New York maternity hospital.

She glided into my room every few minutes wearing a grin. "We'd better get that baby born, Mrs. Cookson," she laughed, "before your husband wears out the linoleum in the hall!" She said my husband was covering the floor with cigarette stubs like a snowstorm and heaving enough sighs to blow down the walls of Jericho.

It wasn't my husband, of course. My husband's name isn't Tom Drake; it's Peter Cookson, but he's one of Tom's best friends. Peter, who's an actor, too, was on the road with *The Merry Widow* then. He had to leave New York (*Continued on page 98*)



That phony beard is a prop for *I'll Be Yours,* with Deanna Durbin and Bill Bendix. Or does it herald Tom's debut as author of "The Sun Cries At Night"? Yet he does seem more interested in Beverly Tyler than the Sat. Review of Literature.

THE LOVE STORY OF GINGER ROGERS AND JACK BRIGGS? IT REMAINED A SWEET AND GUARDED SECRET UNTIL COLUMNIST ED CORNERED THE LOVERS AND MADE THEM TALK.

by Ed Sullivan

full confession

■ "Shall we tell him everything?" Ginger asked.

We were sitting at a late table in the Stork Club—Ginger, Jack Briggs, Eddie Rubin and I—at the witching hour, when people begin to mellow. Somehow the talk had drifted to love and how sound and sensible it is to say that truth is stranger than fiction—stranger even than movie scripts!

It all began with the flukiest meeting you can imagine. Ginger Rogers was winding up a long and exhausting War Bond tour, accompanied by her Man Friday, Eddie Rubin. "Only one more stop and then we can take a long rest, Eddie," said Ginger, as they headed for San Diego.

The Marine "brass" gave Ginger a typical Marine welcome when she got to the El Cortez Hotel. There were flowers and baskets of fruit and staff cars and all the trappings. "Pardon me, Ginger, I've got things to do," said Eddie Rubin, and he ducked out. One of the things he had reminded himself to do was to telephone ex-RKO stock company actor Jack Briggs, who was completing boot training at San Diego.

"I was called to the phone," remembered Jack, "and it was Eddie. 'Come on over to the hotel, Jack, and spend the afternoon with us,' he said, so I told him that we weren't in Hollywood, and that a buck Marine simply didn't walk off the base for the afternoon. So we talked a little more, and then we hung up and I went back to whatever it was I was (*Continued on page 68*)



"It's all in the way you flex your wrist," says Jack, who, when he isn't teaching Ginger to pilot a plane with a rubber-band, co-authors a pic for Barbara Stanwyck called *Cattle Kate*.



On vacation in the East, Ginger accompanied Jack to Quakerstown, N. Y., for his grandparents' 60th anniversary party. Ginny met her in-laws for the first time, stood up as god-mother for her new niece.



Both Jack and Ginger are fidgety sitters, but like to sketch—so they switch positions often. When they left for the East, $35,000 worth of Ginger's clothes went with them—including ermine trenchcoat.





Ginger and Jack paid a social call at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. She and Mr. Truman are both natives of Independence, Mo. And, as Dolly Madison in *Magnificent Doll,* she's practically a former resident!

The Briggs are excellent tennis players—but Ginger prefers fishing. You'll be her life-long friend if you inquire about the 28 lb. steelhead trout she caught in Oregon—that made the *real* fishermen turn green.

■ The first words I ever said to Jimmy Stewart were, "Why aren't you in pictures?" And guess what he answered—

"Me? How could they put this puss on the screen?"

Jimmy said that with such a self-deprecating snort that I couldn't help firing right back, "Why not? I've been looking at your face all afternoon," I said, "and do you know what I think? I think it's terrific!"

We were both at Katharine Cornell's New York home on Beekman Place that afternoon, reading parts for the play, *Divided By Three* which Kit's husband, Guthrie McClintic, was planning for Broadway. Nobody there, except Guthrie, had ever seen or heard of James Stewart before, least of all me. He was just a skinny young guy out of Princeton, trying his luck on Broadway. But everyone, including me, was plenty impressed with the way he read his part. Jimmy himself thought he was the luckiest lad alive when he walked out with the leading man job.

As I write this, that same skinny, awkward guy, older of course, (*Continued on page 118*)

"Best thing for the nerves—knitting," Jane Wyman advised Jimmy while making *Magic Town*. But he found her take-off on the Man of Distinction ads—which brings a wry grin from him—more relaxing.





Jimmy's current girlfriend, Ellen Ross (above) was a blind date that Jane Wyman arranged. Janie threw a party at Ciro's, and Jimmy swore he wouldn't attend unless she promised to provide a partner for him!

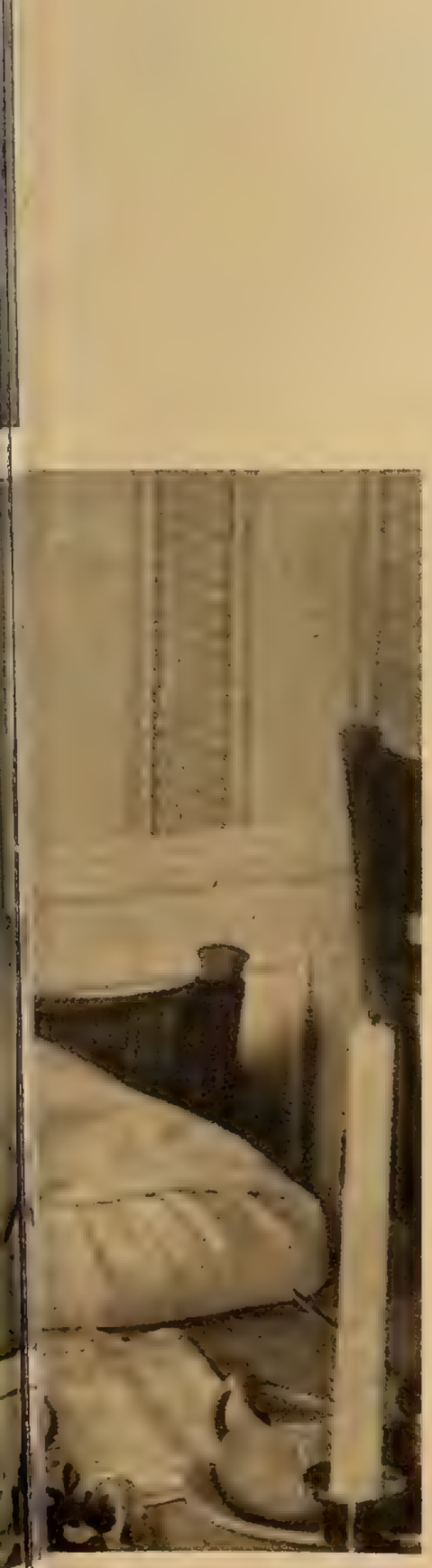


Lucky Brazil's got a lot of coffee, 'cause Jim drinks gallons of it on the set. No one "fetches" for him, either. He pours his own from the prop truck—and he'll likely bring one back for a busy juicer.

EVERYBODY LIKES JIMMY STEWART, THE SHY GUY WHO HAS A WAY WITH WOMEN —WHETHER THEY'RE FOUR OR FORTY.

by hedda hopper

Uncle Jimmy





■ Rex Harrison stepped off the Century in New York's Grand Central Station that morning and was immediately aware of a sense of excitement and a mood of anticipation. A seasoned traveler, he wondered at this; it did not occur to him that this was the first time he had ever arrived in New York from the lazy, sprawling, grove-filled escape of California and that what he felt was the impact of the greatest city on the earth.

But as he followed his porter up the ramps to the cab stand and rode out into the streets, he understood. He smelled the sharp, metallic air; he heard the ever-present voice of seven million people crowded, story-upon-story, onto a tiny island; and he caught the vitality, the danger, the harsh challenge that not even London could generate in peacetime.

And he knew suddenly that he was going to have a wonderful time. He would miss Lilli, of course, and Carey—but it did a man good, he reflected, to get away on his own once in awhile. I'll raise a little hell, he thought cheerfully, and tried to remember, from the time years before when he had done a play here, where he could most advantageously accomplish this mission.

As it turned out, he was not required to trust his memory. He spent the day avoiding phone calls from studio representatives and the press, then dropped into the Plaza's Oak Room just in time to see a British wing commander with whom he had served during the early days of the blitz in London. Commander Kip Madison had a friend with him, an (*Continued on page 116*)



Rex is torn between two countries, his native England, where he, Lilli and son Carey (right) lived through the blitz, and America, which he likes better every day.

manhattan nocturne



THE BRIGHT LIGHTS,

THE BIG TOWN'S MIDNIGHT

MAGIC—WHAT FUN

WERE THEY, REX HARRISON

WONDERED SADLY,

WITHOUT LILLI TO SHARE THEM?

by Howard Sharpe





Hedda Hopper had better watch out! Rex threatens to punch the nose of the next columnist who reports him separating from Lilli Palmer. While he finishes *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, she's working in *Body and Soul*—but they'll soon be teamed in former Lunt-Fontanne plays.

SHE'S DAINTY AND DEMURE, BUT DE HAVILLAND IS ALSO DETERMINED. AND IN A CLINCH, SHE'S GOT A MIGHTY WEAPON—A FISTFUL OF HIGH IDEALS!

by Hank Jeffries

fighting lady

■ Male members of the press in Hollywood are never going to be too fond of the man who married Olivia De Havilland. At one time or another, all of them have been sweet on her. There was probably never any hope for any of them. But at least she stayed single.

Then along came a fellow by the name of Marcus Aurelius Goodrich. It didn't take Olivia all of the two weeks of their courtship to make up her mind to say yes, which indicates that a man doesn't have to be nine feet tall or Clark Gable to win the prettiest girl in town.

Not that Olivia's husband is a half-pint. He's an impressive five feet eleven and rugged enough beneath his tweeds to have acquitted himself well in two wars, finishing up the last one as Commander in the Navy, with considerable service in the Pacific to his credit.

For those girls in the audience who count each day in their teens lost unless it brings marriage or a successful career a swift (*Continued on page 115*)

Broadcasting *The Dark Mirror* with Lew Ayres was good practice for Olivia, who may do a B'way play this Fall. But her husband says maybe they'll holiday in Peru—for a year or so!





At the Stork Club, Olivia and Mark Goodrich (center) entertain England's Phyllis Calvert and husband Peter Hill (right). *To Each His Own* made Olivia an Oscar candidate!



JODY



Claude Jarman, Jr., of Nashville, Tenn., who will probably be known hereafter as Jody.

WHEN THE KID HEARD HOW THE DEER HAD DIED, HE BIT HARD—TO HOLD BACK THE TEARS.

THAT'S HOW DIRECTOR BROWN KNEW HE'D FOUND THE REAL JODY—AT LAST!

by clarence brown

director,
m-g-m's "the yearling"

■ By now, since I've bent the ear of everyone I could buttonhole about it, I suppose that everyone knows how I found Jody. It's one of my favorite stories, because—like everyone in Hollywood—I'm an amateur Columbus. I take great pride in having discovered this wonder kid in the wilds of a Nashville, Tennessee, fifth grade school room.

We at M-G-M had been through some rough experiences in trying to get Marjorie Kinnan Rawling's great book, "The Yearling," onto the screen. It had been bad enough to find a suitable locale, and to schedule shooting at the proper time of year, but finding exactly the right lad to play Jody was a headache—jet-propelled.

As you remember, it was ten minutes before three that afternoon in Nashville when my city schools' guide drove up in front of Jody's building and said, "It probably isn't worth stopping, because school will be dismissed in ten minutes."

I had fine-combed Memphis without success, and this school was my last stop in Nashville. My plans were to continue my search in Knoxville, my own home town. I hesitated a second or so, then told my guide that plenty of things *could* happen in ten minutes.

(*Continued on page 70*)



La Cross hands you a new idea!

Naylon, the new nail polish miracle!
Genius designed this bottle that won't tip, tilt
or topple. And genius made this Steady Stroke
Applicator too. It's easy to hold as a pencil, applies
polish as simply as you sign your name. Naylon
itself is a *dream* nail polish...dries faster,
lasts longer, is flexible as a fingernail. You'll find
the colors tantalizing...especially flaming, vibrant
Congo Magic. Yes, La Cross puts polish
perfection at your fingertips...60¢ plus fed. tax.





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Correct for your coloring... correct for your costume

BLONDES.....	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1
BRUNETTES....	CLEAR RED No. 3	BLUE RED No. 3	ROSE RED No. 3
BROWNETTES..	CLEAR RED No. 2	BLUE RED No. 2	ROSE RED No. 2
REDHEADS	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1

✶ New kind of lip make-up...oh! so s-m-o-o-t-h

✶ The color stays on until you take it off

✶ New original formula does not dry the lips

Hollywood's sensational new lipstick creates a new fashion in lip make-up...Now, three shades for each type, blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead...

Correct for every costume, to match your every mood. See Chart for shades recommended for *your* type. Then try this new *Max Factor Hollywood* Lipstick today for a thrilling new glamour change.

Color Harmony Make-Up...
"PAN-CAKE" • POWDER
ROUGE • LIPSTICK



Max Factor • Hollywood

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 10)

very well, showing no signs of jealousy.

Never in my life have I seen anything cuter than Claude making with the low bow from the waist, asking Mrs. Peck for dance after dance, at a little party not long ago.

The kid has just learned to rhumba and he must be devoting the best years of his twelve to it!

Mrs. Peck, who is small and petite, looks like a junior deb in the arms of her small, but persistent, partner.

* * *

The young fellow striding up and down the station platform was making short, impatient noises through his teeth as though he were whistling *The Chief* in from New York.

Maybe he was. It was Larry Parks waitin' for the train to come in bearing his bride of almost four years—and I say bride literally, because of that time they've been able to spend only a few months together—to Hollywood and a honeymoon, at last!

When the train chugged in, an hour late, there was staged a love scene more real than any Larry emoted in *The Jolson Story* and happier than any Betty Garrett sang or danced in *Call Me Mister.*

On the ride back to the little house Larry had rented in Nichols Canyon, he slipped a jeweler's box out of his pocket.

It was a diamond engagement ring.

"Honey," said Larry, "I couldn't afford one when we were married. Not even a diamond chip. But here's what you should have had when I asked you to marry me." And he slipped the four-karat sparkler on the right finger.

This is one marriage I'm betting on to last.

* * *

If it's true that "the course of true love never runs smoothly," then Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer must be truly in love.

These two battle anywhere, any time. They quarrel in Hollywood and make up in New York. And kiss in the Catskills and feud again at Malibu.

They're both intensely proud and inclined to be jealous of each other. But they're in the old spot of not being able to be happy apart —or together.

* * *

I like Cornel Wilde better all the time. There was a time I could take him or leave him. Now he's winning me over completely.

Not long ago, I publicly pointed out some of Cornel's shortcomings as I saw them, calling particular attention to the fact that he seemed a little too serious and without much humor. I also thought he was raising too much thunder about his wife's career.

The other night at La Rue, he came over to my table and with nary a sulk in sight, said: "Thanks for the tip-off about some things you think are wrong with me. I've been thinking about what you said and I think the advice will help me. Sometimes the best thing that can happen to any of us is to see ourselves as others see us. It isn't always flattering—but I hope I never get to the point where I don't pay attention and try to help myself when I feel opinions are honest. Thanks for your interest."

And thank you, Cornel.

* * *

I'm groggy with the marriage and divorce stories that broke this month involving many of the biggest names in the movie colony.

Mickey Rooney and his wife came to a parting of the ways to swell the list of "surprises," although I, personally, had been expecting the break before this.

On several occasions I have talked to Mrs. Panky, Mickey's mother, and she made no attempt to hide the fact that she felt Betty Jane had been neglectful of her. "She never comes to see me," said Mrs. Panky, "and you know how very close Mickey and I are."

Several months before the birth of her second son, Mrs. Mick went back to Alabama to live with her mother. Mickey made a great to-do about planning to fly down there at the time the baby was born. But he never got around to it. In fact, the races at Santa Anita seemed to be claiming his time and attention.

MAY ISSUE

Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, that's the Maytime song. Our Queen of the May is everybody's sweetheart, Ingrid Bergman. She'll be smiling at you from the cover of our May issue —on the stands April 12.

PARTY POSTSCRIPTS

After the round of holiday parties, I thought, "Well, we'll settle down after this. Things will get back in the normal groove after all these festivities." That's what I THOUGHT!

I want to say right here and now that if millionaire-philanthropist Atwater Kent had paid cash on the line for the array of talent trotted out free at his "radio party," even his healthy pocketbook would have suffered it. But, because the affair was in honor of several visiting radio editors—radio row turned itself inside out for the best private show ever staged in this town.

Consider, if you will, this line-up: Jack Benny playing his violin as only he can't play it. ("Laugh if you will," sneered Jack, as the audience went into gales of laughter when he hit the blue notes, "I've made a fortune doing this."); Edgar Bergen with Charlie McCarthy on his knee; George Burns doing a soft shoe dance that would never make Gene Kelly jealous; Fibber McGee and Molly making with the wisecracks; Eddie Bracken doing his famous baseball rookie routine; Frances Langford and Ginny Simms obliging with an unrehearsed duet and Kay Kyser keeping the whole thing moving as master of ceremonies.

Apparently, everybody wanted to get into the act—and me, too. There I was all dressed up and done to the teeth and Art Linkletter of the "People Are Funny" show suddenly had me out in the spotlight doing the most absurd "orange" gag with Kay Kyser. If you want to completely break up one of your own parties, try this sometime:

The lady puts an average sized orange under her chin. The gentleman tries to get the same orange under his chin by simply nuzzling it into place—no hands are permitted. It's the silliest, craziest antic in the world but the results are hilarious.

My escort for the evening at the Kent party was Roy Rogers, making his debut in Hollywood society and Roy was THE celebrity of the evening to the other celebrities. He looked mighty handsome, pardner, in his tuxedo, which he had rented because he doesn't own one of his own. When I returned to our table after my stint, Roy said, "Louella, you shore surprised me." Surprised HIM? I'd practically knocked *myself* out.

Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont were at our table. With them was the handsome French actor, Claude Dauphin. He's something of a French Spencer Tracy. Is that bad? Maria, with her hair high on her head, was wearing one of those gorgeous gowns she brought back from Paris—a pink Angora wool with long sleeves and a high collar. Her evening bag was a stunning thing made of alligator. Leave it to la Montez to be different. Later, the same week, Maria entertained for Dauphin and I'll tell you about that further on.

* * *

But there was still another party to be covered that same evening. Yes, the social affairs are getting so crowded that they're tossing them two at a time.

The famous international hostess, Cobina Wright, Sr., was giving one of her delightful affairs and so I grabbed onto Roy and off we went.

Judy Garland, looking like a fashion plate, was leaving just as we arrived but she was still receiving congratulations on the way she had sung "Little Girl Blue" for the guests. Her dress was pale green and with it she was wearing the loveliest coral earrings and necklace, a present from Vincente. Very sophisticated was our Judy, who was just a little girl such a short time ago. But as Mrs. Vincente Minnelli, she could pose for any fashion book.

Lana Turner had come alone—her heartbeat, Ty Power, being in Mexico making *Captain from Castile,* but, oh, did she look out of this world? She, too, had her hair up and wore a sleek black dress with gold filagree jewelry. Lana never looks the same twice. Sometimes (and this was certainly one of those times) I think she has wonderful taste.

"Are you really in love with Ty?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered, turning those big, brown eyes on me. "This is the real thing." How many times have I heard Lana say that before, each time with the conviction of a girl who has finally met the man she's looking for. "I'm deeply in love with Tyrone and as soon as I finish my picture, I'm going to Mexico to be with him. He's so lonesome." Well, THAT I can understand.

Cobina's house is a divine place for a party. It's right next door, or should I say right next hill, to Pickfair, and has a view of the entire city of Los Angeles from its wide windows that almost seem to be glass walls.

A formal dinner had been served earlier in the evening but at midnight, supper was set up on buffet tables in the dining room—wonderful Mexican dishes. Somewhere in the background, someone was playing romantic music very softly until Skitch Henderson took over the keyboard.

Skitch was with Anita Colby, natch. I was surprised that he wasn't wearing a tie and a few minutes later I discovered why. Anita had taken it off him to wear around the neck of her stunning black fur coat—and believe it or not the effect was so smart it's sure to start a new fad.

At three o'clock in the morning, my cowboy friend, Roy Rogers, who had suddenly become the social hit of Hollywood, started down the hill.

"How did you like your first night in Hollywood society, Roy?" I asked him.

"It's shore wonderful," he said, "if you just don't come unfrayed!"

* * *

Every year Louis B. Mayer, boss of M-G-M, tosses a beeg party and when I say beeg, I mean BIG. Two hundred guests sat down to dinner and later danced at Louis' Beverly Hills house that is literally filled with the racing trophies won by Busher, Honeymoon, Be Faithful and others of his famous race horses.

Little June Allyson, cuter than a bug, in a white gown, danced almost every number with that man she loves, Dick Powell. He's lost so much weight his dinner jacket doesn't fit him at all and June said it looked like it had been made for Sydney Greenstreet. "I was never fat," Dick snubbed her. "Just pleasingly plump."

At the next table were Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor—Barbara looking lovely in a decolleté gown, but admitting that she has made so many pictures in the past twelve months that she's practically out on her feet. She won't work so hard next year. Bob insists that she take time off to go to Europe with him.

The tables were set up way past the dining room out to the patio which had been covered with gay striped canvas. Through the open doors I spotted Claudette Colbert in the most unusual color green dress I have ever seen, but on her it looked good, Walter Pidgeon talking quietly with Cary Grant, much to the distress of several belles who would have liked to be talking to Walter Pidgeon and Cary Grant; Gail Patrick, looking like a dream walking—and Ann Sheridan, simply stunning in a gold gown.

* * *

Still another producer who gave with a terrific party was Hal Roach, and the occasion honored my favorite doctor, Dr. Harry Martin, Bebe Daniels and the host, himself, on their natal day.

Hal's beautiful colonial house in Beverly Hills had practically been turned into a smart nightclub—the whole idea being Mrs. Roach's. A full orchestra played for the dancers until the wee small hours and over one hundred and fifty people sat down to dinner.

The Gregory Pecks seldom attend big Hollywood parties, but they were among the first to arrive at Hal's.

Mrs. Peck is such a cute little thing and I have noticed that she dresses in a very distinctive style. She wears high neck dresses for evening, usually with long sleeves. Here she had on a black bouffant model with a tiny ruffle of white around the neck. With her close-cropped blonde hair she looked like a grown-up doll. And maybe you think her good-looking husband wasn't proud of the admiring glances coming her way.

Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard told me that their son, Ridge, had just celebrated his first birthday and that he was on his way to becoming the best dressed man in town. "Best diapered," whispered Bill. But it's true that Dottie is having all Bill's best looking sweaters copied into miniatures for Ridge and sometimes he looks like a football player and sometimes like Clark Gable in the turtle neck numbers!

Jeanette MacDonald looked every inch the glamorous opery star in a gold dress and formal hairdo. But she was sad. Gene Raymond was taking off the following day for New York and a Broadway show and they would be parted for a little while.

I noticed that several of the girls were wearing a new hair arrangement. Both Lana Turner and Mrs. Bob Cobb sported long, straight hair with long, uncurled bangs.

Mary Pickford was wearing her famous diamond and ruby necklace—a truly fabulous piece of jewelry. It is elaborate enough to adorn royalty—but wasn't Mary, herself, the "Queen" of Hollywood for many years?

I got a tremendous kick out of the special "newspaper," Bebe Daniels had gotten up, written as I write my column but filled with crazy, and I fear, scandalous "news" about all the guests present. The papers were delivered by the cutest little newsboy I think I've ever seen. No, he isn't in pictures. He's the kid who delivers papers regularly at the Roach house and he asked to be allowed to be in on the gag. His eyes almost popped out at all the famous stars—but I thought he looked longest at June Allyson.

* * *

Maria Montez, who used to be such a flyaway girl, has settled down into one of our most dignified young matrons. She and Jean Pierre Aumont have a charming home, and when I attended a cocktail party there, I thought how beautifully everything had been planned and arranged.

It was quite a gathering of the French colony, but I must say they are always so polite and never embarrass other people by speaking their native tongue.

Among the early arrivals, I noticed Turhan Bey, talking with a very pretty girl, and Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger.

Greg Bautzer was in a corner with Joan Caulfield and Greg was very cool to me. When I inquired the reason, he said someone had told him I had said on my air show that Joan Crawford had given him a car. "I buy my own," he said stiffly. I told him that any one of seven other commentators must have said it. I didn't.

I don't know at this writing whether Greg, who's been attentive to so many Hollywood beauties, Dorothy Lamour, Lana Turner and others, will make up with Joan Crawford or not. That's a romance you can't figure out.



"Is this 256 Forsythe Street?"



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—says MRS. DICK HAYMES

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Red Majesty

NEW HIT SHADE BY

Tangee

FULL CONFESSION

(*Continued from page 54*)

doing, and thinking to myself how nice it would have been to duck out of camp and spend the day with Eddie Rubin.

"About 3 o'clock that afternoon," continued Briggs, "I was called to the office for another phone call. I picked up the receiver and said: 'Private Briggs talking,' and then I almost fell on the floor, because the voice on the other end said: 'Private, this is Capt. Smith talking.' I figured it was a gag but before I could make some comedy crack, the voice said: "P.R.O. has asked that you be permitted to go to El Cortez Hotel to renew an old RKO friendship. A station wagon will pick you up in thirty minutes. Your pass will be good until they leave.' Then the phone clicked."

What had happened was this: Rubin told Ginger about ex-RKO actor Briggs, asked if Rubin could use Ginger's name to get him off for a few hours. "Certainly," said Ginger. "Why ask me, Eddie?" Rubin explained that it might be very embarrassing if the Marines asked Ginger about Briggs, and Ginger knew nothing about it. "When you meet him, Ginger," warned Rubin, "make believe you knew Jack at RKO, or he may get into trouble in boot camp."

h'ya,marine . . .

Pvt. Briggs, No. 435529, got to El Cortez Hotel, feeling plenty awkward. Marines passing by the hotel, as the station wagon pulled up, made typical Marine comments as the rookie clambered out. Briggs says he never felt so completely awkward as he felt at that moment. "Ginger," said Eddie Rubin, upstairs, "this is the Marine I was telling you about, Jack Briggs." Ginger, who had been seeing Marines all day long, said casually: "H'ya Marine?" Briggs said he was all right.

"You have dinner with us tonight, Jack," said Rubin. So it was settled, but when they were about to enter the dining room, Pvt. Briggs backed away, his face ashen. "What's wrong, pal?" asked Rubin, solicitously. "You sick?" Mute, Briggs pointed inside to Ginger's table. "I can't sit there," he said. "She's a real nice girl, Jack," soothed Eddie. "She's no movie star prima donna." Gasped Briggs: "It's not her! But look at those officers with her. I can't sit down at the same table with them. It just isn't done!! I'm going out to a beanery and get me a sandwich and coffee, and I'll see you later. Goodbye."

Rubin chased after him, got him in the lobby: "Now, listen, jerk," he stormed. "This is just another day's work to us. I don't know from colonels and captains and all that stuff. You're having dinner with me, and that goes." At the dining room entrance, Briggs again turned pale but Rubin, behind him, shoved, and this time they got to the table. "Hello, Jack," said Ginger, looking up and putting on a personality smile. "I never suffered through such a meal," shudders ex-Pvt. Briggs. "The officers tried to speak to me, but brother, I didn't try to make small talk with them."

Later he and Rubin were in Ginger's suite after the Bond Show. "Well," said Ginger, "that ends the trip." She flipped off her high-heeled shoes, tucked those good-looking legs under her on the divan, and yawned. "Well," said Pvt. Briggs, taking what he thought was a hint, "I'm shoving off. It's been a lot of fun." Rubin looked at him in astonishment: "Don't you want something to eat? I don't think you ate much at dinner." Briggs looked at him gratefully: "I'd love to eat," he said. So Ginger called room service and they sat around for hours, and probably it was at that point that a movie star and a Marine fell in love.

"When you get up to Hollywood, after boot camp," said Ginger, when he was leaving, "give me a ring."

"I couldn't go to sleep all that night," Briggs told me, grinning at Ginger. "I kept telling myself that she'd said to call her only because I was a serviceman. But then I'd think to myself that, now and then, when our eyes met, she had smiled differently from the way a girl smiles at *any* guy. The next night, I sat down and wrote her a letter, thanking her for the evening and for getting me out of camp. I was really packing a 'torch.' Two days later, I went completely daffy—there was a letter from *HER!* She said to call her when I got to Hollywood."

But by the time he got to Hollywood, Briggs had lost his nerve. He didn't call, because he didn't know her private number. He didn't call Eddie Rubin, because he didn't want Rubin to tell him to behave himself.

"One day Ginger telephoned me," broke in Rubin. " 'That friend of yours, Briggs, is a nice guy,' she said. 'I see by the Hollywood Reporter that he was in town over the weekend. Did he call you?' " Rubin said he hadn't. "He didn't call me, either," said Ginger. So Rubin, burned at Briggs for this breach of courtesy, sent him a letter at San Diego, bawling him out and telling him, next time in Hollywood, to telephone Ginger and act like a gentleman.

"From then on," said Rubin, "I never heard from Jack, and a couple of times, I commented to Ginger how odd it was. "Maybe he's shipped out," said Ginger.

But Briggs hadn't yet shipped out. Each weekend, he came up to Hollywood, and each weekend, he spent with Ginger Rogers. They picked unusual hideouts.

"Then, one day, Ginger telephoned me from Paramount," interrupted Rubin, "and I rushed over to the *Lady in the Dark* set. They were just about to shoot a scene when I came on the stage, but Ginger asked the director to hold the shot. She took me to her dressing room, then closed the door, and said: 'Eddie, I've got something important, very important, to tell you and I want you to know it first. I'm going to be married.' I congratulated her and she asked me to guess the man's name. Now, that's a very tough spot, but I made a couple of stabs at it and she said: 'No, it's Jack Briggs. We want you to be best man.' "

Briggs took over as narrator: "She was to meet me at Los Angeles; wait out there in the parking lot in her car. What a day! At the very time I was supposed to be arriving at L.A., the train was just pulling into San Diego, and we left there two hours and 15 minutes late. I was dying. Every now and then, I'd push the window shade aside to see where we were. Finally we got to L.A. As I stood up to put on my jacket, I looked down and there, on the lap of the lady sitting across the aisle was a MODERN SCREEN Magazine, with a picture of Ginger in it. The magazine was upside down, so I leaned down and turned it around, apologizing to the lady.

" 'She's mighty lovely, isn't she?' the lady asked. I told her that Ginger certainly was lovely. 'Too bad,' said the lady, 'I understand she's marrying some Marine tonight.' "

just another couple . . .

With Rubin at the wheel, they sped to Pasadena, to the rectory of a church they could see from the main street. The rectory room was decorated with basketball trophies which the young pastor had won in school. He didn't recognize Virginia McMath, and Jack Briggs was just another Marine. When Rubin tried to slip him a bill, after the ceremony, Rev. Day refused to take it: "The least we can do for servicemen is to marry them free," he pointed out. The next day, Ginger sent him a letter with her appreciation and something from Jack for the church.

For the next 21 months, Briggs served overseas with the Sixth Marines at New Caledonia, Guadalcanal and Okinawa. "Never met so many Texans in my life," he said.

"I'd kid the new ones by saying my wife came from Texas, and that she'd won a Charleston contest down there. 'Now whaddya know?' they'd say, and when I'd tell them her name was Virginia McMath, they'd allow as how they didn't know the name, but that she sure must be a fine dancer. Later, some of the old-timers would tell them my wife was Ginger Rogers, and they'd come back and ask me all about her. When I'd explain she originally came from Independence, Missouri, they'd say: 'Yeah, but she got to Texas right quick.' "

Briggs, in his plans to become a producer, would like to get some of those Marines to join up with him in Hollywood. "I don't know if they'd care much for it, though," he said. "I think if you took them away from Texas, they'd never forgive you."

"Listen, Jack," I told him, "I'd like to write this love story of you and Ginger, because it's the nicest love story ever told, the story of a Marine and a movie star falling head over heels in love, but fan magazines are a little leary of Hollywood love stories. By the time the magazine gets to the stands, naming an Ideal Hollywood Couple, generally the Ideal Couple has made reservations at Reno. Now that's downright embarrassing."

"Look, Ed," said Briggs, "the Marine Corps motto is 'Semper Fidelis,' 'Always Faithful,' and that's the way it is and it's always going to be. She is the loveliest girl in all the world, and I'm the luckiest Marine."

MODERN SCREEN

COMPLAINTS





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JODY

(Continued from page 62)

There he was, tow-headed, blue eyed, sensitive faced. As far as appearance was concerned, he was perfect; but there were other things I had to know about Jody, so he was brought to the principal's office. Incidentally, Jody was told that I was a football coach, scouting elementary schools, so he had no real inkling of my errand.

We sat there and talked sports for a few minutes; then I launched into the story of *The Yearling* as if it were an experience of a friend of mine. I had to be sure of at least two things: that Jody was interested in and responsive to the plight of animals, and that he had imagination enough to react to a story situation.

As I reached the episode in which Flag, the fawn, was shot by mistake, I watched Jody carefully. He pressed his lips together, his button nose began to redden, and those summer-sky eyes filled with tears that couldn't be controlled.

great moment . . .

That was a great moment for me, as it would have been for any director. I knew that my original hunch had been right: here was a responsive youngster who could give a great performance.

However, we did go through moments when both Jody and I wanted to give up and hand the deer business back to Disney. Do you remember the sequence in which Jody and Flag romped along the crest of the hill, silhouetted against the sky?

That scene was intended to express several things: the spiritual renewal of spring, the lilt of the morning, the beauty of all young life. I wanted Jody to stride along in rhythm. My idea of background music for that sequence had already taken form, so I wanted Jody to stride, then skip, then lope absolutely on beat.

When we went into rehearsal I was counting measures like an old music master. Once I felt that I had established the syncopation, I asked Jody to try it. Well, the first result was as far from what I wanted as Ed Wynn is from Astaire. "Hold it, Jody. Let's try it again," I said.

We tried it again. And again. And again. He couldn't get it.

I lost plenty of sleep over it. One morning I looked at Jody, who was rubbing his own eyes, and said, "Didn't you rest well?"

"I stayed awake for a long time last night, figuring out how I'm supposed to walk along the hill," he explained. "I've just *got* to do it right."

I stopped worrying. That kind of spirit simply can't fail. A few days later we filmed the sequence without a hitch.

For a long time I couldn't talk about our first day of scheduled shooting in Florida, but I've grown mellow with the passing months. The episode hurt me worse than it did Jody—in a different place, as usual. Naturally, the studio had been put to considerable expense to bring Jody and his father from Tennessee to Georgia, to establish them in living quarters, and to make the preliminary tests. I had vouched for the boy, committing the studio for vast sums of money on my judgment.

That first morning a studio car was dispatched to pick up Mr. Jarman and Jody, and to bring them to our location. As they were whisked along the highway, Jody caught sight of one of those highway stands displaying a sign which read, "All the orange juice you can drink—10c."

In the confusion of the car's arrival, Jody slipped away, unnoticed, from his father and me, and hiked back to the stand. When we couldn't find him, we were frantic.

Meanwhile, Jody slapped his dime down on the counter and took the stand operator at his word. He absorbed one glass of orange juice, another, and another.

He started back to camp, but the warmth of the day and the weight of his burden were too much for him. When he finally dragged up the road and into the clearing —where we were forming a posse—he was the sickest lad I have ever seen.

Usually Jody and Gregory Peck spent an afternoon each week in a flat boat on a nearby lake, fishing. They had consistently good luck, if not in catching fish, in locating other objects of interest. They were near shore one afternoon when they spotted a baby crocodile. It was only about eight inches long, and because it was so small they thought it would make a cute pet. Greg caught it and stuffed it inside his shirt.

Back at camp, Greg and Jody fixed up a cosy nest in a cardboard box, and put the baby croc to sleep.

Some hours later the midnight peace of our cottage court was demolished by a series of outraged howls. Greg rolled out first, muttering something about the mama crocodile probably having come to get her child, as he grabbed a gun.

odd bed-fellow . . .

When we reached the Jarman bungalow, we found Jody doing his best to maintain a sorrowful air and a straight face. He had taken the crocodile to bed with him, a stunt he might have learned from sleeping with Flag in *The Yearling*. Mr. Jarman had come home from a late gin rummy session with members of the crew, had undressed in the dark, and had slid in beside his son. His presence was promptly and actively resented by an object that Mr. Jarman excitedly decided must be at least a diamond-back rattler. He had leaped out of bed, yelling at the top of his lungs.

Quite a few persons have said to me recently, "Do you think Hollywood is going to ruin Jody?"

Certainly I don't. In the first place he isn't the sort of human being who spoils easily. Furthermore, he has a wondering, naïve quality that will—I hope—remain with him all his days.

At Christmas time last year, the cast and crew chipped in and bought Jody one of those canvas director's chairs with his name lettered conventionally in black across the back. You should have seen him. He sparkled like Fourth of July, and thanked everyone remotely connected with the gift. At the end of the day he asked diffidently, "Do you suppose it would be all right for me to take it home to keep?" It never occurred to Jody to keep it at the studio. Impressing anyone is the farthest thing from his mind.

On his birthday, the cast and crew gave him a party—just cake and ice cream on the set—but it made a nice break in the afternoon, and Jody regarded it as a banquet.

A few days later Jody arrived at the studio with a crate of apples and a sign. The apples, which he had bought on his own hook out of his allowance, were placed on a prominent table below the sign which read, "Please Help Yourself."

When he became a full-fledged Boy Scout (he had served his apprenticeship as a cub in Tennessee), Jody invited me to attend the ceremony.

I had never been present at such an affair before. As I watched the lighting of the candles which signified each tenet of the Scout creed, and listened to the tense, dedicated young voices reciting the Scout pledges, I had a lump in my throat the size of a baseball.

There I stood, gazing at Jody and trying to keep my eyes from misting as he marched forward, a lanky, tow-headed, solemn-faced lad who was the very spirit of reverence. I had spent enough time with him to know that his throat was taut, too, and he was having trouble keeping his own eyes dry. After he had finished his part of the service, he swung around and gave me a snappy salute. It was swell. So swell, in fact, that I was glad I had brought along an extra handkerchief.

I've given a good deal of thought to Jody's future. Before long he will have to go through an adjustment period during which he's going to add both height and weight. To judge from the present police-dog puppy size of his hands and feet, I'd say that he may be as tall as Walter Pidgeon or Gary Cooper when he's full grown.

Inevitably, he's going to pass through an awkward stage during which he is going to present a casting problem. Only time will tell how he will emerge from this period of development.

Incidentally, if he goes on with his picture career, he will probably be known as Jody Jarman instead of Claude Jarman, Jr., because no one ever calls him anything except Jody right now.

As I am writing these paragraphs about Jody, the Academy Award nominations haven't even been made. When this is on the magazine stands, the Award for the best performance by a juvenile actor will already have been made, so what I am going to say puts me out on a limb.

Still, I am willing to stake my reputation that he'll win an Award. I think the kid is great and deserves to win because he is intelligent, sensitive, has a swell sense of humor, listens to advice, hasn't grown fresh or wiseguy, and finally because he owns an impressive amount of honest-to-Pete talent. That's my boy.

VIRGINIA WELLES . . .

Paramount featured player, soon to be seen in "Dear Ruth" and "Variety Girl."

Virginia models our pet choice for the Easter parade—a navy blue dress-plus-jacket that sings spring. It's rayon crepe and taffeta. The smart little lumberjacket comes off to reveal a slim dress which will be wonderful all summer long. (You can see the dress without the jacket on the next page.)

The dress is by Doris Dodson. It comes in sizes 9 to 15, and costs about $18.

With it, a pale blue felt cloche—new because it fits the head, because it wears its ribbons on the side. Hat by Ann Portny—$12.

Shining accent—a silver-finished rhinestone chatalette, new because it fastens like a pin. Chatalette by Jordan—$5.



modern screen

fashions

Easter must be closer than you think . . .

see the new





VIRGINIA WELLES,

Paramount featured player, models your Easter coat. Below, she wears the Doris Dodson dress (without jacket), shown in color on page 71.



1. Short and snappy—with a flare in back. Black and white Shamokin all-wool plaid. 10-18. About **$23**

By Summit Sportswear

2. Slim dressy twill reefer—shining satin binding. Rayon and wool. Comes in black or navy. 10 to 20. **$30**

By Judy Nell

To find out where to buy these clothes please turn to pag

spring coats!



3. Slick gabardine reefer—big easy sleeves. Rayon and wool. Black, brown, navy, others. 9-15. **$35**

By Judy Nell



4. Luscious greatcoat — silver door-knocker buttons, crescent pockets, 100% wool suede cloth. Black, red, pastels. 9-15. **$40**

By Lassie Junior

Easter must be closer than you think . . .

see the pretty hats!

By **CONNIE BARTEL**



1. Open-crowned flower garden—little brim. By Ann Portny. Swanky, gold-finished pin (copy of a very expensive one), $4. Matching earrings, $2. Both by Jordan. **$5.95**



2. Shallow-crowned bonnet—spring flowers. By Ann Portny. Fashion's favorite link choker, gold or silver finished. With matching bracelet, $1 a set. Earrings, $1. By Jordan. **$5.95**



3. Deep-crowned suit hat—gay tailored ribbons. By Ann Portny. **$5.95**
Lapel gadget bound to make conversation—gold-finished peace-pipe, with winking stones. $2. By Jordan.

To find out where to buy these hats
and jewelry, please turn to page 79.



4. Sonnet-bonnet—with a here-I-come taffeta bow. By Ann Portny. **$6.95**

Dressed-up pin with spray of sparkles—gold finished with pastel stones. $2. Scroll earrings, $1. By Jordan.



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LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Thank you and thank you some more for your wonderful letters about our new Modern Screen Fashion Section. We simply can't express what it means to us to have you say right out loud in writing that you are finding our fashions right for your taste, your purse, and your life.

We'd like to remind you that you can always find out where to buy Modern Screen Fashions in the list of stores in the back of the magazine. On every group of fashion photos there's a line which says—"to find out where to buy these fashions, please turn to page so and so." Just in case you haven't happened to notice this line—start looking for it now. It will always guide you to our list of stores. Don't forget that if a store in your city isn't listed, if you'll write to me, I'll answer promptly giving you the name of a store near you.

Another thing. If you should have trouble in locating a Modern Screen fashion in a store, remember that stores often sell the same kind of merchandise on different floors. Suits, for example, might be divided up among three different departments in one store. That's why it's a good idea to take the photo right out of the magazine and carry it into the store with you—it'll help you locate it faster. And another good thing to do is mention the name of the designer of the garment—which you'll always find under the photo. We mean those lines that say: "By Jonathan Logan"—or "By Judy 'n Jill" or whatever the designer's name may be.

And have you seen our pretty new pink and green fashion tag yet? It says "As featured in Modern Screen" and you'll find it attached to the actual clothes in the stores. It's so new not many stores have it yet—but we're working on it and you'll be seeing it soon. Watch for it!

Best wishes for being best dressed—

Connie Bartel

Easter must be closer than you think . . .

see the fresh white blouses!



1. Adore little collars—push-up sleeves? 9-15. By Toni Owen. **$5.95.**
Flashing star pins by Jordan. Large or medium, $2. Small, $1.



2. Love square necks—and fagotting? 9-15. By Toni Owen. **$5.95.**
Antique-looking chatelaine, gold or silver finish. By Jordan. $3.



3. Silly for frilly ruffles? 10-18. By Toni Owen. **$5.95.**

Flower-petal earrings set with stones. By Jordan. $2.

All in Bates Chamikin Rayon Crepe.

To find out where to buy blouses and jewelry, please turn to page 79.

Have you
seen the latest?

MIDDY torso
PLEATED
skirt



Middy dress in Stunzi rayon crepe.
Grey, navy, aqua, melon. 10-18.
By Lombardy **$14.95**

■ Here it is—the biggest and most important fashion news of the year. It's the middy top and pleated skirt—and we want to tip you off in advance because it's spreading like crazy. See the long blouse—coming way down over the hips? See the *accordion* pleated skirt? It adds up to a hit fashion trend you're going to see everywhere—either in one-piece dresses, as here—or in separate middies and skirts. And wait until you try one on—you never saw yourself so slim! The hat is part of the same becoming 1920's trend—too new to be everywhere yet, but a very definite coming attraction. Watch and see!

To find out where to buy the middy dress, turn to page 79



Posed by Paramount's Virginia Welles:

Middy dress—white, aqua, peach top—black or brown shantung skirt. 9-15.
By Jonathan Logan **$12.95**

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

NAVY BLUE EASTER DRESS AND JACKET
Worn by Virginia Welles
(page 71)

Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio—Halle Brothers
Columbus, Ohio—The Fashion
Detroit, Mich.—Himelhoch's
Houston, Texas—Foley Bros.
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Brothers
Washington, D. C.—F. R. Jelleff, Inc.

Chatalette pin worn by Virginia Welles
(page 71)
(See jewelry list opposite)

BLUE FELT HAT
Worn by Virginia Welles
(color photo—page 71)

Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew
Detroit, Michigan—Himelhoch's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
Washington, D. C.—F. R. Jelleff, Inc.

"SEE THE NEW SPRING COATS!"
Coat number 1
(pages 72-73)

Allentown, Pa.—Hess Bros.
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Trenton, N. J.—Stacy Sports Shop

Coats number 2 and 3
(pages 72-73)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Namm's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers Subway Store
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh's

Coat number 4
(pages 72-73)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's
Detroit, Mich.—Kline's
New York, N. Y.—McCreery's

"SEE THE PRETTY HATS"
(pages 74-75)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—B. Lowenstein & Bros.
Nashville, Tenn.—Harvey's

"SEE THE FRESH WHITE BLOUSES"
(page 77)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
Rochester, N. Y.—B. Forman

JEWELRY

Chatalette pin worn by Virginia Welles
(page 71)

Jewelry on pages 74-75

Jewelry on page 77

(All at stores below)

Ashtabula, Ohio—Carlisle-Allen
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon
Atlantic City, N. J.—Maeberns
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Brothers
Boise, Idaho—Anderson's
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Butler, Pa.—A. E. Troutman
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—H. & S. Pogue Co.
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Columbus, Ohio—F. R. Lazarus Co.
Connellesville, Pa.—A. E. Troutman
Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
Du Bois, Pa.—A. E. Troutman
Easton, Pa.—Orr Dept. Store
Fairmont, West Va.—Jones, Inc.
Flushing, N. Y.—Abramson's
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Herpolsheimer's
Greensburg, Pa.—A. E. Troutman
Harrisburg, Pa.—Worth's
Indiana, Pa.—A. E. Troutman
Jackson, Mich.—L. H. Field
Kansas City, Mo.—Peck Company
La Trobe, Pa.—S. P. Reed Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Miami, Fla.—Richard Store
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbel's
Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
Portland, Me.—J. E. Palmer
Reading, Pa.—Pomeroy's
San Antonio, Texas—Joske's
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Seattle, Wash.—The Bon Marche
Springfield, Mo.—Heer's, Inc.
Stamford, Conn.—C. O. Miller
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous Barr
Syracuse, N. Y.—Dey Brothers
Tampa, Fla.—Maas Brothers
Toledo, Ohio—LaSalle & Koch
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.
Wooster, Ohio—H. Freedlander

MIDDY TORSO PLEATED SKIRT DRESS WITH WHITE PIQUE COLLAR AND CUFFS
(page 78)

Chicago, Ill.—M. L. Rothschild
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
Newark, N. J.—Bamberger's
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder

If no store in your city is listed write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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THE MAN I MARRIED

(*Continued from page 41*)

be, because I am more than a wife to John. I am also, in a sense, his landlady!

With one exception, I knew the man I married pretty well. The exception was that I don't think I ever realized how much John could change some of my ideas. Or how I'd grow to value his opinions.

For instance, there is the matter of the "little room." In our house, which nestles on the hillside beneath huge pine trees just off the Sunset Strip, there is a tiny downstairs sitting room. I never liked that little room. I have a compelling fear of hemmed-in places.

Of course, that little room would be the one place in the house to which John took a sudden special liking.

"You can stay in there all you want," I said, "but you know how I feel—so we'll just call it your hideout."

John and I had discovered an artist whose work we liked tremendously, and I was delighted that for our first Christmas my husband wanted me to pick out one of his canvasses.

We went over to the studio of Benton Scott, who is one of America's most promising young artists, and it took me ten seconds to make up my mind. I wanted Scott's "The Clown."

I'll have you know that the model who posed for this is a genuine circus clown. The face is so lifelike that the facial expression changes, or seems to, depending on your own mood.

Well—wouldn't you know it—"The Clown" now hangs in "the little room," and I spend hours there. His expression seems to say, "How ridiculous can *you* get?" Subsequently, the last vestige of my complex about the room has vanished.

Maybe one reason John's influence has been so effective is that he doesn't ruffle easily, though his calmness is not of the taunting variety. I think he has good judgment, which causes me at this point to drop the remark that in my opinion, without reference to physical stature (John's being considerable) a girl likes a man she can look up to without the annoying realization that he is looking down at her.

Consider my prime fault. I am not the neatest girl in the world. Oh, I like things in their places. But all I have to do is walk around in a room, and the first thing I know, there may be a dress on the bed, too many magazines on a table and confusion all around. The general effect is as if someone had cleaned the room with an eggbeater!

John, effortlessly, is just the opposite. But bless his orderly heart, he's never once so much as dropped a hint. Unless, of course, you count the time he walked across the room—he *would* be barefoot, of course—and stepped right on my high heeled sandals. He dropped a hint then, all right—in ringing tones! The first time I really became aware of this considerable difference between us was when we decided to build a separate dressing room for him over the garage.

When all this was completed, I observed that John's quarters were invariably as orderly as one would imagine a cadet's at West Point would be.

To bring the point into sharp focus, John is the type of man who either dresses like a man of distinction or else very casually, but never half and half.

Not that my John is perfect. He'll kill me for telling this story. But I've just got to tell it.

Came the approach of a large party. At the time I was knee deep in *Razor's Edge*. I was at the studio before 6:30. John, poor man, was momentarily not working in a picture, and the burden of preparation fell on him.

John said not to worry for a second. He'd take care of the whole thing. During a break on the set that day, I received an urgent call.

"I am ten miles out in the San Fernando Valley," he said, "but I have finally located that coffee pot."

"Coffee pot!" I exclaimed. "Don't tell me it was that hard to find!"

"Sure," he replied, "but it's a beauty. Just like they have in restaurants. As a matter of fact, it's really an urn, six feet high, all aluminum, and with a wonderful spigot. Really, darling it's terrific—and such a bargain at only $50.00!"

"But John," I fumbled for words which would avoid delivering a crushing blow at this moment of his triumph. "All I wanted was one of those large crocks with a spigot. They cost three or four dollars. Please don't buy that restaurant thing."

"Look, Anne," he exclaimed, "I can't go back on that deal now."

"And why not?" I demanded.

"Because," he retorted, "I haven't any sales resistance! I was so happy about finding this that they'll think I'm crazy if I don't take it."

When I arrived home that night I found a man's version of the answers to a list a woman can make out and pick up in a few hours, plus enough candy and nuts to open a small shop of our own.

"John," I said, as gently as I could, "there are some things that only a female mind can comprehend."

I suppose that any young wife wonders what is going to happen when she and her husband "settle down" and she isn't in the spotlight quite as much as she was during courtship.

My experience in the "settling down" process came abruptly when John said one day, quite casually, "Anne, I'm going to take up golf seriously."

I swallowed my dubious thoughts and said it was a fine idea. Then I promptly went to look at my riding clothes. It had been quite awhile since I'd ridden horseback regularly. So when John played golf, it wasn't necessary for me to exclaim, "Oh John, you're not going out to the course again today, are you?"

When we went to Palm Springs for a rest after John finished Hal Wallis' *Desert Fury* at Paramount, I really enjoyed those long rides through the desert while John played golf.

letting her hair down . . .

Since I'm really letting my hair down in this story—maybe I can get away with revealing that John is one of the few actors who doesn't happen to like lunching in all the noise and table-hopping of the studio commissary. After he'd grumbled about it long enough to impress me, I marched myself out one day and purchased a shiny, old-fashioned lunch pail, which I presented to John the next day.

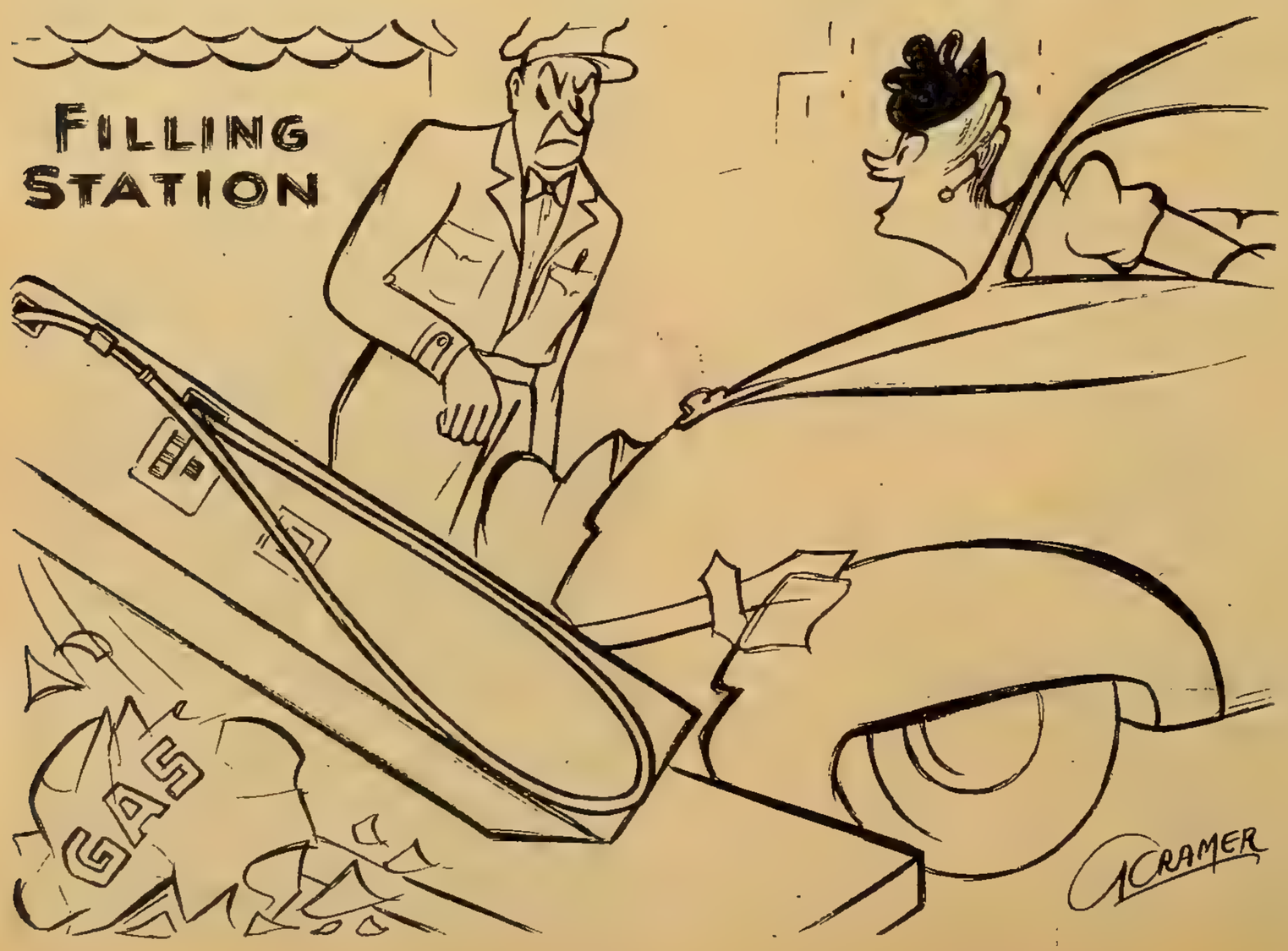
"Look inside, dear," I said, after he'd finished exclaiming. And there, wrapped in double layers of waxed paper, snuggled a fine, fat Dagwood sandwich I had whipped up. You know, one of those super-duper, king-size combinations of bread, meat, cheese, mustard—and pickle, of course! Well, it broke John up. He laughed so hard I thought he'd forget about the practical side of my gift. But not my husband. He toted his pail (and sandwich!) to work the next day and had a nice quiet lunch in his dressing room, where he likes to go over his scenes for the afternoon.

For no reason at all, we put a sign on the pail, reading "The Surrey With The Fringe On Bottom." People look at the sign and roar with laughter or frown and say, "I don't get it." The latter reaction is more sensible—it doesn't mean a thing, except that John and I enjoy our nonsensical jokes.

Don't you think sometimes that

(*Continued on page 83*)

MODERN SCREEN



"It's all right. I just want some water."

Very personally yours



You're Dining Out . . . and you adore it. You love the festive atmosphere . . . listen for the heady Latin music that recalls your first ecstatic glimpse of "night life". It was like a great neon pinwheel spinning with fun and glamour and romance . . . and all *very personally yours.*

Tonight, you're radiant with that same young enthusiasm. Proving once again that *any* woman can stay young-in-heart, when she's free from care. "Those" cares, for example. And that's why you always insist on Kotex, for with that exclusive safety center you're sure . . . secure.

Moreover, you're free from revealing outlines, with those flat pressed ends of Kotex. Free from discomfort, too, because Kotex is a dream of softness . . . is made to stay soft while you wear it. And because your daintiness is so important, each Kotex napkin contains a deodorant. Yes, and only Kotex has 3 sizes (Regular, Junior, Super Kotex).

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INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



ROBERT STERLING, June Allyson's brother in The Secret Heart, *was born in Newcastle, Pa. His birthday is November 13. Bob's real name is W. H. Hart; he's 6' 1½" tall; weighs 175 lbs. and has blue eyes and brown hair. Married to Ann Sothern, has one child, and used to be a salesman. His favorite sport is golf. Write him at M-G-M studios.*



LLOYD BRIDGES, who played Johnny Steele in Canyon Passage, *is a California boy, born at San Leandro on January 15, 1913. He's 6'1" tall, weighs 175 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. His wife is Dorothy Simpson and they have one child. Lloyd got his start in stock and loves to browse in quaint book shops. Write him at Universal. Edith Moss, 150 Ridgewood Ave., San Francisco 12, Calif., has a fan club for him.*



HORACE McNALLY, whom you raved about in Magnificent Doll, *was born in New York City on July 29. He's 6'1" tall, weighs 185 lbs., and has brown hair and eyes. Rita Louise is his wife and they also have one youngster. Loves to play football. Write to him at Universal. Lorraine Wright, 25 Manhattan Ave., N.Y.C., has his fan club.*

Irene T., N. Y.: James Mason will not make a Hollywood picture very soon. First, he and his wife, Pamela Kellino, will do Bathsheba *on Broadway.*

A. Iskian, Okla. City: Those were excerpts from Brahms' Third Symphony played throughout Undercurrent *and Chopin's Etude, Opus 3, No. 10, played in* Faithful in My Fashion.

Stephanie F., L. A.: Pearl Tice, 514 Arch St., Perkasie, Pa. has Virginia Field's Club; Iris Archambault, 17 East Greenwich Ave., West Warwick, R. I. has the New Stars Club; Jean Harmon, 26 Foote St., Auburn, N. Y. heads Larry Brooks Club; Jimmy Durante's Club is run by Chuck Mittlestadt, Box 331, Fayette, Iowa.

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THE MAN I MARRIED

(*Continued from page 80*)

really happy people are those who seem just a little "touched" to their neighbors? For instance, if John should decide to pitch golf balls into the swimming pool, he hasn't lost his mind. It's just that there is not one blade of grass around the house on which he can practice swinging.

Somehow, I know I should be more articulate in telling about John, but I'm not. When I try to "sum him up," the reactions come in "quick takes." Like this—

I like the way he looks directly at you and really listens.

He has a good mind.

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He is an excellent actor who has just begun to hit his real stride.

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More than that—on a shelf in his dressing room, between a volume of Mencken's "American Language" and "The Pleasure of Their Company" is one of those how-to-be-happy-though-married books. No doubt, this volume is a valuable matrimonial aid, but I'll swear that John has never read it.

With no offense to the author, I hope he never does.

I like things the way they are now.

SAINT OR SINNER?

(*Continued from page 49*)

don't like it, you can get out and walk."

The little man got out. He fished in his pocket to pay the fare to this madman of cab drivers.

"No charge," the driver declared.

The little man peered at him.

"Why," he exclaimed, "You're Errol Flynn!"

"Of course, my good fellow," Flynn answered, "Who did you think I was?"

The little man went away from there, shaking his head. It is not known whether he tried to tell his wife that he had been driven home—almost—in a taxi chauffeured by Errol Flynn. The good woman probably would have eventually called a doctor and had him taken away in a straight jacket.

At any rate, Errol Flynn did drive a taxi in New Orleans. He had a right to, because he owned it, and it was not his fault if people pestered him for rides. He enjoyed every minute of it, and of course sold the cab to somebody else for nearly as much as he had paid for it.

There may be some who say that such a prank is not exactly adult. Those would be such prudish individuals as people who have never been to an American Legion convention or seen a free soul really enjoying himself. Flynn was at no legion convention; he is not a free soul, as eight hundred yards of court records will prove, but he does indulge in fantastic flights from the confining business of being a movie star.

What trouble Errol Flynn has had during his span of life in Hollywood is caused largely by the fact that he minds his own business. A lot of other people don't. They mind his.

At one time, Errol had the all-time record for alleged romantic escapades that wound up in court. Certain young ladies, apparently ambitious for both notoriety and cash, filed all manner of legal actions, resulting in Errol's regular appearance before the bar of justice. Few lawyers have spent more time there.

All of these trips to court have cost Errol Flynn an astronomical sum, much greater than the average man will earn in a lifetime. At a salary of $6,000 weekly, he could very nearly afford it until taxes zoomed in war time and left him with less than $25,000 from his salaried income each year.

I, who am clarifying a few points regarding Errol Flynn, do not claim that he is either a saint or a sinner. I have talked with him frequently during his ten years in Hollywood, drunk with him occasionally, although never toe to toe, and engaged in several small business dealings concerning his writings. And anyone who has ever bartered with Flynn would much prefer a workout with a Philadelphia lawyer—he is that well-equipped to handle his personal affairs.

Here I want to give answer to a number of questions that are being constantly asked about Flynn, some of which might even amaze him, aware as he is of the speed with which headlines flash by and the stubbornness with which false rumor clings.

Herewith the questions and answers:

Did Flynn really deny his marriage to Nora Eddington right through to the birth of their child?

No. For reasons of their own, the couple wished to keep their marriage a secret at first. Flynn detests making direct and corny replies to questions which begin, "Is it true that—" Reporters have tried to play cat and mouse with him and invariably discover that he is not the mouse. He denied the marriage at first. Later reporters forgot to follow up, and were amazed when Deirdre was born.

Is he actually married?

Yeah man, until further notice. He and Nora were married secretly in Mexico, Flynn using the name of Leslie Flynn.

Is Flynn a citizen of this country?

Yes, a former British subject, he was naturalized as Errol Leslie Flynn.

What is the mystery of his recent cruise?

There is no mystery, except that conjured up by imaginative writers. Flynn planned a cruise to the waters off the Mexican coast to enable his father and another professor to do scientific research. They discovered and studied new types of fish and their feeding habits with relation to the problem of increasing sea food and extending knowledge and research halted by the war.

Was Nora really a "tyrant" as some of the crew members were reported to have said?

Nora, then expecting her second child, was advised not to go on the trip, and couldn't make up her mind until the last minute. From the beginning, some crew members thought it would be bad luck to have a woman aboard, and resented her presence. One day, she stumbled and fell down a ship's ladder and was greatly worried. If she was touchy and momentarily out of sorts, she had reason to be, and

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her attitude was considerably more crewmanlike than some of the other members of the party, as was proven when Flynn was forced to discharge several on the arrival of the "Zacca" at Acapulco. Others left of their own accord. One told me he wouldn't take orders from an actor.

Why did Nora leave the ship and not come back on arriving at the first Mexican port?

Nora planned originally to go no further than Acapulco and carried out her plans made with Errol's knowledge. She went to Mexico City and spent some time with Errol, previous to returning to Hollywood She left according to plan—not hastily or in anger.

Does Flynn like to show off pictures of his children just like any other father?

Judging from the pictures I have seen of him posed with them, and his comments, yes.

Why did Flynn halt his trip and loan his boat to a movie company?

He is a good business man. A trip such as he undertook, what with extra expenses that were not anticipated, costs around $3,000 a week. Lending his yacht to the Rita Hayworth-Orson Welles company for a month was simply good business. When the rental period was over, Flynn went on from there, with a partially new crew through the Panama Canal to Jamaica and Haiti. Originally, he intended to cross the Atlantic, but this may be postponed, due to his desire to return home for the birth of the baby.

Why is it that every time Flynn seems to reach an unprecedented peak of domesticity, he takes off on some new adventure?

Errol Flynn is in a position to do what a lot of other men only dream of doing He is a rover and-always will be Nora Eddington Flynn is aware of that. He may leave some day and not come back.

Does Nora Flynn live at Flynn's home or elsewhere?

Obviously. As I write this, I just finished talking to her on the telephone via Errol's private number. But I make it a rule never to give out phone numbers of movie stars, in case you don't believe it. It makes 'em furious.

Do you think Flynn will stay married?

Do I think anyone in Hollywood will stay married? In his case, I hope so. As I have observed them, they seem genuinely fond of each other. I'd say that Nora's sense of humor and spirit are a perfect match for his.

What is Flynn's physical condition?

There have been many rumors about this, due to the many times he has been seriously ill. I wouldn't ask any man to answer this question for publication, so refrained from asking Flynn when I saw him, the day before he sailed. He looked fit. Several years ago there was a published report quoting a doctor who said he had enlargement of the heart due to excessive athletics. If true, that needn't be too serious.

Is Flynn a publicity seeker?

He is as aware of publicity as any other actor, but grants interviews with more reluctance than most. The headlines he makes usually have been the result of his living just as he pleases and not pulling punches as most prominent actors do.

Can he really write?

Yes. He did collaborate with professional writers early in his career on stories that appeared under his name. This is a common practice. I believe that he has stifled the feeling he had that he himself was not a professional writer. In other words, he writes his own stuff now

Can he really fight?

Pretty well. He was good even before he took lessons from professionals. I wouldn't suggest that any big boys try to

take him on in a night club. Some have tried—ouch!

Where does Flynn live?

In a white, rather stately house which looks like Georgian architecture, once removed. The house is on top of a mountain called a hill in Hollywood, and sits back off Mulholland Drive. The grounds aren't too attractive at the moment because Flynn has recently paid little attention to his stables and kennels which now need painting.

Did Errol and Ann Sheridan ever have a romance?

They have both denied it, and had to many times since they happened to be in Acapulco, Mexico, at the same time a few years ago. Then, Flynn said, "We are friends, and could never be serious together. If we tried, we'd probably break out laughing in the middle of a kiss."

Is Errol less impetuous than when he was younger?

Probably. A man is by no means old at 38 (I hope). I'd say that he has mellowed a little. I suspect he will never change radically, and like any other man, will always like a little "helraisin" occasionally.

What do you think of Nora Eddington Flynn?

She is an exceedingly well-bred, attractive girl. Uncommonly pretty in a manner not common to over-glamorized women who couldn't possibly achieve an equal appeal, particularly for men who like her type.

Are Flynn and his father buddies?

Not in an overly sentimental sense. There is a deep attachment there. They respect each other.

What do you think of Flynn?

In my book, he is a good guy.

Do you think he is a fine actor?

It depends, as it does in the case of any other actor, on the role. I don't think Flynn, by virtue of the type of pictures the public likes to see him in, fancies himself as the blood brother to an Academy Award. He just does his job.

Will Flynn resent this frank discussion of his personal affairs?

If he does, he can punch me on the nose. (He has to catch me first!)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I'd like to say a word or two for Eddie Bracken. During his tour of the Pacific with a USO troupe, Eddie insisted that the GIs have first preference to all available seats during his performance. At a Saipan theater, he noticed that a large section of seats was roped off for officers, despite the fact that many enlisted men were standing. Because many seats were empty, Eddie requested that the men who were standing be permitted to use those seats. But his request was refused. For this reason, Eddie cancelled the show. The Mid-Pacific edition of "The Stars and Stripes" (our Army paper) in Honolulu printed the story and subsequently received many letters from GIs favoring Eddie's walkout. On his way back to California, Eddie dropped in at our "Star and Stripes" office and we were delighted to shake hands with a guy who really lived democracy.

Sgt. James Lyman
Honolulu, Hawaii



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CLUB CAULFIELD

(Continued from page 44)

Paul's of an afternoon, and having two sisters called Betty and Mary. And not being allowed to wear lipstick until she was fifteen (and then only a little dab of pink pomade) and having to ring the doorbell to get in after a date because her father wouldn't let her have a house key till she was eighteen! It couldn't have happened to Theda Bara or Lana Turner, I betcha. But it happened to Joan.

The only unusual thing about our family at all was our dog, Sunnymead Lady. She was a German short-haired pointer of which there were only sixty-three in the country. Of course she won dozens of blue ribbons in the dog shows, for she'd rarely have any competition. Oh, she did lend us an air all right. I mean there's something about owning a German short-haired pointer. As I say, she was our one oddity.

Not that the Club Caulfield was dull, you understand. Just kinda normal. Smoking out the bath-room window, tiffing over borrowed clothes, that sort of thing. Like the Saturday afternoon that an absolutely divine boy called me up and invited me to the local football game. I was about fourteen and devoid of any really gorgeous sweaters, whereas Joan was just loaded with them. Joan was out, but I got mom to say it would be all right if I borrowed one, provided I took good care of it. I chose a soft blue and a nice tweed skirt, slung on her three-strand pearls, a pair of moccasins, and off I flew. I simply murdered the boy, I was such a dream. He couldn't take his eyes off me. Drunk with power, I steered him into Paul's—and there *she* was. She made a bee-line for our table, eyes flashing.

goodbye, romance . . .

"You've got on my sweater, Betty Caulfield. My best." She hissed the "S" in best. "And my skirt and my *pearls*." I was so humiliated, so downright crushed I couldn't speak. But turnabout was fair play—because only a few weeks ago, Joan had done the same thing to me! She spun around and left us, and when I gazed across at my date he practically had his teeth in his hands, he was so amazed at the whole business. I couldn't seem to regain my poise after that, and he never darkened our doorstep again.

Joan fouled up another romance for me —not on purpose, I must admit—but at the time that didn't make much difference. I was sure my heart was broken. One of my beaux had gotten a job in Syracuse or some place, and he'd come to say goodbye to me. I was playing very, very hard to get. Giving him no inkling at all that I absolutely drooled for him. And he was promising to write often, to come to New York every chance he got. And then Joan had to appear and sit down with us.

"How could you leave this lovely child to sob her heart out over you?" she asked him. "How *could* you go to Syracuse?" The boy looked from Joan to me.

"Well, gee," he said, "well—oh gee—" And presently he bolted. Golly, I was mad.

All has long since been forgiven, because Joan actually taught me all my technique with Men.

"Remember," she informed me, "the rougher you treat them, the better they like you." It was pretty infallible, and jeepers how the lads loved her. She was sort of the belle of the family. Stinkweed (that's Mary), and I were no drips, understand, but Joan was really the spectacular one. The Babe. She played beautiful tennis and had a terrific sense of humor, and

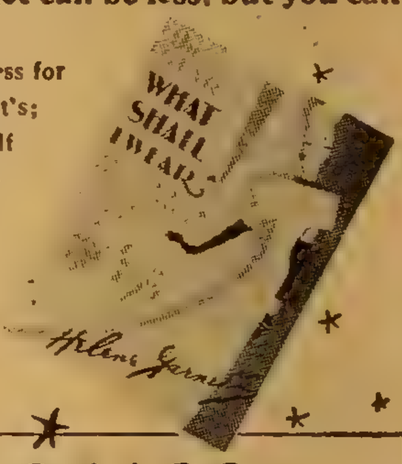
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then she looked so darned wonderful. There was one time, though, that I recall, with slightly fiendish glee, when slow-but-sure won the race.

We had gone away to the lake for the summer, and after casing the place for a day or two, Joan and Mary discovered this perfectly magnificent guy and simultaneously fell for him. The day after the discovery, Joan was up bright and early, dressed for action. She went down to the beach, and he was there. First she walked around a little bit. Then she swam. Then she dove; and after that she rowed a boat about a thousand knots an hour. Along about noon Mary appeared, with a magazine and a knitting bag. While Joan knocked herself out, Mary basked and knitted. The night the guy came over to our house, I opened the door and was all set to yell, "Jo-an," when he spoke. "Is Mary home?" is what he said. We still kid Joan about that one.

Gosh, we used to have a lot of fun. And drive each other crazy. F'rinstance. The doorbell would ring, and I would know it was Joan's date by the make of the car. I'd go to the door all smiles. Then I'd open it, peer into his face and—registering utter disgust and disappointment—murmur, "Oh." The way you would if you'd been expecting Gable and Rooney showed up. It shattered the poor boy completely and was no end of fun. The trouble was Joan would do it to my dates, too.

We were terribly critical of each other's dates. Much more so, I'm convinced, than of our own. I'd blithely go out with various sad numbers, but gee—when Mary or Joan did, I'd pounce. Joan had a repulsive fellow for a while who used to shower her with orchids and take her to fabulous restaurants. I'd say, "I would dearly love to know what you see in Orchid Joe," and she'd say, "Well, for someone who's practically going steady with Chinless Chester—" Funny, though, in a crisis, we stuck together like glue.

tears flowed like wine . . .

There was one New Year's Eve when Joan and her date didn't get home until half past three. Mother and Dad kept an anxious vigil at the window from one o'clock on, and by the time Joan and swain arrived, they were in a state. Daddy called the boy into the living room. "Young man—" he boomed, strictly like something out of a Booth Tarkington novel. Whereupon Joan began to bawl, and Mary and I, eavesdropping from above, began to bawl too. We boycotted Daddy for days.

For that matter, we were always pretty sold on mother and daddy, but when we really *knew* they were something special was when Joan decided that she wanted to go on the stage. There were no scenes, no pleadings. If that was what she really wanted to do, they were all for it. So when she was seventeen, Joan went to Columbia University and took all the dramatic courses she could carry, in addition to a complete secretarial course. She loathed the typing and shorthand and absolutely ate up the drama. When they put on their first play she was beside herself with excitement, and so were we. The play was *The Drunkard,* and Joan was the leading female. Maybe you remember the story. It is an old-time melodrama, corny as anything, and no doubt if anyone besides Joan had been in it, it would have struck us very funny. However, it made us furious when the audience howled over "Father, dear father, come home with me now," drowning out half of Joan's lines. There was a group of particularly loud and obnoxious boys in front of us, and we stood their kibitzing as long as we could. Then we leaned over and said, "We are *trying* to hear our sister, *if* you don't

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mind." Oh, golly, we were stuffy. Sarah Bernhard's sisters, if any, couldn't have hung more on her words. We went to that thing fifteen nights in a row and were thrilled to our toes every time.

After two years at Columbia and coaching with Claudia Franck, who now has to struggle with poor me, Joanie left school and went job-hunting along Broadway; came up with a modelling job, and not so long after that with the lead in *Kiss and Tell.*

She didn't have an agent or anything, you know. She just walked into George Abbott's office stone cold and asked for a chance to try out—and got the part! It was a bit of a tussle, actually, because F. Hugh Herbert, who wrote *Kiss and Tell* had always thought of Corliss Archer as a brunette. For a long time he couldn't see Joan in the part. Opening night, he came around backstage to see Joan. "I should have known Corliss just *couldn't* have been anything but a blonde," he said. Pretty cute of him, we thought.

Opening night, gosh, that was wonderful! I'd never seen a rehearsal because I wanted the fun of seeing the play for the first time with a big audience and lemonade in the intermissions and all the trimmings. I'm awfully glad I waited, and I just wish there was some way of telling you what a very large charge it was seeing Joan on the stage and knowing she was good. I kept thinking, that's Joan Caulfield who shares my bedroom and wears my perfume. My own sister. And it's a silly thing, but I wanted to cry, I was so proud, so sort of hurting proud.

those beautiful reviews . . .

After that first performance was over, we went back to her dressing room and hugged her, and then daddy and Mary and I went home, and Joan and mother went on to a party for the cast. In the small hours the phone rang, and it was mom, all breathless and soft-voiced. "We've just seen the reviews," she said. "They're beautiful." And Mary and I looked at each other, the whole miraculous business hitting us again. *Our* sister.

"Gee," Mary said. "Reviews, yet!" Oh, opening night was terrific.

I went to see the play two or three times a week, and somewhere along the line I got stagestruck. Absolutely nutty crazy stagestruck. I learned Joan's part, and then by hook and by crook I got to be her understudy. After that there was nothing to do but sit around and wait for her to come down with yellow fever or something. "How do you feel?" I'd asked her casually. "You look a little pale-ish."

"I feel fine," she'd say firmly. "Just dandy."

One of the girls got a cold eventually, and I had her part for a month, and then finally Old Ironsides did turn her ankle, and I was Corliss for one exquisite night.

It was my first appearance on the stage, but I didn't muff a line, and the audience laughed in all the right places, and when I went to the dressing-room I was in a pink glow of excitement and joy. In a few minutes there was a knock on the door, and it was George Abbott.

"Betty," he said. "You just aren't Corliss. I can't ever let you go on again."

I said, "Okay, Mr. Abbott," and that was all I could say just then without disgracing myself. When he left Joan put her arms around me.

"He talks like that, Betty. It's his way. Why, you know what he said to me yesterday? 'What have you got—bats in your belfry?' It's his way. Sweetie, don't you mind." But I did mind, like mad.

Then suddenly, Joan got her movie contract, and they needed a new Corliss. I swallowed my pride and begged for another chance, and Jessie Royce Landis (the mother in *Kiss and Tell*) told Mr. Abbott she'd coach me every spare minute, and she did. What an angel of a woman! And in the end I was Corliss—and played it for a whole year!

It was wonderful, but it was lonesome without Joan. I missed her bounce and her Lou Holtz imitations and her clutter in our room. Her letters helped. Sometimes I'd read them on the Madison Avenue bus, and people would peer at me when I'd chuckle and chortle over them. "They're pulling out all my teeth and changing the color of my eyes," she'd write. Then, right after that she'd write: (joke). Just as if we didn't know. When she wrote that they were changing her hairdo, I thought that that too was (joke), but actually they have done that, and it makes her look much, much smoother. She'd write and tell us what stars she saw and whether they were all so all-fired glamorous. And she'd send along clippings from the gossip columns like the one that practically had her at the altar. "This after one date," she scribbled on it.

greek spoken here . . .

The summer after Joan and Mom went to California, Daddy and I went out for a visit. It was so much fun, and it was nice to find her so exactly the same. Except of course, for the new coiffure. She was working at the time and when I'd visit on the set I was terribly impressed with her cleverness at understanding the absolute Greek everyone spoke.

"We'll dolly up on this shot," the director would say, and Joan wouldn't bat an eye. Seems all he meant was, "This will be a close-up." Some friend of hers dropped in one afternoon and, with no build-up whatsoever, said, "Say Joan, where are they?" Quick as a flash Joan said. "They're all in there. They're at the post." After which they went on to talk of other things.

"What was all that?" I asked her later. "That 'They're at the post' business?"

"Oh, just race-trackese," she said. "That's how they talk out here. The climate makes you slightly nuts."

Just this last winter, Joan and Mom (whom we call Cushions) returned to New York for a visit. It was so elegant, showing Joan off to my friends and borrowing all her snappy new clothes.

It was like old times sitting up half the night talking about boys and life. Joan

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was May, 1940, after the matinee performance of Romeo and Juliet *in New York. The stars were being mobbed at the stage door. When I couldn't get anywhere near them, I handed my playbill to the tall young man who was coming through the stage door. He hesitated to sign it, until I said, "Well, you were in it too! I remember you in Act II, a lovely duelling scene!" He signed the program and smiled as he walked off. Someone next to me said, "Who was that?" I looked to see what he'd written, and there across the front of my program was a name that means much more today than it did then: Cornel Wilde.*

Lillian Shay
New York, New York

had a big crush on a lad about that time, and the problem was how to make him fall for her. I said, "Why Joan, that's elementary. You know perfectly well that the rougher you treat them the—" Something in her eyes stopped me. "Only when you really like them, it's different, isn't it?" she said. "Remember Mary and David? When she fell in love with him, she couldn't kick him around." (Stinkweed got married, I forgot to tell you. To the most adorable guy. But the *most* adorable guy.)

"That's right," I said. "It's funny. All the hard and fast rules that used to be so foolproof don't always work any more, when you really care about the guy."

"Maybe that's growing up," Joanie said. "Finding out that things aren't always black or white. Finding out that you really don't know all the answers. . . ."

puttin' on the ritz . . .

After she'd been home a couple of days I forgot that we were harboring a celebrity. We tramped around New York in polo coats and moccasins, and no doubt the autograph hounds thought we were one of their league. We even went to the Plaza for tea with bandanas on our heads and bobby sox. I took one look at her across the table. "You don't look like anyone who's just inherited Marlene Dietrich's dressing-room," I said. She made a face at me, as though it didn't matter at all.

"You ought to *see* how fancy I can look, squirt," she told me. And one night she really did lay it on, and she really did look supreme. Daddy took us to the Stork Club, just to show her off, I'm convinced; and that night they asked for autographs. *Did they ask for them.*

Just before she went back to California we took a flying visit to North Carolina in the new Buick convertible Joan gave Mom for Christmas. (She gave me a beautiful watch, by the way.) Mary and David live down there, and we were all dying to see them. We took turns driving, and when it was Joan's turn, she'd tear along, but when it was *my* turn she'd sit frozen in her seat if we went over thirty miles an hour. "You see this curve, don't you? You just missed that cow. Is that a state trooper behind us?" That sort of thing. I gave up finally and let her do most of the driving. After dinner she went to sleep in my lap and at midnight we arrived. All cross as bears. All with double-feature paralysis. Mary and David were waiting for us. Sleepy, but up. And after we'd talked to them a little while, Mary said, "Come on, let's all go to bed. But first you've got to peek at little Nicotine." (That's their baby, aged almost a year.)

benzedrine next . . .

"I suppose the next one will be little Benzedrine," Joan quipped. And then we stopped talking, because we were in his room, peering into the crib. I felt all funny inside, sort of the way I'd felt seeing Joan on the stage on opening night. Tight in the throat and stuff. I tried to tell Joan about it when we were getting ready for bed, but it sounded so corny, I gave up. I contented myself with, "Hurry up and find a house big enough for all of us so we can all be together again, hey?" She got all misty-eyed, and she said, "Oh Bett, we'll hunt like mad, Mom and I. Truly we will."

And they are. I had a letter from Joan yesterday saying that they're leaving no stone unturned. So maybe we'll be moving out there soon. And oh golly, wouldn't it be wonderful. Because Joan Caulfield in Technicolor is pretty wonderful, but Joanie, the real McCoy, is strictly out of this world. And if I must say so, that's quite a compliment to get from your own sister.





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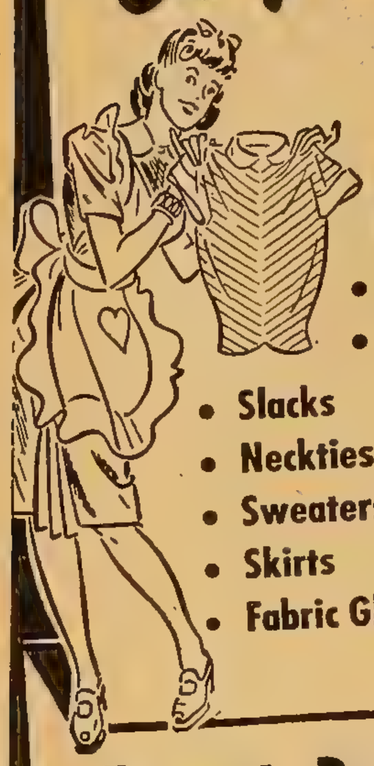


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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

HOLLYWOOD PARTY: Some time at the end of June, there's going to be a mass migration of fan clubbers to the film capital. And here's what's in store for them: a whole week of radio parties, theater parties, visits to the studios, a big tea at the Ambassador Hotel and —as a climax—a formal dinner-dance at Ciro's! Of course, there'll be an open forum, too, where each delegate will have a chance to sound off on the ways-and-means of improving clubs! Ellen Roufs and a staff of Coast prexies are engineering this Convention and among those on the honorary committee are June Allyson, Rand Brooks, Rosemary DeCamp, Nina Foch, Andrea King, Dick Powell, Ronald Reagan, Marshall Reed, John Ridgely, Eddie Ryan, Richard Travis and Jane Wyman! Even if you won't be able to attend, you can still share part of the fun, for there's a nation-wide raffle, with proceeds going to the Cancer Fund. Tickets are 25c each and all the snazzy luxury prizes—costume jewelry, leather purses, cameras, etc. —have been donated by the stars. Write to: Hollywood Party, 427 West 5 Street, Suite 707, Los Angeles 13, Calif., for tickets. And here's a special surprise: One month before the Convention, there'll be a drawing—winner to receive a FREE PLANE TRIP to and from L.A.!

FEDERATION: Following the trend toward Federation are the Frank Sinatra and James Mason Clubs. Forty of Frank's most active clubs will be organized into a Guild; receive monthly bulletins, notes from Frank, participate in one big charity drive a year (selected by popular vote). There'll be contests, too! Under plans worked out with Mason, Leona Rosenthal's and Miriam Strausberg's N. Y. clubs will serve as joint-headquarters for disseminating news, photos; while all clubs will unite for publicity drives, request campaigns, parties, etc. Each club, however, will have equal representation in the Federation Council and take turns editing the Federation Quarterly.

CALLING ALL SMITHERINES: Jack Smith gave us this news "in person," when we sat in on his Oxidol show rehearsal. You know how each club puts out a journal for its star? Well, Jack is turning tables and putting out a special journal for all his clubbers! Of course, they'll continue to get out their own papers, too! And here's a special invitation from Jack to all MSFCA-ites visiting N. Y.: there'll be tickets to his Monday-to-Friday early evening show waiting for you! Ask at front desk, CBS studio, 52nd St. (bet. Madison and Park Aves.).

CLUB BANTER: If there's a talent-group in your club, here's a chance to get needed experience—and perform a worthwhile service, too: In honor of National Laugh Week (April 1 to 8), the Nat. Laugh Week Foundation is sponsoring talent shows (recruited from fan clubs, high schools, Boy Scouts and other groups) at nearby civilian, veterans' and children's hospitals. If you want to volunteer, write immediately to National Laugh Week Foundation, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. They'll tell you how to work up a show, send you suitable script material (at your request), and arrange for your hospital appearance . . . Pearl Tice (514 Arch Street, Perkasie, Pa.), who needs no introduction, is taking over that defunct Calif. Alan Ladd C. Pearl is reorganizing from scratch, with Alan's approval and, although the old club's assets were nil, she'll make what we think is an equitable adjustment for all who renew or re-join . . . Congratulations to Glenna Riley's Jeanette MacDonald C., celebrating its 15th anniversary; and to Marion Hesse's Ginger Rogers C., on their 13th! . . . Gwen Littlefield, famous prexy of the Allyson C., and Buddy Roufs, son of the equally famous Ellen, have announced their engagement . . . Doris Anderson (Sinatra's Fellow Swooners) won a scholarship to Wayne University . . . Mary Piancone's Sinatra C. discovered they used up their journals to talk about Frank, so they're getting out two supplements annually, devoted to the club and members . . . English branch of Helen Milton's Victor Jory C., is starting a lending library (modeled after Jane Wyman Club's) . . . Joan Crawford's visit East kept Edith Clemens, prexy, busy, helping Joan shop, first-nighting, etc. . . . Helen Smolensky won a trip to Grand Ole Opry, as guest of honorary Ernest Tubb . . . Ann Papparello's Margaret Whiting Clubbers were March of Dimes volunteers for N. Y. headquarters . . . New Stars C. (Iris Archambault) is sending each prospective member a sample journal . . . We like For Men Only in (Dick) *Haymes Herald* . . . Helmut Dantine invited each N. Y. clubber to the opening of his play, *The Eagle Has Two Heads*.

TROPHY CUP CONTEST: Winners for February (2nd lap). "This Is My Best" (articles and poems from your journals). Each gal receives a lovely gift of Faberge's tweedy, delightful "Woodhue" Perfume and Cologne; Frank, a bottle of refreshing Woodhue Men's Cologne. Each club, 100 pts.: Katie Green, "Salute To World," *Great* (Lizabeth) *Scott;* Frank Dowling, "Television Soon," *Cass'* (Daley) *Columns;* Imogene Greene, "You Gotta Be Nice," *Glenn's* (Vernon) *Book* (McCarthy); Lee Garber, "I Wonder," *Winsocki Kid* (Tommy Dix); Elsa Linke, "What Constitutes a Good Fan Club," (Victor) *Jory-ful Echoes;* Elizabeth Ottilege, "Entertaining Servicemen," *The OK Kid* (Curley Bradley). **CANDID CAMERA CONTEST:** (First prize, handsome leather Tangee Trip Kit, brimming with Tangee's superb makeup aids; 100 pts. to clubs) Mary Spoulos, June Allyson C. Others: (gift package of four super Dell Mystery Books; 50 pts. to clubs) Lee Garber, Tommy Dix C.; R. and J. Mottola, Nelson Eddy Music C.; Ena Svedise, Joe Calleia C.; Anna Hreba, John Ridgely C.; Elsie Ellovich, Louise Erickson C. **BEST ORIGINAL PIECE OF ART** (in journal): One year's sub to: FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE and SCREEN ALBUM Mags., and four Dell Mysteries, PLUS 150 pts. for club: Pete Larney, Tommy Dorsey C. **BEST EDITORS:** (No League One entries were received in our offices this month). Beautiful assortment of Pond's wonderful cosmetics, especially packaged for winners; 250 pts. to clubs: 2. Marion Hesse, *Ginger's* (Rogers) *Gems;* 3. Amena Peacock, *Portrait of Vincent Price.* **BEST JOURNALS:** (500 pts.; no entries in L. 1) 2. (Larry) *Douglas Highlights;* 3. *Basil's* (Rathbone) *Blue Book.* **BEST COVERS:** (250 pts.; no entries L. 1) 2. *Jive* (Bob Crosby); 3. *OK Kid* (Curley Bradley). **WORTHWHILE ACTIVITIES:** (250 pts. to clubs) 1. Gene Autry C. ($150 to Gene for favorite charity; chapter gifts, visits to hospitals). 2. Jeanette MacDonald C. (Waddy) ($50 to CARE to feed Europe). 3. (tied) Jan Clayton C. ($60 to Nat. Tuberculosis Assn.). Sinatra (Piancone) ($30, Sister Kenny). Frances Langford ($42 divided among Salvation Army, Sister Kenny, Tuberculosis Seals). **LARGEST PERCENTAGE INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP:** (100 pts.) 1. Rex Allan C. 2. Alan Ladd C. (Spungin). 3. John Lund C. **BEST CLUB CORRESPONDENTS:** (50 pts.) 1. Berenice Olson, Autry C. 2. Betty Sue Dorris, Pee Wee King C. 3. Violet Theisen, Jimmy Morgan C. **LEADING CLUBS SO FAR:** 1. Eddy Music, 750; Dennis Morgan, 650; Guy Madison, Autry, 300. 2. Charles Korvin, Larry Douglas, 600; Scott McKay, Ginger Rogers, Bob Crosby, 350. 3. Sinatra (Beattie), Basil Rathbone, 600; Curley Bradley, 450; Ladd (Pearl), Keenan Wynn, Sinatra (Piancone), Jan Clayton, Vincent Price, 350.

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Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream
beautifies skin as it cleanses,"

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WOODBURY *Complete* **BEAUTY CREAM** { *Beautifies as it cleanses. Contains four rich oils to soften and smooth tiny dry-skin lines.*

around the clock... this Woodbury-Wonderful Way!



8 A.M. **Morning, beautiful!...** Skin a-bloom, Bev reports for film-full day. "Bright and early, I date with Woodbury," she says. "Cream-cleanse my skin so-o smooth." Be as beauty smart, girls . . . this Woodbury-Wonderful care *really* beautifies!



7 P.M. **Evening, lovely!** High spot of a night spot is Beverly . . . with her "Always-Fresh Look"! "Skin sparkles," she says, "after Woodbury-cream-cleansing. A second film is my make-up base!" Easy to revive skin beauty with Woodbury!

That "Always-Fresh Look" this Woodbury-Wonderful Way

Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Tissue off. Repeat creaming for *plus*-softening. Tissue. Splash with cold water—skin glows with that "Always-Fresh Look"!

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Very Dry Skin: First Woodbury cream-cleanse. Soften with Woodbury *Special* Dry Skin Cream—rich in lanolin's benefits! Under make-up, Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base.

Oily Skin: Woodbury *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream—melts on skin. Finish with Woodbury *Vanishing* Facial Cream to check shine. Stericin in all Woodbury Creams helps purify against blemish-causing germs.



11 P.M. **Goodnight, sweet!..** "Before dreams, I cleanse with Woodbury," says Bev. "Then my Beauty Nightcap . . . a Woodbury cream-mist to *soften* while I sleep!" Four rich oils soften, beautify. It's Woodbury ... for that "Always-Fresh Look"!



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DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"

(*Continued from page 14*)

—after they return from the war to their town and their families.

What happens to these heroes is good and bad. It is not exaggerated into a painful documentary object lesson; it is not minimized into a wishful slice of Pollyanna. It is just told the way things are, the way they happen to soldiers and sailors and marines in big towns and small towns, and the way they are still happening right now—the unfaithful wives, the faithful ones, the hard-to-get jobs, the hard-to-get loans, the wanted love, the unwanted pity.

I sat next to a veteran at the film's preview, and when it was over he said, "You believe it's true but you couldn't know how true unless you'd been in the service. Some of these things happened to every fellow who ever got out of the army."

But for all its needed "message," for all its great psychological information service to the families of the land, *The Best Years Of Our Lives* is never a preachment. It is just an excellent piece of entertainment, sometimes sad, often very funny, sensitively directed with the sympathetic, amusing and recognizable details that Hollywood loves to call "great touches," and played by a cast that could not have been improved. The minor characters—Ray Collins, Charles Halton, Hoagy Carmichael—are as fine as the stars, and the stars are Myrna Loy and Fredric March and Dana Andrews and Teresa Wright at their very best.

It is only natural that most audiences should go out talking most about a new face in the picture—the face of a boy called Harold Russell who has no hands, only hooks that he uses with amazing dexterity. He is, of course, a genuine veteran, young and amiable and optimistic, with an undercurrent of unquenchable grit. This is his first picture, and they say it will be his last.

But you will remember him for a long, long time.

6 TO 5 ON JONES!

(*Continued from page 38*)

elegance, that "Mainbocher look" that comes from running around with Anita Colby. I had to do a double take before I could realize that this was the bedraggled girl whom I had seen playing the halfbreed siren, Pearl Chavez, in *Duel.*

"You look so different," I said. "I mean from the last time I saw you."

"Let's see, just when was that?" Jennifer inquired.

"Why, you were shooting it out with Gregory Peck, remember, up there among those Arizona rocks."

"Well, I've been on a buying spree in New York," she confided. "I went back there as soon as we finished the picture to get the desert out of my system. It was weeks before I got my nails to look like anything human. The desert is a fierce place."

My interview with Jennifer really turned out to be an experience. In the middle of our talk the phone rang and it was the captain from the Los Angeles homicide squad. I had rushed out to Selznick's from working all night and all day on our recent murder horror, the torture killing of pretty Elizabeth Short, the girl they called the "Black Dahlia." I heard the new developments in the case, hurriedly phoned them to New York, and returned to Jennifer, who sat fascinated.

"Think of such a fiend running loose," she cried in horror.

"You certainly did a thoroughly realistic job on Pearl Chavez," I reminded her. "Tell me just how you did it."

For the first time in her career, Jennifer then led me behind the scenes, so to speak, so that I could view at first hand the mental workings of the star who is hailed as one of the great all-time talents developed in Hollywood.

"I sort of hypnotize myself," she explained. "I find myself really living the roles I play. I've read about the East Indian fakirs and mystics who are able to throw themselves into a trance, and I think that my own mental state is something like a trance when I'm acting. If anything else, any outside thought or impulse, disturbs the spell by intruding into my consciousness, I have to break off and start all over again."

I was reminded of something King Vidor told me of his experience with Jennifer while directing her in *Duel in the Sun.*

"Every morning, while making *Duel,* we would start the day by talking about the story and the characters and the action coming up. She would fix those luminous, intelligent eyes on my face. I could actually see her gradually becoming Pearl Chavez. Jennifer Jones would disappear as completely as if she had never existed.

"Trying to maintain it through the lunch hour was too much. Conversation with me and others always snapped the string. And when we went back to work we'd have to do it all over again."

I don't believe Robert Walker, to whom Jennifer was married, whom she loved wildly as a young girl, and who fathered her two sons, ever had a full awareness of her. Sometimes I wonder if her father, Phil Iseley, the bluff, hearty, outspoken Thespian who became a rich owner of film theaters, does not sometimes look at this amazing child of his in wonder.

Dave Selznick is the only man who understands Jennifer with an unerring instinct, I believe, because he himself, like her, has lived his life under the whiplash of a driving urge. This is a man whom I have known somewhat closely for nearly twenty years. I have watched him in his fevers of creation. He is not a man who is gaited to carry out the will of others but only to obey heedlessly the imperious urge within himself. Fully aware that he is a creator, he moves on to his destiny unsparing of himself or others, with the appearance of arrogance. But those who work with him know that it is a privilege.

David created the Jennifer Jones of today. He breathed life into her, fanned the flame of talent with which she was born into a mighty blaze, as surely as the sculptor Pygmalion breathed life into his creation, Galatea.

Shall we say that David Selznick loves Jennifer Jones? I do not know. But I do know that his feeling for her as an artist verges upon worship. So powerful is the personality of Selznick that he appears to take possession of the lives of his stars.

But Jennifer has an integrity of her

(*Continued on page 95*)



WHICH TWIN HAS THE *Toni?*

Lovely Consuelo O'Connor of New York, the Toni twin, says, "My twin sister, Gloria, had a beauty shop permanent—I had a Toni Home Permanent. And none of our friends could tell which had which—can you?" (See answer below.)

You, too, will want your next wave to be a TONI Home Permanent

You'll thank the lucky day you give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. For you'll discover an amazingly easy and inexpensive way to keep your hair always at its loveliest. Beautifully groomed with deep, luxurious waves . . . silky soft and natural looking. Because Toni Creme Lotion waves your hair permanently, but *gently* . . . leaves it frizz-free and easy to manage.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent—even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. That's why every hour of the day another 1,000 women use Toni.

No trick at all to giving yourself a Toni . . . just three simple steps.

1. Roll your hair up on curlers, and dab on Toni Creme Lotion.

2. Tie a turban round your head and relax for 2 to 3 hours. (No sitting under a hot dryer.)

3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Your Toni Cold Wave is finished . . . it's beautiful . . . and will last as long as a $15 permanent.

Now, while you are thinking about it, get a Toni Home Permanent Kit. On sale at all leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters.

Consuelo, the twin at the left above, is the one who has the Toni Home Permanent. Could you tell?

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. . . with this delightfully fragrant talcum powder

KEEP FRESH: After you bathe—shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It gives your whole person a thrilling, singing freshness.

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Pamper your person
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Dusting Powder.
Smartly packaged
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Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love

hands around the clock

Is there ever a time you don't want to have lovely hands? But no! Learn the way to keep 'em pretty.

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ It's fun to be a clock-watcher, particularly when "he" is to call for a seven o'clock date. You want to look scrumptious from gleaming pate to rosy fingertips. But the fingertips are going to be pretty tacky if you wait until six-forty-five to dab on polish nervously.

Thing to do is to care for your hands intelligently so that they're equal to any and every occasion. RKO's Virginia Huston agrees and very prettily went through some hand-care paces before the studio camera.

Your manicure should be unhurried. And you do have twenty or thirty minutes a week to devote to it. How about that half-hour when you listen to Bing? It will speed up matters if you keep all your manicuring things in one place, a small drawer or a special box. See to it that your working tools are in order. It's a good investment to get a really large bottle of polish remover. Don't hold on to old, dried-out bottles of polish. Toss 'em out and acquire a wardrobe of enamels.

All you really need are three basic shades of red. Have one with a blue base, one with russet tones and one that is a clear, pure red. There you are! Ready to glamourize your nails and to have them agree, not clash, with your clothes. To help your pet polish look its best there is a whole array of bases, finishing toppers and quick driers.

Of course, a manicure looks best on hands that are smooth and unchapped. Use a gentle soap at all times and dry hands thoroughly. And be sure to take Virginia's advice about daily use of hand cream and lotion. There'll never be a moment when your hands aren't gorgeous!

* * *

People were so enthusiastic about our weight-losing pamphlet that I'm offering it again this month. It is "How To Lose Weight" by Dr. E. P. Jordan, syndicated health columnist and associated editor, Journal of the Am. Medical Assn. (First offered Aug. '46.) Eat your way to a lovely figure! A recognized physician has prepared (especially for us) a scientific routine that you'll enjoy following. Send 10c to Service Department, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.



Time to lacquer nails, says Virginia *(Out of the Past)* Huston, is when you have leisure for a thorough job.



Work time, Virginia tells us, calls for a softening, soothing lotion to ward off all roughness and redness.



Bed time is so welcome! But spare a second for hand-cream massage. You'll rout nasty hangnails, split cuticle.

(*Continued from page 92*)

own that instinctively resists the obliterating of her ego; for this ego is her own self that lies at the core of her being and endows it with vibrant vitality.

Very soon after those religious protests about *Duel In The Sun* came out, many Hollywood columnists, myself included, began to receive anonymous letters and telegrams viciously attacking Jennifer. A well known Hollywood figure was credited with uttering a devastating wisecrack about *Duel*. Selznick was concerned, traced down the rumor, found it false. Soon a general impression got around that the press agent of a rival actress, also being considered for the Award, was responsible for the anti-Jennifer campaign.

oscar—wham! . . .

"How did you feel that night in 1944 when they called you up and handed you the Oscar?" I asked her.

"I'll tell you truthfully," she replied, "I think I was just numb. It all happened to me so fast I couldn't digest it mentally. I'd been trying so long and with such poor luck to get started on a career, and then all of a sudden—wham! I had success in my hands. I guess I felt like a starving person sitting down unexpectedly to a sumptuous banquet with no warning. The hungry person would gobble up the food but with no leisure or ability to savor it. That was me when I walked on that stage and accepted the little statue. It was weeks before the full significance of what had happened dawned upon me.

"If I ever am able to win another Oscar, I'll be better prepared. I'll enjoy the anticipation. I'll come up to it slowly. Perhaps I'll even be able to make a speech."

Hollywood buzzes from time to time with the story that Robert Walker never will marry again because he's still carrying the torch for Jennifer. I am not one to say that this could not be the case. Robert is a strange, moody boy. It's plain something disturbs him from time to time, otherwise how can one explain his apparent endeavors to escape from reality by disappearing to parts unknown? Perhaps Bob is trying to find himself.

Jennifer refuses pointblank to discuss the boy whom she married and divorced, although her conversation betrays that she retains a very keen and high respect for him both as man and as artist. I'm afraid I worked an old interviewer's trick on her to see if I couldn't get her off guard. I said something not quite complimentary about Bob. Instantly, she flew to his defense with fire in her eyes and wrath in her voice. "Not one of those things has a grain of truth in it," she asserted vehemently. "Bob is a very honorable person and he has high ideals."

The sons of Jennifer and Bob are Michael, now seven, and Bobby, six. They live with their mother, but Bob visits them often. There's a great mutual admiration society between Bob and his boys. They love him and think he's a great guy. "And both of them look like him," Jennifer added.

The future of Jennifer Jones can be summed up in a word, I think, and the word is—career. Just as David Selznick has an irresistible urge to create and develop great stars and screen dramas, she is irresistibly driven by an inner necessity to go on and on scaling the heights as an actress. Wonderful achievements will yet stem from the fire and flint of Jones and Selznick. I said long ago, and in print, that the marks of true greatness in her chosen profession are unquestionably on her. The screen never has had a Bernhardt. Perhaps one is in the making now. If that glory does lie in Jennifer's destiny, be assured of one thing—Selznick will not be far away.

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THE FIRST YEAR IS THE EASIEST

(Continued from page 36)

can have four—" He grinned at her.

Shirley dips into her own funds only for clothes, which represent professional expense. Otherwise, they live within a budget. Shirley's income is untouchable. Jack's adamant there.

As for in-laws, they happen to be blessed on both sides with the kind who keep their hands off.

It wasn't till last Christmas that the young folks had both families in to dinner. Shirley's a good cook. Most of the Christmas meal she prepared herself—hors d'oeuvres, an Agar ham, mashed and sweet potatoes, carrots and peas and hot rolls. The mince pie she bought. They were fourteen in all, and—again for the first time—Jack and Shirley sat at opposite ends of the table. Ordinarily, he sits at one end, and she at right angles.

They opened their Christmas gifts to each other alone—just the two of them on the couch by the window that overlooks the garden. Shirley gave Jack a white turtle-neck sweater, a folding pipe, some golfballs and cologne. He likes to concentrate on one gift, so he gave her golf clubs—and more about *them* later.

But first—that third rock—incompatibility. Otherwise known as getting in each other's hair. Here the Agars had one advantage to start with. Shirley and Jack had known each other for two and a half years. Long enough to get pretty well acquainted with the other's habits and ideas. Long enough to know that on all the important things they agreed. Naturally, they had less adjusting to do than if they'd just met a couple of months before. . . .

But, of course, they sometimes get in each other's hair; they're human. But they try to be intelligent about their differences—sit down like reasonable people and talk them over. . . .

Going back to the golf clubs—Jack plays tennis but much prefers golf. Shirley doesn't play golf and loves tennis. It was all right with her when Jack went off Sunday mornings to play with her dad. She liked to sleep Sunday mornings and it was nice to think of her two men enjoying themselves together.

She didn't like it so well when they went down to Palm Springs and he played every day. Or when he and Dad spent hours rehashing their shots. Or when he got home so tired that after dinner he'd fall asleep in a chair. Or when he'd shove all the furniture to the middle of the room, plant her best measuring cup by the door and putt to it.

"You angry about my golf?" he asked one day. She nodded.

He pulled her down in the chair beside him. "State your case, madam—"

She stated it. He said, "You've got something there. How'd you like to learn golf?"

She burst out laughing at his technique. Like having some man pick your pocket, then turn around and ask how you'd like to learn pocket-picking.

Having restored her to good humor, Jack went on from there. "Look, honey, you're right. I've been overdoing it. From now on I'll quit before getting too tired and —suppose I use your *second-best* measuring cup?"

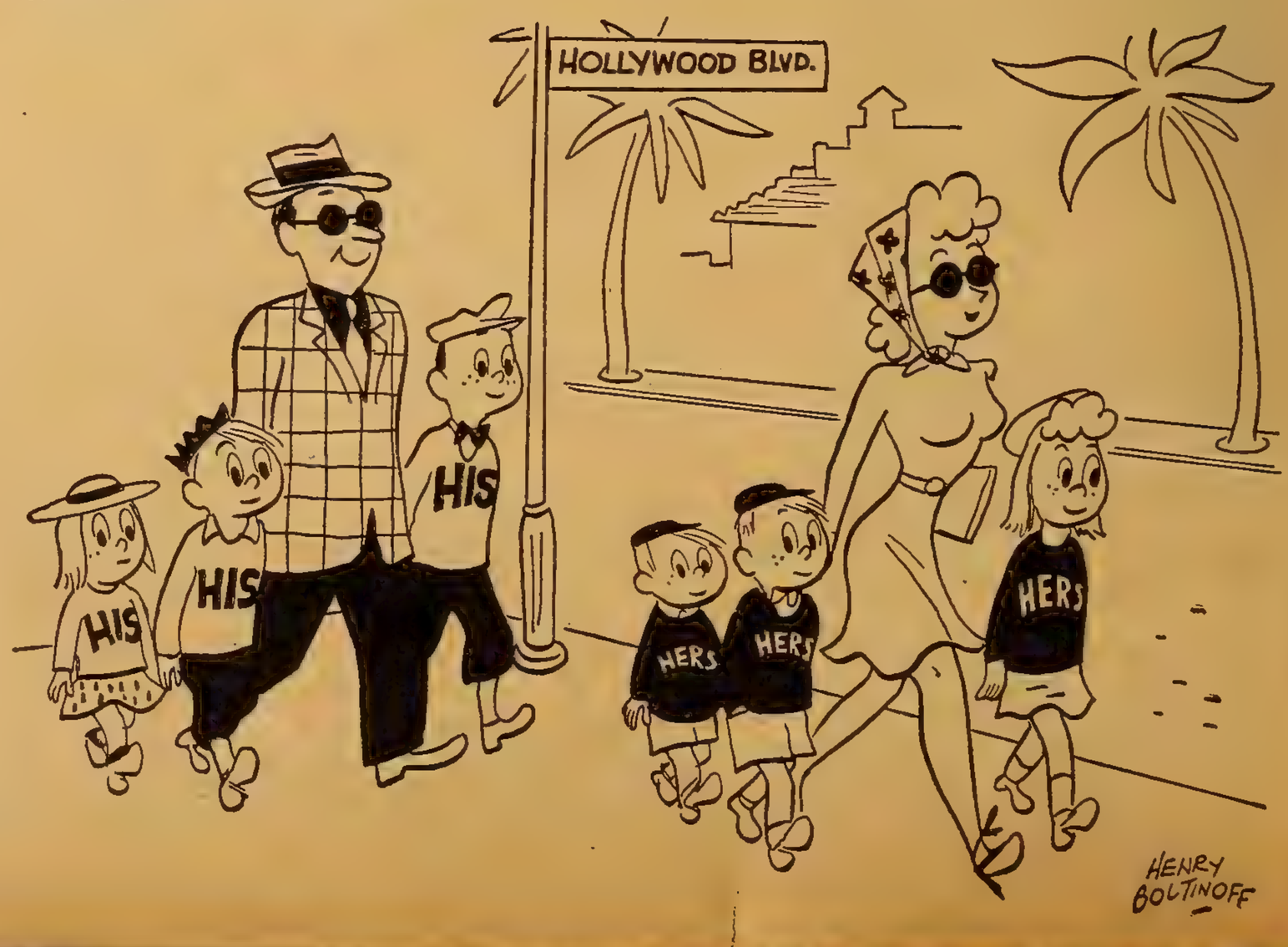
"And suppose you play more tennis with me?"

"It's a deal. Only I'd like to play golf with you, too, and I think you'd enjoy it. How about trying?"

She tried it and liked it. Now she's taking regular lessons. That's how come she got the golf clubs for Christmas.

Shirley once read a story about a woman who left her husband because she couldn't stand watching the way he broke his egg every morning. How silly, she thought. Now she knows it had nothing to do with the egg, the woman just didn't like him. Everybody has little habits they get heckled about. With the Agars, it's Jack's passion for onions—Shirley's refusal to use salad dressing—the way Jack devours popcorn at the movies. The best medicine for that is a sense of humor.

Shirley minds the popcorn less for herself than the people around. Jack's method fascinates her. The bag stands open in his left hand. At some crucial moment—like when Humphrey Bogart is about to sock



the girl—he'll shake the bag like dice, stick the other hand in and toss the stuff into his mouth, one piece at a time. Doesn't even know he's doing it, being completely wrapped up in the picture.

"It's a ghastly habit," Jack sighs. "I'll have to give it up. But I won't enjoy the movies nearly as much."

In displeasure, their reactions vary. Jack has a quick temper. Most of the time he keeps it under excellent control, but when he does get mad, he gets so mad he wants to break things. Shirley's never been the one he's mad at, but of course she has to listen to him explode, that's part of a wife's job. When it happens, she gets terrifically calm—a trick she learned from her mother. She herself has an even disposition—can't remember flaring up more than three times in her life. But she does remember that on those occasions she felt highly belligerent and wanted someone to fight with. Only Mom wouldn't fight.

Still, temper or not, she thinks Jack's way is better than hers. If something goes wrong, he'll speak right out and get rid of it. She, on the other hand, goes up to her room, closes all the doors and play records. When she comes down, she's calm, but untalkative. Gradually, she returns to normal. But the grievance lingers.

shirley gets mad . . .

One night something silly—she can't even remember what it was—happened with Jack. She didn't say a word. Just put a symphony record on the phonograph.

"You mad at me, Shirl?"

"Uh-uh—"

He laid down his book and pulled a hassock over to her chair. "Come on, spill it, honey—"

"Look, Jack, we all have our own ways of letting off steam. You lose your temper. I play symphonies."

"Why? To make me mad?"

"N-not exactly—"

"But I've hurt you and you want to get back at me, so you're going to stew around for a while. Let's have it out instead, honey. From stewing comes ulcers—"

Of course she had to laugh at that, and they did have it out, so there was nothing to store up.

They have one hurdle, not mentioned by the experts, because it's peculiar to Hollywood. Marriage is supposed to be more of a risk in Hollywood than elsewhere. If you're both in the movies, there's the danger of clashing careers. If only one's in the movies, there's the danger of subordinating marriage to the lure of ambition.

Their attitude toward the Hollywood scene is healthy all over. It's generally believed that the rumors of gossip columnists have broken up more than one marriage in the movie colony. Certainly they've caused untold friction and heartache. But the Agars aren't having any—

Jack came in with a newspaper one day. "C'mere. Take a look at this."

The item read: "Shirley Temple and Jack Agar have come to the parting of the ways—reason being that Shirley likes mystery shows while Jack likes symphonies and good books—"

Naturally they howled. Apart from the fact that they listen to mystery shows and symphonies together and read the same books, it sounded so completely idiotic as the reason for a rift. "Shows how hard up they are," said Jack, "for stuff to print.

"But suppose," said Shirley, who's been in the movies longer, "they'd said something that didn't sound quite so idiotic. Would it have bothered you, Jack?"

"Well, I don't think it's fair to print lies and I don't get the point, but why should it bother me? How can someone outside know better than us if we're happy?"

Mrs. Agar hugged him. "Go to the head of the class," she said.



"I get so darn mad!"

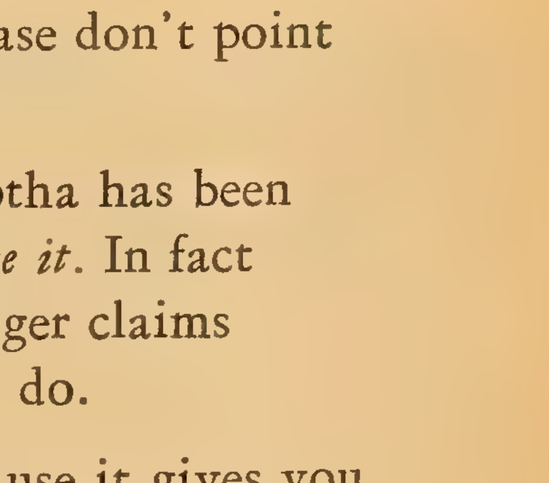
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"THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT TOM"

(*Continued from page 52*)

just when things got interesting.

Before Peter grabbed his train, though, he asked Tom to pinch hit. "Look after Maurine, will you? And let me know what goes on every minute."

"Sure, Pete, I'll take care of everything. Don't you worry," said Tom. He meant it. There's nothing Tom loves more than rallying for a friend.

Well—as soon as Peter left, the stork flapped his wings. I called Tom. He owned the one automobile in our crowd. It was quite a ride to the hospital, and Tom chewed his fingernails with one hand and steered with the other. But we made it somehow, and I went into my act and Tom went into his. Very realistic acts they were, too.

But I'll never forget Tom Drake for that scene in my life and neither will Peter. It's just one of many I can remember during the happy years we've all been close friends. I've known Tom when he couldn't squeeze his toe inside a Broadway producer's door. I know him now when he's a famous Hollywood star. If there's any difference in Tom Drake himself, I can't name it. He's still the same: kind, thoughtful, charming, a gay guy who has a wonderful knack of brightening up our lives every time he drops in.

I remember one time, when Peter and I had a tiny apartment on 75th Street, in the days when Peter and Tom were battering away at Broadway. We lived on our hopes in those days; money was a rare commodity. One night we were having dinner—maybe you could call it that—Pete, me, and Tom, in the kitchen. The entree was corned beef hash—period. That's all we could afford. The service was tin pie plates—also our speed in elegance. We'd just sat down to this festive spread—it looked exactly like plates of dogfood—when the bell rang and in popped an old friend of ours whom we hadn't seen for years.

To make matters worse, he was one of those critical, fastidious people. He'd looked us up expecting, I'm sure, to find glamorous actors dining and wining in the smartest Manhattan style. When he caught us with the pie plates and "dogfood," it was a pretty embarrassing moment for all concerned—except Tom.

He rose gallantly and bowed to the caller as if he were a visiting prince. "Won't you join us for dinner?" invited Tom, in his best stage Oxford accent—just as if he were about to ring for the butler and order another place set with the gold service. With no apologies at all, Tom daintily dished out another heap of dogfood on a pie tin and we had a dinner party—a good one, too.

The first time Peter and I ever saw Tom Drake was up in the pretty New England town of Westboro, Massachusetts. We were there for summer stock at the Red Barn, and Buddy—he was Buddy Alderdice then—was there, too, with his sister, Claire. We all played together in the Barn production of *George Washington Slept Here*. Buddy played the funny gardener, a character part, and at first Peter and I wondered what went on when we saw him doing his scenes at rehearsals.

What made us shake our two heads then, when we saw Tom practice his scenes, was that every day he was different. He'd be one kind of crazy gardener one day and the next a completely different one. "That Bud Alderdice," Peter and I agreed, "has a memory about as long as his nose. He forgets what he did the day before." We wondered how he'd ever remember his lines when he went on stage.

We could have spared our worries. Tom knew what he was doing—or rather, he found out. The night the play opened he was perfect. He was just feeling around all week for the right approach. That's the way he always acts.

Next to acting, the two real loves of Tom Drake's life are children and animals.

I'm afraid I've imposed on Tom dozens of times by letting him play nursemaid to my children. But I've never really felt guilty, because I know Tom loves it. In New York, if I could coax my baby girl, Brooksie, out for a stroll in Central Park, I thought I was doing all right. But she much preferred to go with Tom. He'd take her to the Zoo and spend a whole afternoon buying her things she shouldn't have at all.

Peter and I and our family haven't missed a Christmas with Tom since we've known each other. I'll never forget the first one, because of Tom's present for Brooksie. She was just a baby then, and Peter and I and our friends loaded her Christmas tree with the things we thought she'd adore, mostly beautiful dolls and

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"But tonight I'd like to find a case of Pepsi-Cola under the bed."

feminine baby trinkets. Tom was coming over to our place for the day and when he arrived he suddenly looked panic-stricken. "Migosh," he cried, "I forgot Brooksie's present!" He rushed out of the apartment house and was gone about twenty minutes. He came back with Brooksie's present—a gun!

Of course, we all had to howl. Imagine buying a toy gun for a little two-year-old girl! "Typically bachelor," we hooted. Were we surprised! When Brooksie opened her things, she tossed the beautiful dolls aside with a sweep of her chubby hand. What she reached for happily and played with all day was Tom's gun.

Tom was in Seventh Heaven when his sister, Claire, visited him in Hollywood with her two girls, Chris and Casey; he was always darling to his wife's baby, Chrissie, too. The back yard of that house was a regular carnival with slides and sand piles when the kids were around.

This yearning of his for some kind of family life reminds me of the time we all lived in Tudor City in Manhattan—a regular colony of young stage hopefuls. Peter and our family. Tom and Claire. Chris, who later on was Tom's wife. Maggie Ledbetter, Michael Harvey, Kay Sweeterman—a bunch more.

With two babies, Peter and I didn't exactly rattle around in our apartment. But it was headquarters for the gang and they were always dropping in. Tom usually came loaded down with chocolate marshmallow cookies, I remember, and something to make a party—some wine or spaghetti from the delicatessen.

pushcart posies . . .

Tom can take terrific delight in some simple achievement if it happens to be a project of his. He was over at our apartment one gray day in New York. The tiny place wasn't cheerful anyway, and it looked particularly drab that day because of the weather and because for both Peter and Tom a couple of Broadway leads on jobs had fizzled out. We were discouraged and all about broke. Brooksie Jane had a bad cold, coughing away in the bedroom. Tom was looking out the solitary window through which a little light dribbled in. He spied a flower vendor way down below, trundling his gay pushcart. "That's what we need," he cried. "Some cheer in here—flowers. Quick," he yelped, "how much money have we?" We pooled our resources on the rug. I don't know how much it totaled—but Tom ran down to the sidewalk and came back with six bunches of violets. We put them in water glasses in the window sill and Tom nursed them for days, hoping they wouldn't wither and die. "If we can keep them blooming," he said, "our luck will turn."

And sure enough it did. That week Peter got a job in a road show, Brooksie got over her cold and Tom and Claire got a check from home! Tom was sure the violets had worked the whole miracle.

Tom will settle any time for fun around the house with his friends. He's shy and quiet in crowds, but when you know him, you love him and realize how funny, gay and entertaining he can be. I remember once, here in Hollywood, Tom and Peter had some spare time on their hands between pictures and they got an idea for a vacation trip to Sun Valley.

"That's out for me," I explained. There were the children and no one to take care of them. "But," I suggested, "you and Peter go on. You two can rustle up fun."

"You won't mind?"

"Of course not," I said, thinking I meant it.

They made plane reservations, packed their bags, skiis and everything. Then they rolled off in Tom's car to the airport. In

(*Continued on page 101*)



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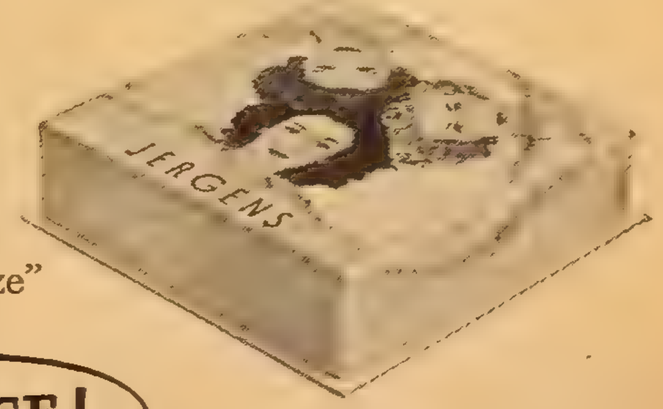
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BENNY GOODMAN—*Oh Baby! (Columbia)

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COLEMAN HAWKINS—*Bean and The Boys (Sonora)
Both the Gillespie and the Hawkins records above are strictly on the modern jazz bebop, but sound quite different.

WOODY HERMAN—**Woodchoppers Album (Columbia)
Here at last are the discs made last summer in Chicago by Woody, Red Norvo and seven other men: *Someday Sweetheart* and *I Surrender Dear* and others.

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD—*Margie (Majestic)
If this sounds identical with the record the Lunceford band made of this tune on Decca almost ten years ago, don't be surprised. It's the same arrangement.

RAY McKINLEY—**Tumblebug (Majestic)

JOE THOMAS—*Black Butterfly (Keynote)

FROM THE MOVIES

CARNEGIE HALL—Beware My Heart: *Margaret Whiting (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

LADIES' MAN—What Am I Gonna Do About You?: *Perry Como (Victor); Margaret Whiting (Capitol); Skip Farrell (Mercury)

MY HEART GOES CRAZY—Title Song: *Modernaires (Columbia); Bing Crosby (Decca). So Would I: *Bing Crosby (Decca)

NEW ORLEANS—Endie; Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans; Where The Blues Were Born In New Orleans: *Louis Armstrong (Victor)
The first side features Louis' big band; the other two, a small group.

STORMY WEATHER—Moppin' and Boppin': *Fats Waller (Victor)
Here's a real collector's item. This side and *Ain't Misbehavin',* too!

THE TIME, THE PLACE & THE GIRL—A Rainy Night In Rio; Through a Thousand Dreams: *Desi Arnaz (Victor)

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—*All Star Jerome Kern Album (Capitol). All The Things You Are: *Tony Martin (Decca); Guy Lombardo (Decca); Carmen Cavallaro (Decca)
The Capitol album features all the top names—from Johnny Mercer through the Pied Pipers, Martha Tilton, Margaret Whiting and the King Cole Trio.

SONG OF THE SOUTH—Uncle Remus Said: Guy Lombardo (Decca)

(Continued from page 99)

an hour they were back, unpacking.

"I must be dreaming," I kidded them. "Is this Sun Valley?"

"Nope," said Tom. "We got to the airport and it didn't seem like such a good idea leaving you here. Anyway," he grinned, "we can have more fun at home."

Tom has a memory like an elephant about gala dates—anniversaries and holidays. Since I've known him I've never had a birthday go by without a box of flowers from Tom no matter where he was.

I can think of only two bad personal habits of Tom's—and he doesn't know he's doing either one. He bites his nails—which burns him up. And he doodles on tablecloths—which he thoroughly enjoys.

The other love of his life is surprises. Tom would rather pull a surprise—a pleasant one—on some of his friends than get a bonus.

There was the way, for example, he let us in on the news of his engagement to Chris Dunne. Peter and I were tossing a New Year's Eve party at our house a couple of years ago. We'd asked Tom, of course. He called me up that day. "Mind if I bring a girl along?"

"Of course not," I told him, "the more the merrier."

That's all he said. All our old friends were there when Buddy came in with Chris on his arm. We all knew Chris; she was part of the Tudor City crew. Nobody even knew she was in Hollywood. Somehow, Tom had found out and looked her up. We were tickled to death to see her.

A few days later Tom drove up one afternoon with Chris and surprised us again with, "We're going to get married." There's absolutely nothing that Drake would rather do than toss a good news bombshell into your lap!

Peter and I have been in on most of the big moments of Tom's life, and vice versa, since we met him. We've spent every Christmas and Thanksgiving together, birthdays, anniversaries and special events.

Tom changed my mother's name, for instance. It used to be Jeannette until Tom spied her wearing half-sox to keep her feet warm and called her a Bobby-Soxer. It stuck and now Mother's name, even to us, is "Bobbie." My niece and nephew, Janie and Tim, who live with Peter and me, are as proud of Tom—and as pestiferous, too—as if he were their very own big brother.

the children's hour . . .

We simply have to keep the news away from Janie each time Tom's expected. If we don't, Janie's collected all her girl friends, then Tom's blushing and we're practically pushed out of the house. Tim, thirteen, has an even brighter idea he tosses at Tom every time he corners him these days. Tim's trying hard to make some time with a certain dream girl—but it's tough going to get a date, with all the competition.

So Tom finds himself with a real argument on his hands every time Tim spots him. Tim wants Tom to go over to the hard-to-get girl's house with him. "If you'll do that, Tom," Tim argues passionately, "she'll be crazy about *me!* Don't you see?" I don't think Tom does. Anyway, so far he's managed to duck playing added attraction for young love, and Tim's strictly out of luck!

But short of playing glamorous lovebait, Tom's ready, willing and always able to be the best friend anyone could possibly want. He's always around when you need him and ready to rally. If he isn't, he gets there fast. It's trite but true that to know Tom Drake is to love him. Peter and I do—like a brother. He's the best friend we've ever had or ever will have. I hope he always will be.

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102 AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

"I GIVE YOU JANE WYMAN"

(*Continued from page 28*)

up when we got there. We didn't go to El Morocco, or the Waldorf, either. Jane picked a little hole-in-the-wall café for dinner. After that she had another startling idea. "There's a red hot basketball game on at Madison Square Garden," she announced. "Gee, I sure would like to see it."

We went to the Garden. And we had a wonderful time. We liked Jane; she wasn't Miss Movie Star at all. She was real, she was regular, she was swell. That was strike number one for Peck.

The next time I saw Jane was on a test stage for *The Yearling*. We'd been working months on that picture in Florida. Back in Hollywood, Clarence Brown, the director, asked me one day, "Greg, will you make a casting test with me tomorrow?"

I said, "Of course. What's it for and who is it?"

"For Ma Baxter. Jane Wyman."

I must have looked surprised. "Jane Wyman?"

Clarence gave me a look. "Did you see *The Lost Weekend?*"

"Not yet."

I wondered if Clarence Brown had been touched by the sun in Florida. Jane Wyman for Ma Baxter! I remembered liking Jane in New York. I'd seen her on the screen by now, too. But as an actress, I confess I saw her playing light comedy, surrounded by guys, gobs and marines. And Ma Baxter had already defeated two actresses who weren't right for the deeply dramatic part.

We did the test. I found myself raving afterwards to Jane, "You were wonderful!" and meaning it. Jane grinned.

"Good golly—don't act so surprised!"

After that, I make a point of seeing *The Lost Weekend*—one night while we were still shooting *The Yearling*. Next morning I rushed on the set, a confirmed Wyman fan. Jane's makeup girl was daubing mud on her face for a swamp scene. I gave Wyman an admiring smack on the cheek. "I just saw *Lost Weekend,*" I explained, "and that's exactly what you deserve. You were marvelous!"

"You've got mud on your face," said Jane.

So—that was strike two for me on Jane Wyman—selling her short as a dramatic actress. There won't be strike three. By now I know a fine actress when I see one, and that's what Jane Wyman most certainly is. I also know a very grand girl.

quick change artist . . .

Jane has great courage—professional and personal, too. Jane was on the spot when she took on Ma Baxter. Besides the two actresses who had bowed out and her own hot-cha movie past, Jane had to be a lady. Jekyll-Hyde through the first days of her *Yearling* job. She ran between *Night and Day* at Warners, quick-changing from that dressy, sophisticated version of Cole Porter's life, to our backwoods world of rain, mud, shanties and mushmouth talk. It's always tough enough making two pictures at once, but to switch colors like a chameleon every day doubles the order. One minute they were patting her with powder and perfume—the next with mud. Still the amazing thing to me was Jane's masterful switch from the brittle Broadway lingo of a show girl to the soft, drawly speech of the swamps. I complimented her the first day.

"Oh," breezed Jane, "I've just got a gimmick for accents. Look, I can make like a Spaniard or a Frenchman or anything. Listen—" And she went into a dialect routine that was swell. She calls it "gimmick." An-

other word I like to think, is talent.

Maybe I missed something, but I don't remember seeing Jane look in a mirror all the time we made *The Yearling*. She wasn't interested in how she looked but how she acted. We worked in the rain for three long days. Jane's hair straggled down but she didn't try to look glamorous.

Jane's a good sport, and she can certainly take it without flinching. I'm thinking particularly of what happened on location one day at Lake Arrowhead.

We went up in the mountains to make some lake-front scenes. There was one where a team of horses pulled Jane, Claude Jarman and me up a steep bank in a rickety buckboard. The first take was no good and we went down to do it again. Unfortunately, we rode the wagon back down. It was very steep. The brakes gave way and the wagon smacked the team in the hind legs. They bolted. A wheel flew off the buckboard and the thing started to fall apart, careening down the hill.

Luckily, Claude was tossed clear and I jumped over Jane's head to grab the horses. I saw her pitch forward on to the tongue between the dashboard and the traces. That's where she teetered the rest of the precarious ride until we got the horses stopped. I reached up and lifted her down. I thought she'd be hysterical. But Wyman winked.

"Thanks," she cracked, "for the buggy ride."

two of a kind . . .

It was through a mutual weakness Jane and I discovered on between-take waits that I found out how sentimental and sensitive Wyman is beneath her bright and breezy manner. Maybe that's what makes her such an unsuspected but fine actress. We're both jive hounds and more or less amateur hep cats, it turned out. I'm strictly an instrumental man, while Jane's strong on vocals. So Jane toted her portable phonograph to the set and we filled in the wait stretches with some solid stuff.

One day we were twirling some platters in her dressing room. I slipped on an old number of a good decade ago—"The Lady is a Tramp." It had made only a few turns when Jane said, "Let's play something else, hey?" Brightly, she said it, but she meant it. I lifted it off. "You know," explained Jane. "I used to sing the socks off that piece once and I've never been able to enjoy it since. It was when I was trying to break into bands as a singer, before I started dancing in Hollywood. Boy, was I busted! When I hear that melody all that old agony hits me right in the face again." We played something else.

Another time I put on another old timer, "Take a Number From One to Ten." It had barely started when I saw a sad look sweep Jane's face. Her lips started to tremble and I yanked it quick. You get sensitive to other people's moods when you work with them day in and day out.

"Darn me!" recovered Jane. "I almost cried. You know, that's really one of my favorite pieces. It came out when I made *The Kid From Spain*—just a hoofer in the chorus, I was, but it was my first Hollywood picture and things sure looked up for me."

I guess I looked puzzled. If it brought back happy memories how come Jane verged on tears? "Lyda Roberti was in that," said Jane. "Gee, she was a swell girl. Lyda's not here any more," she added, "She died a couple of years ago."

Greta and I and our family got to know the Reagans best when we moved, family style, to Arrowhead for the lake scenes of *The Yearling*. Both of us took cabins on the lake, rented speed cruisers and foamed back and forth across the waves to each other's lodge every afternoon when the whistle blew. Every night we'd toss a coin

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to see who cooked the dinner, Greta at our house, or Jane at the Reagans'.

Jane is no slouch on the domestic side. In fact, at this point, I'll have to tell you what a farsighted mother she is. She's already planning Maureen's wedding.

It seems when Ronnie and Jane were engaged a few years ago in Hollywood, Ronnie gave Jane a huge amethyst ring, instead of the usual diamond sparkler. It was a birthstone, that's why. At the wedding, he came through with a clip of the same beautiful stone and at every anniversary since he's contributed a bracelet or something else to match. Jane keeps these all packed away—with her wedding dress—for Maureen to wear when she's a bride.

The reason I know this intimate and sentimental bit of Reagan family lore is because Jane wore that wedding dress (it's ice-blue and does she look a dream in it!) and all the amethyst pretties one night at a party she gave.

That party she gave was something very special indeed—even in Hollywood. The last guests made their adieus at 5:30 a.m. I know, because those last guests, I'm afraid, were the Pecks.

Jane loves to entertain and she'll worry for weeks to dig up a new idea. This particular party, for instance, was a birthday party for Joan Crawford—and it posed a problem to Jane. How to bring in the cake without the old tired routine of lighting candles while the guests harmonized (they thought) on "Happy Birthday to You"?

The Reagans had their back-yard all covered with cellophane and lights that night to create a night club interior outdoors. Ronnie emceed at a microphone and along about the middle of the evening he stepped up and announced.

"Ladies and gentlemen—welcome to our modest plush-lined saloon. I must explain the reason for this party. There's a little lady in your midst who likes to sing. She can't sing anywhere else because they won't ever let her. But she's boss here, so —ladies and gentlemen—I give you Jane Wyman, and you're stuck with her—"

frustrated singer . . .

Jane stepped up to the microphone like the most frustrated torch singer and the orchestra gave her a slow beat. She's always dying to sing, and all her friends know it. Some of them half believed Ronnie's pitch. But what Jane sang was "Happy Birthday to You" to Joan Crawford—as the cake came in. It was a neat surprise and you can be sure that's just what Ronnie and Jane had beaten their brains to achieve.

The first time we actors of *The Yearling* saw the finished picture was one night when Clarence Brown and Sidney Franklin, who directed and produced it, asked us to a private, pre-preview showing at the studio. There were just a few of us there—Ronnie and Jane, Greta and I, Clarence and Sidney, Claude and his mother.

After the screening we went across the alley to a little beanery. We drank toasts and decided the world was a wonderful place and that we all loved each other. Then Jane started dabbing her nose, and we tried not to notice—until the tears became too big and often.

We thought we understood. This was the payoff of thirteen years of fighting her way to the top for Jane Wyman.

But that wasn't what Jane was thinking about. She wasn't crying for joy over her success. What made Jane cry was the same sad and wistful feeling you have when you're graduated from a school you've loved, or quit any place where you've left part of your heart.

But that was really the beginning for Jane Wyman—the start of a new, bright career. I'm sure of that. I hope she'll let me act with her again. It's a privilege

MARK STEVENS

(*Continued from page 42*)

drove out in the country on picnics and clambakes, clustered in juke-box joints over cokes and malts, acted his own age, like an American boy of nineteen.

But Mark was still too independent to accept the Shipples' hospitality indefinitely. He moved to a room of his own soon and got a job. They weren't hiring any and everyone at A. Polski's Department Store, even if it was close upon the Christmas rush. But when Helen Fennell, the personnel manager, talked to Mark, she knew there was a place for him somewhere. He was such a handsome, friendly, attractive young man, she told herself.

They put him first in the men's department, selling shirts. The shirts sold out. They switched him to electric razors. Mark's sales set a store record. He might have blossomed into a department store tycoon, if business hadn't slumped after Christmas, and a drastic cut laid him off. That shocked him out of his respectable, cozy dream.

Mark had been spending his salary as fast as he made it. He moved to a $2 room and looked for another job. He was about broke when he heard of a radio announcer's job open at a small station in Erie, Pennsylvania. Mark spent his last dimes on the phone call. He exaggerated his show business and radio record in Canada. He hinted that he was pretty good.

"Yeah?" they told him. "Okay, you can have the job."

He should have known it sounded too easy. But he went ahead and borrowed money for the trip from a store pal. When he got to Erie, he hustled over to the radio station.

The manager looked bored. "What job? Oh—you the kid from Canada? Well, sorry, but the spot's filled."

Mark's blood boiled. He felt the old tenseness, the rebellious anger flood back into his veins. He'd never trust anybody again. He turned on his heel and walked out.

He had six dollars left in his pocket. He bought a bus ticket to Youngstown and looked up his Uncle George Morrison and his aunt. Uncle George had an offer ready. He was in the steel business and Mark could start work right away at good wages in the machine shop. "Go to bed now," said Uncle George. "We'll talk about it in the morning."

Mark went to bed, but even though he was dog tired he couldn't sleep.

He rolled out of bed at dawn and told his aunt and uncle goodbye. He wouldn't let them fix him breakfast or drive him to the bus. He walked three miles through snow to town, grabbed a bus to Akron with fifteen cents in his pocket and dropped his bag in the $2 room with a promise to pay rent next week. He didn't let anyone know he was in town—not even Marge Shipple. Not any of her good natured gang he'd had fun with, nor any of the friends he'd made at Polski's store.

Because a radio station had made him sore, that's where Mark was determined to get a job. There was one in Akron, WAKR, down below a drug store where he often grabbed a cup of coffee. Mark walked in. He was tired, travel-stained and rumpled. He looked down and out and he was. Bernard Burke, who ran WAKR, was not impressed when Mark hit him for a job.

"Any experience?"

Mark mentioned his Montreal microphone jobs as grandly as he dared. "Sorry," vetoed Burke. "We need a real experienced American radio man."

On his way out Mark looked exactly the way he felt—sore and desperate. A woman saw him and sized up his plight. She happened to be Bernard Burke's wife. She asked Mark if he needed any help. He shook his red head savagely. "No, thanks," he said. "I want a job."

"I'll see my husband," said the lady, kindly. "He's the manager of the station."

Mark grinned bitterly. "I just did. He said 'No'."

But she took him back in and he walked out with a job—not much of a job, but something. Frankly, Mark Stevens started at WAKR as a flunkey. Everybody at WAKR soon knew him and one of them was Carl Kent, the station's prize announcer. Mark wasn't always busy, but he was always hanging around. Carl would have him cue him now and then.

"You've got a good voice," he told Steve one day. "You ought to learn radio announcing. Stick around and I'll teach you all I know."

"Thanks," grinned Mark. That voluntary gesture of friendship put him right back on the ambition beam. He lost himself in the station. Carl coached him in announcing, and they soon trusted Mark at the mike on a show for the Firestone

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TABLETS



Rubber Company, called "Was I Right?"

Before long, Steve was opening WAKR at 6 a.m. and closing it at midnight. Mark moved into the YMCA in a $7.50 room. He didn't have time to see Marge Shipple and her crowd or much of anyone else the rest of that year.

Mark didn't mind the work, but his touchy temper fired when he found out he was being underpaid—just half what his job was worth. So he switched his voltage to a rival station, WJW, on a full time announcer's spot with five newscasts daily and a commercial show every Monday night. He felt better and got $75 a week.

In what spare time the new job gave him, he found himself wandering over to the Weathervane Theater in Akron to do amateur plays. Vi Oakes, who played there too, was a sensible, understanding girl who caught the spark of restless ambition behind Mark's moody mannerisms.

"I'm not getting anywhere," he fretted to her. "I'm doing the same things over and over again. I've been in Akron two years and I'm darned near twenty-two."

"Well, what do you want to do?" asked Vi.

"I'd like to try Hollywood," began Mark. He was thinking out loud what he'd been thinking for some time—of all the people who'd suggested Hollywood for him. Funny thing, they were all little, unimportant people, not the big stars he'd gazed at in awe around Montreal's show houses, or seen talking big at Dinty Moore's.

And now Vi Oakes, a young girl anxious to act like himself. She said, "Hollywood—why that's just the place for you! Why not?"

Mark shrugged. He was making good money in Akron, but he was still broke. He knew if he struck out for Hollywood, he'd expect that town to say "Hello, Steve—come right in!" And he knew it wouldn't be like that, because Hollywood was the most heartless place in the world. But still Mark had to try Hollywood.

So one morning he climbed out of his YMCA bed with a set look on his square face, walked down to the station, quit his job and took a bus to Montreal. This time he knew what he was going home for—not to lick his wounds—but to tell his mother and Dad Cooke goodbye. He knew they wouldn't like it, this Hollywood idea. He walked inside the familiar front door and blurted out his plans. "And I'm not

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Several years ago, Tyrone Power was visiting Guyaquil, Ecuador. A wild group of fans was mobbing him, and he finally escaped into his hotel room, thinking to avoid further violence. However, a flock of young bobby-sockers had hidden themselves in his room, and they sprang at him as he entered, trying to get a piece of his wearing apparel as a souvenir. Just as he saw an opening in the crowd and tried to duck through, one of the girls caught hold of his suspenders and yanked them loose. His trousers slowly started to slip down, and the girls ran squealing from the room, leaving Tyrone in much deserved peace.

Knud Holst
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania

coming back," Mark added. "I'm going to stay until I do something."

But he was dead wrong on their attitude then. They were beginning to understand; they wanted to help. Dad Cooke bought Mark's ticket west on the Santa Fe's top train, the Super Chief. He handed him a $1000 stake. Mark's parents drove him to the railroad station, took snapshots, gave him a warm send-off, with the comfortable invitation: "If things go wrong, you know you're always welcome here."

Mark Stevens didn't know a soul in Hollywood. The only vague introduction he had was the name of a third-rate talent agent. Larry Sunbrock, a cowboy showman who occasionally brought rodeo shows through Akron, had said, "Look this guy up if you ever get to Hollywood. He might get you a job." Mark had the name scribbled on a piece of paper in his wallet. Maybe he'd look him up, Mark thought, and maybe he wouldn't. He wasn't counting on any help.

When he climbed off the train in Los Angeles, the California sun beamed a dazzling greeting. Mark's spirits zoomed. "This is it," he exulted. "This is for me."

He told the cab driver, "Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel." He whirled up the Boulevard, craning his neck like a hick at the movie sights he'd read about—The Derby, Max Factor's, Grauman's Chinese. The desk clerk said, "Room or suite, sir?" Mark was feeling swell, shot through with luck. "A suite," he said, grandly. He patted the $1000 in his inside coat pocket. He'd shoot the moon, as his old New York hash-slinger pal had advised. His extravagant mood was to cost him dearly, but he didn't know that then.

i want to act . . .

Next morning Mark looked up the agent Larry Sunbrock had recommended. The flesh peddler fixed him with a cold, appraising eye. Mark rattled off his record. "I want to act in pictures."

"Uh-huh. Where you staying?" Mark told him. "Got plenty of money?"

"Sure," said Mark.

"Well," announced the agent. "You don't look like a picture type to me, Bud. But we'll go out to Universal and see what they think."

They didn't think so either. Mark strolled into Casting Director Dan Kelly's office with his guide. He felt cocky and confident. Kelly shot him a flat, impatient stare. Thousands of good looking young guys were led to his desk every week. He listened to Mark's story between phone calls, half listened, half looked. His verdict was blunt and rude.

"Look, son," he said, "why don't you go on back home and forget it? You're no good for pictures. Not the type. Goodbye, now."

That old pressure clamped Mark's jaw. That old furious feeling that surged up when he was smacked down made his muscles tremble. He gritted, "Thanks," and walked out.

He didn't see the man who stared at him keenly as he strode furiously out of Dan Kelly's office. His name was Herb Tobias. He was an agent, too, connected with a big Hollywood talent office, the Goldstone Brothers. He filed what he saw away in his memory. Mark didn't know that.

Mark Stevens' own memory had turned a burning blank. All his dreams darkened and when that happened he could sting himself like a scorpion. He took a cab back to his hotel suite and got on the telephone. He'd run across some party guys and gals in the hotel grill but he'd ducked them. He got in touch now and stayed in touch. He didn't go near the agents again. His marathon mad-on lasted

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a week and a lot of his $1000 stake went with it.

On Sunday Mark's distracted rambling led him to the home of a kindly woman interested in the struggles of young Hollywood unknowns. She lived out in Fox Hills and her back yard looked down on the back lot of Twentieth Century-Fox's great studio, studded with sets and stages. A poignant urge struck him.

Mark said it before he thought, with all the wistful desire that burned beneath his angry frustration. "If I could only get inside there!"

"I'll bet you can," said the lady. "I was thinking when I met you that you'd be perfect for pictures. I know a wonderful agency you ought to see." She named the Goldstones. She told what they had done handling stars like Bob Taylor, Alice Faye, Tony Martin, a dozen others. "Why don't you go see them?"

"What's the use?" smiled Mark crookedly. He was still nursing his independence, but not too hard. He couldn't bring himself to call another agent, but that next week he let a Hollywood friend make an appointment with the Goldstones for him. Herb Tobias was there when Mark came in.

"I've seen you somewhere before," he said. "And I liked your style. Were you ever at Universal?"

"For maybe five minutes," cracked Mark, and told his story. Herb stopped him halfway through. He'd heard that so often he could say it backwards.

"I'll bet I can get you a contract," Herb said. "At Warner's. They use lots of young guys like you. They love 'em. I'll promote a test. Keep in touch with us."

no more dough . . .

Mark said, "Sure," and felt better. But the minute his problem with himself ended another popped up. He didn't tell the agents that keeping in touch was going to be tricky. That he'd run through his thousand-dollar stake, was down to $30. That the Hotel Roosevelt address he'd given was good for maybe a couple of hours more, until he could check out and find a cheap room somewhere.

The only room Mark could find was in Long Beach, thirty-five miles from Hollywood. A friend he'd met had an apartment there on the ocean front, and worked in a beach defense plant. Mark moved in and tried to get a defense job himself. The medical exam spotted the smashed vertebra in his back, the one he'd got diving as a kid in Canada, the same injury that had kept him out of both Canadian and American services when he'd tried to enter. The answer was "No."

He was getting pretty seedy, haggard and anxious when the break came. In fact, Mark was actually sleeping on the sands by the ocean, saving his few remaining nickels to drop in a phone slot to call the Goldstones. One Sunday he got the word from Herb. "Get yourself in shape. You make a test at Warner's Tuesday at one o'clock."

Mark couldn't do much about getting himself in shape. He had just twenty cents left. His suits were a mass of soiled wrinkles; he needed a haircut. He thought he'd have Monday to pull himself into some sort of condition for a camera. Luckily, he called Hollywood the next morning. "Date's changed," Herb Tobias told him. "The test's today. Get up here!"

Mark took a bus, he thought, for Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard. He dropped one of his two dimes in the box. The other would get him over the pass to Burbank. Then he asked if he was on the right bus. The driver shook his head. "Give me my dime back," demanded Mark.

"I can't. You dropped it in. It's already rung up."

Mark spent his last dime on the right bus. But it dumped him four miles from the Warner Studio. He hoofed it over Cahuenga Pass. He was late but they shot the test anyway. They took Mark over to wardrobe first and tried to dress him up. But fiasco piled on fiasco that day. There wasn't a suit in the whole department that fitted his wide shoulders and small waist. He wound up with a pinch-back number tailored for Humphrey Bogart.

Since he's become famous, Mark Stevens has tried time and again to find that screen test and buy it to run for laughs. He can't, though. Warners long since burned it up. It was horrible. But in spite of all the ghastly trimmings, there was something that came through. His agent, Herb, saw it and went to bat with the studio. He talked them into giving Mark a six-month trial contract at $100 a week.

Mark was floating on air. The Goldstone agency was more sold on him than the studio, too. They bought him a jalopy to get around in, lent him some money for clothes, yanked him out of Long Beach and back to civilization. "Stick at Warner's a while," they told him. "Get your bearings and get fattened up. Then we'll go to town. There are other studios who'll test you."

So Mark Stevens joined the Warner team with rosy hopes. He moved into a furnished room in Beverly Hills. He wheeled his jalopy out over the pass daily. It had no top and when it rained he hunched up in the seat under a battered hat and let the water trickle past down his ears. The jalopy started his troubles.

park outside, bub . . .

Mark drove it up to the studio gates one day and started in. They'd given him a bit in *Passage to Marseilles* and he was on his way to work. The gate cop barred his way. "Park outside on the street, you," he ordered.

"Why?" asked Mark. "I'm working in a picture."

"You haven't got a pass have you?" Mark said no, he hadn't. He went to get one, found he wasn't earning enough money to rate it. That made him sizzle. The next morning the cop stopped him again. "Okay," said Mark. "If I can't drive in the gates, I'll go home." That started the fireworks.

He was called on the front-office carpet, and for almost two years Mark camped there until he almost wore the thing out. It was that old wounded ego again, Mark's resentment at being underestimated, brushed off, put in his place. He played bits in pictures— *God Is My Co-Pilot, Objective Burma, Pride of the Marines, The Doughgirls.* But his main role at Warner's was one long fight scene with the studio bosses.

Mark read every script and plugged belligerently for a good part to play. The refusals infuriated him: "Why should we put you in that part when we've got actors earning ten times as much around the lot?"

He balked when they called him in once and made him a mere voice over a loudspeaker in a picture. "You must be kidding!" flared Mark. He was boiling so when he went on the set to do it that he tangled with the director and slammed off in a rage.

You'd have thought Warner's would have been glad to drop him like a hot potato at the end of his first option. But they kept him on, to Mark's chagrin. Because by now other studios were listening to the Goldstones. They said if Mark Stevens ever got free they'd take a look.



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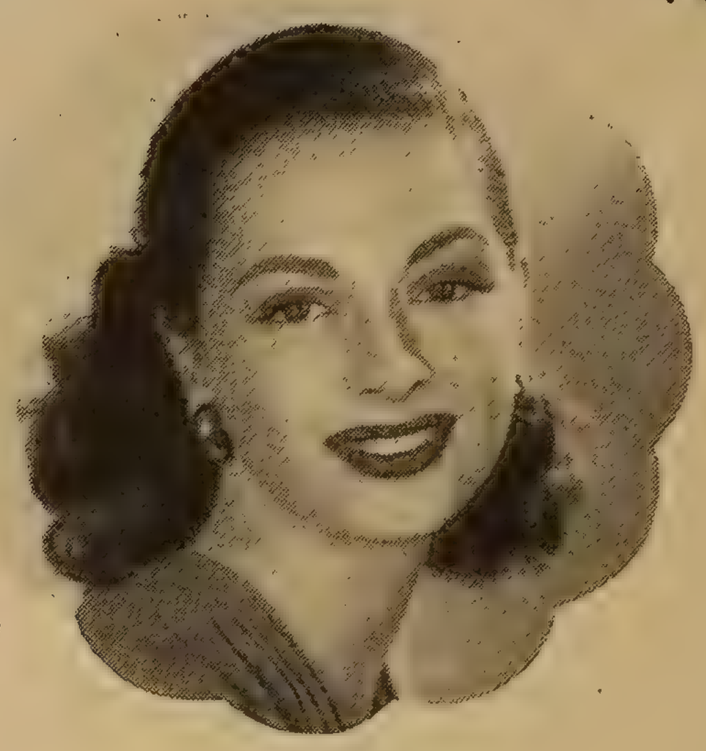


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That made Steve all the more a problem player. One decent part and some kind, understanding treatment would have cured him. But it never came.

But in the depth of his misery, Mark found a new happiness to soothe his desperation. He fell in love—for the first time since his summer romance with Marge Shipple, in Quebec. He met the girl he was to marry, pretty Annelle Hayes, and of all places—on the set of the picture that was rubbing his temper raw.

Mark was in the cockpit of a prop plane that day, making process shots for his bit in *Objective Burma,* and cursing his fate. He didn't know that John Sheridan, another Warner stock player, had met the pretty Texas U. co-ed in the casting office. He didn't know Annelle had scanned the Warner players' picture gallery dotting the wall, picked out Mark's and asked, "Who's he?"

"A very interesting character who's working with me in a picture," said John. "Want to meet him?"

So they visited his set and there was something in Annelle's fresh friendliness, her pert charm and the understanding look in her gray eyes that made Mark forget his troubles the minute he saw her.

Annelle lived at the Studio Club. She was in Hollywood for a picture try herself, but she wasn't too sure she really wanted it.

Annelle had more than beauty and sweetness. She had great confidence in Mark as an actor; she supplied what he'd lacked—understanding and sympathy.

lucky 13 . . .

He needed someone to keep telling him, "Never mind, you'll get there." Someone to back him up. From the start Annelle had complete faith in Mark. One night they went to Ocean Park to do the fun pier. Mark bought tickets on the roller-coaster, and after one dip, with his arm around Annelle, he said, "Let's get married." Before the teetery car came to a stop, she'd said "Yes." They planned to get married on a Friday, the 13th of January. The 13th was Mark's birthday and Annelle's, too, their lucky number. The fact that Mark's Warner contract ended at last on that same day and that he was out of a job didn't bother Steve. He had an ace in the hole by then.

Mark was playing a bit in *Pride of the Marines* when the Goldstone Agency called. The test at Twentieth Century-Fox they'd promoted was scheduled. Mark will always be grateful to Delmer Daves, his director, for re-arranging his shooting schedule to let him off. He hurried out to Fox and made the test that was to give Mark Stevens his first real Hollywood chance.

He'd made the test, but he didn't know the verdict when he married Annelle, on the 13th, as advertised. They waltzed into a little church in Beverly Hills and the minister's wife was their witness. They didn't have a honeymoon, and Mark had no place but his room to take his bride. They kept the wedding a secret for four months until they could find a place to live. The new Mrs. Stevens stayed on at the Studio Club and the newlyweds still had dates. Mark waited for the news on his test—and stewed in his own impatient juice.

But while he paced the floor of his room, Mark's test was writing his future at Twentieth. It went first to Rufus Le Maire, the casting director. He took it to Bryan Foy, the "B" boss of the lot. Brynie already had an actor cast in a prison drama he was making, *Within These Walls.* He looked at Mark's test and changed his mind fast.

"That's the man I want," he said. He pulled the other actor out. Mark was at

home when the telephone rang. Herb Tobias had the good news. "It's a contract—$275 a week. Can you go right to work?"

"You mean they've got a part for me already?"

"Yep—in a 'B'—but a good one."

"A-B-C-D or E—I don't give a damn," shouted Mark. "They can use up the alphabet if it's really an acting job."

Within These Walls was a prison picture, but it gave Mark Stevens the freedom he'd been desperately seeking. The freedom from his own anger, the heart-sickening rage he invariably threw himself into when he was ignored, scorned or belittled. Because Mark acquired his first boosters with that first real acting job. Bryan Foy and his ace producer, Ben Silvey, thought Mark was wonderful. They told him so. They built him up. He purred like a kitten and blossomed like a rose at last.

But that wasn't all that happened. The plans Bryan Foy had to make him a busy star of "B" pictures had been vetoed. And by the boss at 20th-Fox himself, Darryl Zanuck. Zanuck took one look at Mark on the screen and said, "No more 'B's.' Hold him for a good part. He's star stuff." But Mark didn't know all of that. All he knew was that Zanuck was making him wait around. He waited seven months—and being Mark Stevens—he darned near went off his nut.

Those seven months were the Kid's Last Fight for Mark Stevens. He scrapped with his own fretful impatience and won—because while the delay made him wild—he knew he was being appreciated, valued—that at last he was a man with a future.

The only job he did at the studio was a test for *Fallen Angel,* although Director Otto Preminger told him frankly, "It's probably a waste of time. I want Dana Andrews if I can get him." He got him all right. But that test was no waste of time for Mark. It landed in the hands of Herb Tobias and became the one-way ticket to the stardom Mark longed for. Herb showed it to Producer William Periera at RKO. When the news came to Mark one day—that RKO might co-star him with Joan Fontaine in *From This Day Forward,* the old jumpiness hit him again.

It was triply tough for Mark to endure



"Some friends dropped in, dear. Could you put on a clean apron?"



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the suspense that dragged him over the hots and colds for weeks. Almost every star in Hollywood was up for that part. It finally simmered down to Mark and one other actor. That's when Bill Periera, with Joan Fontaine's okay, decided to pick the winner with a contest.

He called all the studio secretaries at RKO together one afternoon, ran off Mark's test and his rival's. He asked for a vote. There were thirty-six secretary judges. The vote was for Stevens—34 to 2.

Then began the battle of the telephones—RKO versus Twentieth Century-Fox. Three separate times Mark saw the deal fizzle out, because RKO wanted half of Mark's contract and Zanuck wasn't giving his aces away. They wanted him for peanuts; Zanuck demanded a fat price. It see-sawed back and forth but the good news finally came through and Mark pinched himself. He was a star—it was in the contract—right along with Joan Fontaine. There was his chance, at long last, in black and white.

What Mark Stevens did with it is happy Hollywood history by now—happy for Mark Stevens and Hollywood, too. In *From This Day Forward* he won the applause of critics, of new and ardent fans. He rose to the top of Darryl Zanuck's new star list of '46. He won a star's job in *The Dark Corner,* which let him act, and now in *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now,* which let him dance and sing.

under the knife . . .

The other battle Mark won was a two-fisted scrap with bad health. Mark's had two major operations since he reached stardom. He's had his backbone laid bare by a surgeon's knife twice to correct an old diving injury. He's been punctured by penicillin needles so much he feels like a sieve.

But Steve gives his battered body the back of his hand. He can't be bothered—even if he's the nurses' Nemesis and the doctors' despair—to let mere flesh and blood get him down.

Last September, for instance, he drove Annelle and his brand new namesake, Mark Richard Stevens, Jr., proudly home from the hospital. "A little ham just like me," Mark grins proudly.

And then, right before his birthday last December 13th—that lucky 13th for Mark and Annelle—good news came from Darryl Zanuck: Mark's contract was torn up and his salary tripled. The night before his birthday, Mark was wishing out loud.

"What would really make me happy now," he mused to Annelle, "would be to see Mother and Dad Cooke. It's been a long time—five years. Maybe now I rate a trip home."

He didn't particularly like it, either, when she froze up on the idea. "Oh," said Annelle hastily, "you'll get around to that later."

So the next morning, bright and early on his birthday, the knock came at the door. And in walked the very people he wanted to see most—his Mother and Dad, both maybe with a little more gray and with an extra wrinkle or two—but the same pair who'd backed him all his life and now, proud as Punch, they were, of Sonny Stevens, the problem boy of Montreal. "It was so nice of Annelle to ask us out," his mother said. So he gave Annelle a kiss, then turned to his Maw.

"Think I've changed?" grinned Mark.

Mrs. Cooke took a long, happy look before she answered. "Yes, you have. You look like you're happy—for the first time since you were thirteen years old. I think you've found what you wanted at last, here in America, as I said you'd find it some day."

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EASTER DREAM

(*Continued from page 32*)

fat flower. But the dream remains the brightest part of the costume.

There's a girl named Esther Williams, for whom the dream came true.

Esther is a movie star, all right, but she's also young and wide-eyed. One day she was talking about how wonderful it would be to have a splendid new Easter outfit, and a MODERN SCREEN spy who had been sneaking around eavesdropping went racing back to write Al and Henry.

Al and Henry got excited, and their excitement spread to Donn, the clothes designer, and John-Frederics, the hat designers, and the first thing Esther knew, she was going Cinderella two or three better.

When she walked into the place called Donn, Ltd., she was slightly nervous. The rug in the salon was a sort of beige-grey, and marvelously thick under her feet. The walls and furniture were modern, and the same beige color, and there were small, bright touches here and there.

Donn himself, a blond man in a red and black jacket, came to say hello to Esther, and he showed her through his work-rooms (he decorated the whole place) and during the entire tour, Esther scarcely took her eyes off his red and black jacket.

When she couldn't stand it any longer, she began, "Did you—"

And Donn grinned, and said, yes, he had designed it, and she said she thought it was so cute, the way the lapels almost came to his waist, and he said you had to be extreme in this business, and then they got around to Esther's Easter outfit.

Donn's clothes are beautiful. So are the women who go into them. He designs for Lana Turner and Judy Garland, to name a couple, but right then, he was giving his complete attention to Esther, who went from dress to dress gasping, "Oh, look at this! Oh, isn't that charming? Oh, oh, oh—"

She ended up with an Easter trousseau, practically. A white evening gown, a beautiful thing, a thing that would melt in your mouth. A little black suit with a checkered vest; a dress with a darling print—

to top things off . . .

By the time Esther was ready to leave Donn, Ltd., she was floating. But as any young girl could have told her, floating around without a hat is very undignified stuff. A bonnet's the most crucial part of an Easter outfit anyway.

So to John-Frederics. Everybody's heard of John-Frederics, Esther included. But she'd never been inside their Hollywood place. All she knew was that they made fabulous hats, and were probably Lily Dache's worst enemies.

She found out more. John-Frederics, Inc., has bleached wood panelling and tables and cabinets. John-Frederics, Inc., has crystal candelabra, and soft lights, and $500 mink hats.

The designer himself comes out from New York for his Spring and Fall shows, and his Hollywood place is run by a Mr. Wally and a Mr. Rex. Mr. Wally took care of Esther. He showed her sets of hand-painted stoles and hats, at $350 a set. He showed her handbags and cosmetics and jewelry. He left her breathless.

And she left him minus several of his most enchanting numbers.

Esther Williams is going to look handsome in that Easter Parade. As for you, you'll probably go back to chocolate rabbits. Or to shining up that gay old dream.

How much freedom can a career girl enjoy?



102 OUT OF 127 MODELS, ARTISTS, WRITERS REPORT NO CHAFING WITH FREE-STRIDE MODESS

Bright young careerists—girls to whom freedom of action means so much—have made a smart discovery for you!

Girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin tested a new, improved napkin, *Free-Stride* Modess. *Object:* To see if it gave freedom from chafe.

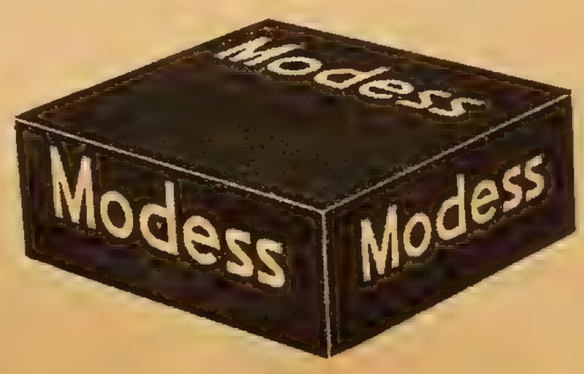
The answer: 102 out of 127 reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess!*

The secret of chafe-free comfort so many girls found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges.*

Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges *don't* chafe!

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WHY GENE'S DIVORCING MY BROTHER

(Continued from page 30)

Tyrone Power . . ."

"Oleg Cassini is crazy about a beautiful (*and* mysterious) Hollywood lady . . ."

"Now they've kissed and made up . . ."

"Now they're back at each other's throats . . ."

And so forth!

Not a grain of truth in a carload. I think the Ty Power rumors originated smack on the set during the filming of *The Razor's Edge.* In fact, when Oleg arrived one day for Gene, one of the technicians voiced an uncomplimentary remark regarding Gene and Ty and promptly wound up on the floor.

The whisperings spread from the set; finally they made print. All this was strengthened by the fact that Ty and his own wife, Annabella, were also on the verge of breaking up.

The truth of the matter is that Ty, Oleg, Gene and Annabella were *all* friends—good friends. They were often seen together. But the rumor-mongers made nothing of it until the question of Oleg's divorce rose to the fore. Had there been anything between Gene and Ty, I'm certain that Oleg and Ty would have engaged in (at least) sharp words. They did not. They are still friends.

Okay, so what *did* cause the break?

Don't accuse me of taking the easy way out when I blame . . . *circumstances.* It's a vague word, I know, but I'll explain:

First, you must understand that one of the unfortunate things about Hollywood marriages is that "famous" people more than anybody else are apt to get into each other's hair. Not only are they temperamental, but they move under a constant strain. The merciless glare of the public eye is no pleasant thing. It causes the tiniest, most ridiculous spat to become a home-shaking event.

Look back at Oleg and Gene before either knew what the word fame meant. They eloped nearly six years ago (against the consent of Gene's parents), and at that time neither was established.

Gene had been miscast so many times that the critics had a field day lambasting her. Many producers called her a mediocre actress—nothing more.

Oleg, for his part, was a little-known designer. True, he had established an enviable reputation in Rome and Paris, but six years ago in Hollywood he was just another guy named Joe.

designing husband . . .

Oleg began "dressing up Gene." Sweaters and drab skirts gave way to glamor gowns with trick lines. He showed such a marked improvement over studio-picked designers that eventually he, alone, designed Gene's clothes. And he made her one of Hollywood's Best Dressed Women.

But all was not peachy. Oleg is strictly Continental. He was born and raised in Europe. He lived in a host of countries, studied in various European schools and learned to speak four or five languages. Gene, on the other hand, is strictly American—and the two personalities are bound to clash.

Gene, for instance, wanted to "Americanize" Oleg. She dreamed of him with a crew hair-cut and with the speech and general makeup of an American. A sterling goal, indeed, but hardly a practical one. Birth and tradition and breeding are not easily replaced in a matter of years.

And I ask myself—would Gene have ever fallen in love with the "crew haircut" type of male? I doubt it. I doubt it because I think that European quality is the very thing Gene liked upon first meeting Oleg. But as I have said, I believe this difference is a trifling one—as long as you are not famous.

Where did fame first start? I think Gene first tasted it in *Laura,* which was a hit. Other hits followed, and she was set.

For Oleg, too, things were opening up. After having left the Army (where Gene had spent a year with him—a year in which she gave up pictures), he was signed on as chief wardrobe designer at the Eagle-Lion studios. Next, he opened up his own thriving business (Casanova), and eventually signed a separate contract with 20th Century-Fox. His reputation as one of the country's top designers was definitely established—as was Gene's reputation as one of our finest actresses.

Their affairs became the public's affairs. Their every move made print.

Their careers were different. They could seldom arrange their schedules to see one another. When Gene was working, Oleg was free. And vice versa. At nights, when they were worn out, they would hunt for rest and comfort in some small cafe—only to be sought out by autograph collectors. Weary and aggravated, they might easily nag at each other.

Hot tempers can get hotter under these circumstances, and sense of uneasiness is increased hourly. What were formerly "nothings" were now subjects for long, heated arguments. Add to that the fact that (as I have mentioned) Gene's parents never really sanctioned her marriage.

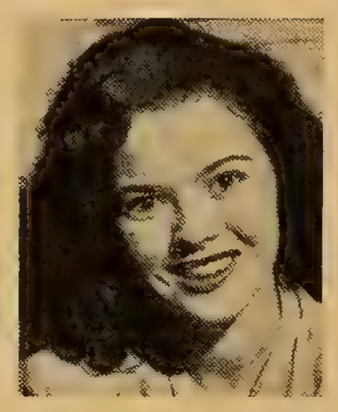
Comprehend the fancies that play in one's mind. They have been sentenced to divorce—by press and public opinion—before the word ever entered their minds.

Now the thing has got to be "played to the finish," as it were. It's almost too late to back out of divorce proceedings—because "everybody" expects it now.

Gene already has started proceedings. I, as her brother-in-law, am not so certain that she will ever complete them. I believe they actually still love each other. I know they are both tremendously fond of their young daughter, Daria. They might still be held together. It's a strange world . . .

Anyway, I'll wait for the final results before I make up my mind.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Shirley Temple's husband, John Agar, was still in the Army, Shirley came to Salt Lake City to visit him. One evening I took my grandmother to the Centre Theater to see a picture, and found a long waiting line. Since Grandma is about 80, I went into the lobby to find a place for her to sit. But there were no seats. I stood there, looking around, when Shirley stepped out of line and smiled, showing those famous dimples. "Why don't you take my place?" she said. "We'll go to the end of the line." I started to object, but she said, "Oh, we'd just as soon wait—so long as we're waiting together!" and she took her new husband's arm and went to the end of the line.

Beverly Burt
Salt Lake City, Utah

FIGHTING LADY

(Continued from page 60)

step nearer there is food for thought in the fact that Olivia collided with her thirtieth birthday, the decision to marry and a nomination as the best actress of the year, all at once.

This year, in *two* pictures, namely *To Each His Own* and *The Dark Mirror*, Olivia has given *five* outstanding performances. Regardless of Academy Award arguments, no other actress has even come close to that. To explain: in the first picture, Olivia played a young girl in love, a frantic mother who had lost her child, and a hardboiled, elderly business woman. The other two performances were the Ruth and Terry roles opposite Lew Ayres in *The Dark Mirror*. Most capable actresses would not have too much trouble carrying off the first three chores, but the dual role must be considered a singular achievement.

Just what these dual roles added up to is best expressed by Thomas Mitchell, who said: "The public may see the picture and be amazed by Olivia's performance. But no one except those with personal experience will appreciate the understanding and intellect necessary to deliver as she did."

no tantrums for livvy . . .

It should be added that at no time did Olivia crack under the strain and relieve herself with tears, fainting spells or outbursts of temperament as is more or less a common practice. On the other hand, because she loves her roles so intensely, there were occasional brushes with Director Siodmak over script interpretation. Of course, a fight with Olivia is not to be viewed in the popular conception of the word. Olivia does not do battle *against* people but *for* the right to uphold her convictions. But for this, she might have lost her famed legal campaign to break her Warner contract. Most young actresses are too concerned with the business of living up to their station to dare risk their careers in such a battle. Olivia stayed off the screen for two solid years while an army of lawyers skirmished through the courts to a decision in her favor.

As a result, Olivia's lawsuit changed the lives and careers of every player in pictures—on one simple point. If a player refuses to do a part, or takes a suspension for other reasons, studios may not add the length of that suspension to the contract. Thus an actor need no longer live in fear of a suspension which might add months to a contract from which he wants to escape.

Lest anyone at this point believe that it is the author's intention to make a "double-domed heroine" of Olivia, the memory of one of her brightest interviews is called to mind. The subject was a press agent-inspired story on the occasion of her 1000th movie kiss.

The interviewer was Frederick C. Othman, now a Washington correspondent. He asked her whether her first screen kiss, engaged in with Dick Powell, was a brotherly affair.

"Brotherly?" retorted Olivia. "I do not know the meaning of the word." She then went on to rib Errol Flynn, who was somewhat under the weather at the time, by pointing out that he had to go to the hospital after each one of their kissing scenes.

Recently, during the rehearsal of a radio broadcast, Olivia called for a chair and a cup of coffee. These were brought to her promptly. Olivia looked up from her



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script in wide-eyed concern.

"Oh," she exclaimed, pointing to a tall radio actor who had been moaning about the anguish an expectant father goes through, "the chair and coffee are not for me. Pass them on to Fred—he's in such a delicate condition."

To many it would seem that Olivia, until now, has been leading a colorless life. For two years she has been living in a small, but attractive, apartment called The Shoreham. This is but three blocks as the Old Crow flies from a night club called Mocambo. Olivia has been there so seldom that if it were not that headwaiters also go to movies she could walk in unrecognized.

If there are more than a dozen costumes regularly in Olivia's wardrobe, this correspondent will buy her a new hat to go with the average. Olivia's clothes are superbly cut and in good fashion, but more the type worn by a well-dressed Eastern girl than the flamboyant creations for which Hollywood women are famous.

Most of her free time is spent reading scripts. She reads them by the bushel basket full, hoping to find a scant few parts she really wants to do, and may choose of her own free will now that she is a free lance player.

Despite this extreme concentration, which should again put her in line for another Academy nomination next year, Olivia does not lead an unsocial life. She simply circulates in a less obvious sphere than most actresses of equal popularity.

As for perpetuating the beauty of face and figure, she accomplishes this perhaps without being aware of it. On several evenings a week she and Mr. Goodrich walk slightly more than a mile round trip from their apartment down Sunset Boulevard to Schwab's drug store to purchase sundry articles and talk with the natives.

Which they are.

MANHATTAN NOCTURNE

(Continued from page 58)

American air forces Major; and it seemed that both Kip and Major Jimmy, who had been on the point of taking off to wider horizons, would be delighted to delay their departure for further refreshment.

Kip was a lad Rex had known for years, a cheerfully disenchanted young bachelor who had seen the war through with a grin. Jimmy, it appeared, was of a pattern—a lanky, graceful chap with a charming smile, green eyes that knew too much, and a sense of humor. The three of them made a group designed for the evening Rex had in mind. "Where," asked Jimmy, "shall we start?"

"Let's do the luxury circle first," Rex said, "beginning with the Pierre and working down through the Sherry-Netherland, the Savoy Plaza and the St. Regis. Then—"

"The Village," Kip suggested, "and the Bowery. Sammy's—"

"And then uptown." Jimmy gave a sudden, exuberant chuckle. "One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street."

They were still at the St. Moritz at nine o'clock; and Rex and Kip were in the throes of reminiscence. "You disappeared," Kip was saying, "along about '42. I never found out what happened. One moment your were flying along with us, and the next you were sitting in a bomb shelter coping with that radar thing. Weren't you bored senseless with it?"

"You're being sensitive and very nice," Rex told him, "but you needn't bother. The truth is, I'm nearly blind in one eye. When the shortage of pilots was over they began insisting on people with third-dimensional vision, oddly enough. So I went into radar."

the bowery, the bowery . . .

"I suggest we go to Sammy's," Jimmy said. Their cab-driver deposited them in the Bowery only one block from Sammy's, and they made a three-man phalanx down the sidewalk, through the accumulated characters, gently elbowing away the professional panhandlers and threading their way through the throng of innocuous drunks, until they were inside and seated.

"The nice thing about your life," Kip was saying, "is that it's been so satisfactory. No struggle. No fuss. No black years. Lucky chap."

"If you think," Rex said, "I've been wallowing in that thing called the lap of luxury ever since I was born, you've some more thinking due you. What d'you think I've been doing all these years? Playing Noel Coward? Living in a Mayfair flat with a gentleman's gentleman and a smart Rolls Bentley waiting at my door?"

"No offense."

"Let's go over to the Village," Jimmy said.

They went to the Village Inn, big, spacious, vulgar. They found a table.

"If you think," Rex said, "it's been all velvet, let me disillusion you. Without undue emphasis on my past life, that is."

"Well, happy day," Jimmy said.

all wet . . .

"But d'you know what happened to me on my first assignment in repertory?" Rex asked. "I was cast as a native in O'Neill's *Gold,* and I was supposed to climb a prop palm tree, sight a ship, and then slide down again. Only they fireproofed the blasted tree an hour before curtain, and it was still wet, and when I slid down again all my makeup had come off. Leaving me white in front and dark behind."

"What'd you do?"

"I huddled, rest of the act."

"And all that for thirty shillings a week," added Kip.

Jimmy looked blank.

"About $7.50," Rex explained. "You see what I mean by everything not being crumpets and tea all the while."

They went on to Ruban Bleu, arriving half an hour before the midnight show. Rex went over to another table for a few minutes to chat with an acquaintance, and Jimmy said, "There's one of the smoothest guys I've ever met."

"Have you seen his wife?"

"Isn't she the Lilli Palmer who played the Italian girl in *Cloak and Dagger?*"

"Right. Lord, she's a beautiful girl. Odd how they met—he was waiting to be called up in 1940 and decided to do a tour in *Design For Living.* Lilli was in another show and they hit Birmingham at the same time. Met in a restaurant and had a pleasant evening, and thought that was the end of it. Then by a coincidence both outfits went on to the next city together. Seemed too much like fate not to do something about it. So they were married."

"Just like that?"

"Well, there was a bit of a wait. Rex was married before, you know, to a retired Army major's daughter, Collette Thomas. It hadn't worked for years, but they'd never done anything about it."

"Here's the show," Rex said, sliding back into his seat. "I've seen it three times. There's a gal who does Hildegarde won-

derfully well."

"Let's catch Hildegarde herself at the Persian Room," Jimmy said. "We'd be in time for a song or two. . ."

By five the next morning the streets of Harlem were deserted, and a light rain had begun to fall. The three friends, emerging from one of the noisier clubs, let the cab they had chartered follow them for a block while they walked. It was Rex's suggestion. "My head needs clearing," he said. His eyes were stinging from the smoke of the hot, tightly packed rooms. It had been a wonderful, fantastic night but there was something missing and he felt oddly depressed.

Suddenly he knew what it was. "I wish Lilli were here," he said aloud.

"Does she like to walk in the rain?"

He laughed. "Yes," he said, "but that isn't precisely what I meant. . ."

Lilli met him at Pasadena in his own Cadillac, with three-year-old Carey standing smartly in the back seat; and she said, "Well, darling, did you have a marvelous time?"

"Mmm," he said, obviously with too much relish, because she gave him a quick look of comprehension.

"I think," she said, "I'll come along next trip."

"I was desolate without you," he told her. "We must make sure you don't miss the next one."

"*I'll* make sure," she said.

There were important portions of his life that had not emerged, even by implication in terms of twice told tales, that revealing evening in New York. There were little things that only he knew, or that he and Lilli shared knowledge of, together: the years of struggle and poverty, of dank, awful lodgings in small English towns; the despair of realizing, when he finally got into movies, that all his stage experience had done not one thing to prepare him for film techniques—

But this year in America was compensation for all that. As they drove up to the Mediterranean house he had bought from Dick Greene, he remembered a certain draughty room in Brighton, complete with cold running water and a family of three cockroaches, and smiled.

afternoon in the sun . . .

They had tea on the terrace and sat afterward in the late afternoon sun, watching Carey ride his tricycle.

"About this New York thing," Lilli said, after a lazy, companionable silence. "There's a sort of deal on for a radio broadcast for both of us, in a month or two, and we could go ostensibly for that, but truthfully speaking, I'd like to be in the East when my sister has her baby. Also," she added thoughtfully, "I'd like to be in New York with you, and have you show me the itinerary you followed."

"Mmm," he said.

"Was it *that* much fun?" she asked, rather wistfully.

"Yes," he said, "it was. And you needn't sound so much like a wife. But I'll tell you what—we'll do Los Angeles one evening this week, and I'll take you down to Central Avenue, and Skid Row, and a few sinks of sin I've heard about. Then, if you develop a passion for low life, you shall see New York as only a cad of my stamp can show it to you."

"Do you know," she said suddenly, her face lighting up, "I'll bet five pounds you spent a thoroughly dull fortnight in New York, surrounded at every turn by stuffy matrons and guarded by studio people, and didn't have a chance to fly off at all."

He offered her a look of utter astonishment. "How did you guess?"

She settled back in her chair and surveyed her nails with a certain smugness. "Just wifely intuition," she said.

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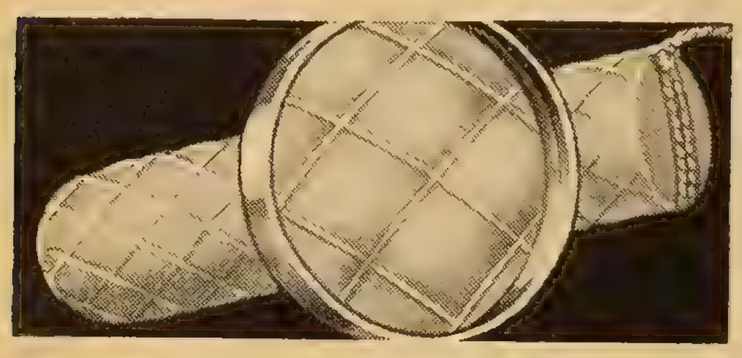
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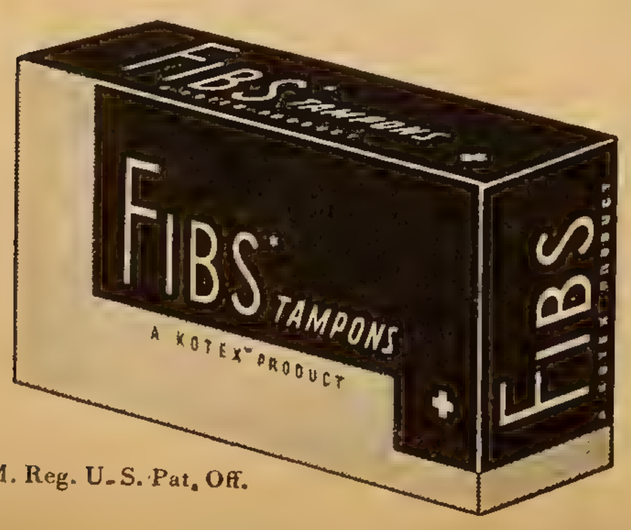
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UNCLE JIMMY

(Continued from page 56)

but famous, distinguished, beloved by all, is up for a crack at his second Hollywood Academy Award. Maybe he won't get it, with Greg Peck and Freddie March running strong at the finish, but even if he doesn't, Jimmy Stewart has proved in *It's A Wonderful Life* that his post-war comeback is solid and wonderful indeed. And he's as terrific to me now as he was then.

But I don't think Jimmy Stewart quite believes that yet. Not with a string of movie hits back of him longer than Joe DiMaggio's batting record. Not with Hollywood and the movie-going world at his feet again. I'm not sure Jimmy Stewart ever will believe he's much shucks as a movie hero, just as no one will ever sell him on the idea that he was ever a war hero, ever anything but "one of eleven million guys in service."

But I'm glad I thought Jimmy was something special 'way back then in New York and did something about it. When *Divided by Three* closed, I came back to Hollywood, looking for a job. I stopped in to see Rufus LeMaire, casting director at M-G-M.

"You're just back from New York, Hedda," he said. "See any picture bets?"

get that boy . . .

"You bet I did," I told him "There's a boy just played with me who can't help be a big star!" And I told him the story Before I left his office Rufus was dictating a rush New York wire to his secretary. "Locate James Stewart through Guthrie McClintic stop make test and airmail immediately." Jimmy followed that test West.

Why was I so red hot then on that raw, unknown youngster? For the same reason that I'm red hot on Jimmy Stewart today and always will be. Because I know —I ought to—what makes fine actors. Not just a beautiful "puss," a torso, a personality smile or wavy hair. What makes the really good ones is sincerity, simplicity, utter honesty and a natural instinct for acting—an instinct for what's right and what's real. That's what Jimmy Stewart has. That's what he was born with.

God just has His arms around Jimmy Stewart as He always has had. I don't think there's an inch of conniving cleverness in Jim Stewart's six feet three. In fact, Jimmy bends his lanky frame over backwards to duck the limelight. Nothing makes Jimmy run, but when he says his piece he's right. He knows—from inside.

I can prove that—and it's a story that I've never told before. I saw it happen, right on the stage, in that same McClintic



"Heels seem a bit high, don't they?"



ELEGANT AT ELEVEN
Hair all smooth and neat—ready for that lunch date. But now look what *happened!*



WISPY AT ONE
Tillie's coiffure couldn't "take it." Neither could her beau (men hate messy hair) . . .

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play *Divided By Three,* where I first met Jimmy Stewart. I was in it too.

Divided By Three was a family love tangle. A woman tried to parcel out her love between her husband, his best friend and her son. It was touchy stuff. One night we were at dress rehearsal in New Haven, Connecticut, before opening on Broadway, when Guthrie McClintic called Jimmy Stewart aside right before curtain time. He told him he had a new line for him at the end of the second act, where Jimmy discovered his mother was philandering with his father's best pal. Guthrie gave Jimmy the line. "You turn to her then and say, 'You're nothing but a ——!'"

It was such a strong word it's even unprintable here. Jimmy turned white as a sheet, and shook his head. "Mr. McClintic," he said, "I can't do that. No matter what my mother did I couldn't call her that. It's against life."

But McClintic knew what he wanted; he was powerful and persuasive. Jimmy said the line that night and at the opening in New York, too. It was such an unpleasant shock that it killed his notices and wrecked his spot—helped wreck the whole play. It ran only eight weeks. Jimmy was right—from the start. He had the right taste, the right instinct. He usually has. He has never acquired the usual actor's callousness.

Jimmy trusts anyone who has proved friendship for him. He's as loyal as a bulldog to people who have helped him to success. Frank Capra made Jimmy's greatest picture, *Mister Smith Goes to Washington,* and Frank is still Jimmy Stewart's Hollywood god. He placed his comeback fate entirely in Frank's hands.

once an actor . . .

Jimmy never thought of doing anything but returning to Hollywood and acting again if he survived the war. While he was signed up with Uncle Sam, his M-G-M contract ran out. Offers swamped his manager, Leland Hayward. But Jimmy kept mum as long as he was in uniform.

Then, at last, he went on terminal leave and home to visit his folks in Indiana, Pennsylvania, where his first Oscar still sits proudly in the window of his dad's hardware store. He got restless even with the whirlwind hero's reception that greeted him wherever he showed his famous face. He called Frank Capra in Hollywood one night.

"Frank," he asked, "have you got a job for me?"

"I've got an idea," replied Frank.

It was just a rough idea in Frank Capra's mind when Jimmy arrived and sat up most of one night to talk it over. But he told Frank that night, "It's for me." The result was *It's A Wonderful Life.* And typically, Jimmy was never worried a minute about anything about his comeback picture—except himself.

Frank Capra was telling me a story the other day about Jimmy's first post-war scene. After five years in the world of war, Jimmy quite naturally had some serious misgivings about his first day back in grease paint, before the cold eye of a camera. He was out of practice. It scared him when Capra picked a long, tough first scene with Donna Reed—three pages of action and dialogue. He named the script pages for Jimmy: "Pages 31, 32, and 33."

Jimmy took them home, studied and rehearsed until he had them perfect. But he arrived on the set the starting day wearing a deep furrow in his brow, which isn't attractive. He was tense and nervous. Then Frank sprang his surprise.

"Jimmy," he said, "I've changed my mind. We'll do page 34 today."

On page 34, Jimmy's entire dialogue



Do you have to FORCE your child to take a laxative?

DOES YOUR YOUNGSTER rebel at the laxative you give him? Do you have to *force* it down his protesting little throat to get him to swallow it?

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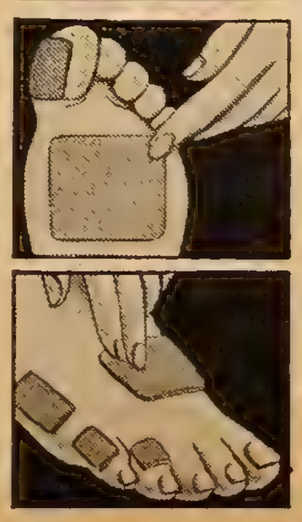
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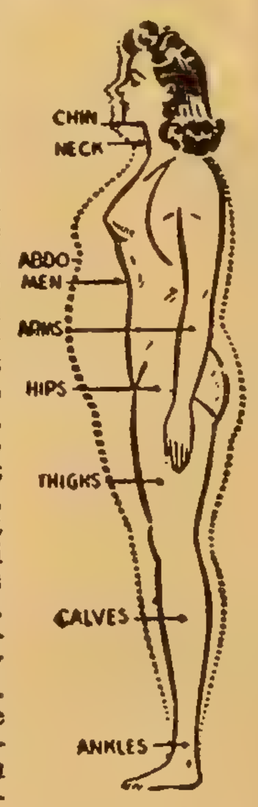
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was one word, "No." And Frank Capra okayed the first take of that. Jimmy's nerves vanished, and never returned.

But frankly, I think it's too bad Jimmy Stewart doesn't love himself a little more. A few weeks ago, for instance, Jimmy was on a radio show in Hollywood. The script writer had a flowery introduction ready—all about the star who rose from private to colonel, etc., etc. Jimmy took one look, whipped out his pencil and crossed it off. His self-written introduction read, "James Stewart, who served with the Army Air Forces overseas . . ."

That's swell. I admire it, and who doesn't? But Jimmy Stewart has no business selling himself so short as an actor and as a person. It's not good for him and —darn it—I love him, like a lot of other people. And I'm old enough to get a little motherly, Lord help me!

I can see Jimmy now that night six years ago at the Biltmore Bowl when all Hollywood was gathered to honor him as its best actor of the year. Jimmy hustled self-consciously up on the platform to get his Oscar from Alfred Lunt as if he was stealing something that wasn't his. He made the shortest, shyest acceptance speech on record. Then he ambled off looking twice as frightened as the deer in *The Yearling*. He was in such a hurry he almost fell down!

I wish Jimmy Stewart would find himself the right girl and get married. Fundamentally, he's a plain, earthy guy with all the normal, right, solid-citizen instincts. He's devoted and loyal to his family and his close, old friends to the Nth degree. He loves kids. He likes home life. He's "Uncle Jimmy" to the children of two of his oldest pals, Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan.

two big kids . . .

Jimmy spent Christmas with the Fondas. He brought a teddy bear to their 7-year-old son, Peter, about twice Pete's size. He helped trim the tree and set up the electric train. Frances Fonda had one of those wonderful model planes that fly with a real motor for Jimmy's present from Peter, but when Hank saw it—the big kid!—he said, "Hey, I want that myself!" Then Jimmy arrived happily lugging an identical model plane that Jane Wyman had sent him for Christmas. Those two big lummoxes spent the day happily buzzing their planes all over the neighborhood.

With a few special exceptions Jimmy sees the same old friends he saw before he went to war—John Swope and Dorothy McGuire, Hank and Frances, Maggie and Leland, Josh Logan, Johnny McClain, Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard, Jane Wyman and Ronnie Reagan.

That's a pleasant social set-up for Jimmy Stewart, all right, the kind he likes. But it's also a dangerous one for a bachelor. Jimmy doesn't have to plan a private life; it's organized for him. Maggie Sullavan, the spark-plug of his set, is a natural organizer. There's always something coming up to pass a pleasant evening.

But Jimmy's 38. He needs a real home and his own kids. He shouldn't go on being "Uncle Jimmy." Will he ever get married? Why hasn't he before now? Every time I see him I kid him with that question, "When are you going to get married?" and all I get is an evasive grin and a shrug. I don't think he's a confirmed bachelor, but the longer a man stays single the harder it is for him to settle down. He gets persnickety. Besides, a shy, sensitive guy like Jimmy Stewart has a high hurdle placed before his romance when he gets himself halfway interested in a girl. A bachelor in the movie limelight can't take out anybody in skirts without marriage predictions getting in print. Jimmy's just not working at romance—and I'll have to admit—when he tries, Jimmy seems to be snake-bitten with bad luck.

A few weeks ago, we had the worst pea-soup fog on record here in Hollywood. That foggy Saturday night Jimmy went to a Hollywood party. He spotted a beautiful girl he didn't know and it took him all evening to worm his way inside the cluster of attentive males and get in some work. But Jimmy was intrigued—he turned on the charm and it paid off. The fascinator finally agreed to let him take her home.

Jimmy helped her into his blue 1940 Ford coupe he bought when he came back home. It has a leaky radiator and a bad habit of stalling now and then but Jimmy wasn't counting on a long trip. He asked the girl where she lived. She said, "Saugus." Jimmy almost fainted.

only forty miles . . .

Saugus is a California town some forty miles from Hollywood and, in the fog, Jimmy couldn't see much past his eyebrows. He crept along in low gear all the way, consoling himself that after that rugged trip the girl would practically *have* to ask him in when she got home. But she tripped right up the steps with a "Thank you. Goodnight!" and slammed the door. Jimmy crept painfully all the way back home, dragging in bed at seven a.m. He'd lost all interest in that romance by then.

But if Jimmy is unlucky at love, he's very fortunate, indeed, to be happily, devotedly wedded to a career he loves and respects as few Hollywood stars do. Heaven knows Jimmy has been through enough vital experiences to make him scorn the artificialities of our town—if he was the type to be running down his profession, as some of our clever young men who rose to fame during the war are prone to do. But nothing burns Stewart more than young actors with their ears barely dry, who have found freak fame and go around pretending it bores them to tears.

Jimmy's next try is in *Magic Town* which he's doing with Wild Bill Wellman. After that, he does *One Big Happy Family*, with George Stevens, a war buddy director, who's one of our best. These combinations click like turnstiles—so don't be surprised if next year, they'll be talking about Jimmy Stewart when Academy Awards come around.

Now—if Stewart only had his *own* big happy family, in his personal life—but there I go again—being Dorothy Dix! The trouble is—I guess I just think Jimmy is too good to waste. And coming from Pa., I just hate waste, even in romance. Jimmy hates waste, too, but then, he's younger and has time for it—I haven't.

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SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY . . .

(Continued from page 46)

aesthetic value of the sarong as opposed to the girdle. But here, in this hotel room, they were hearing a Hollywood glamor girl demanding open discussion of a subject upon which even angels refused direct quotes, the explosive subject of Negro segregation.

"Well, I'll tell you the answer," said Ingrid, a spot of angry color flaming in each cheek, her eyes stormy: "If I had dreamed that such a law, or custom, was in effect in America's capital city, I should not have agreed to come here. But I learned of it too late, and upon learning of it, I offered instantly to give a special performance for the Negroes. They have rejected that offer, on the wise grounds that such an acceptance could only underscore the discrimination."

actions speak louder than words . . .

While personages as important as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Claire Boothe Luce had condemned the action of the D.A.R. in barring Marian Anderson from Washington stages, it was the Bergman resentment that persuaded Actors' Equity to demand a new 4-point contract with the League of New York Theatres, Inc. A clause in this contract stipulates that Equity members shall not be asked to perform in Washington, so long as Jim Crow laws exist in that city.

The scene at Washington happened last October, when the Maxwell Anderson play, *Joan of Lorraine,* was breaking in before its Broadway premiere, the wildest opening night in theater history, with disorderly mobs of autograph hounds holding up cabs and popping flashlight bulbs at startled celebs.

Five hundred years away, the original Joan of Arc must have cheered the courage of this Swedish Joan of Arc, in thus attacking the archaic race ritual still persisting in the Land of the Free. The original Joan had uttered equally frank censure of traditional practices, even though it had cost her life. Here was this modern Joan alarming the winds with equal disregard for the consequences. The Washington drama critics looked at Ingrid Bergman clearly for the first time, and suddenly they must have understood what it was that illuminated that face from within, what it was that had gripped the public in her screen portrayals.

If you can force your way through the autograph fans at the Alvin Theater stage alley, and if you can persuade the naturally skeptical stage door man that you have an appointment with Ingrid, you find yourself in the outer room of the two-room suite which serves as her dressing room. First thing which strikes your eye is a cartoon which shows Ingrid in costume on the buckboard of a "Lorraine Milk Co." truck. Perched up with the horses is Sam Wanamaker, who plays opposite her in the show. Other souvenirs are all around this outer room, tiny lambs made of straw, statuettes of Joan of Arc, pictures of Joan—all sent to Ingrid by fans.

At the makeup table in the inner dressing room, where you find a robed Ingrid wiping off her stage makeup with a large, coarse towel, your attention focuses on a Guaranty Trust Co. check in the mirror, tucked into the wooden mirror frame. The check is for $1. "Payment for the first thing I ever wrote," explains Ingrid. "Some magazine sent it to me for quoting something I said."

How, I asked, did she like the experience of again playing on the stage. "Frankly, I had been fearful that a play, any play, would become tiresome, soon after the



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opening," she admitted. "After all, you are doing the same lines over and over again. But this play gives you a feeling of exaltation. Sometimes when I arrive at the theater I am tired, feeling a bit 'down,' but it is a most curious thing: when I come off the stage, I feel refreshed."

One of the stage crew told me: "She cries real tears in those scenes, Ed, no kiddin'. We watched her night after night, figgered there must be a trick to it, but those tears are on the level." Joe Steele, who is closest to her professionally, agreed with the stagehands. "I've begged her not to work herself up to such a pitch, each show," he told me. "She thanked me, said that was the only way she could play it."

How did Ingrid react to New York's notoriously insistent autograph fans? "They know now that I won't sign autographs in public," she explained. "I will sign for them if they send a request backstage, but not on the streets or in front of hotels or in taxicabs, because then a crowd gathers and it becomes chaotic. Oddly, since they learned that, the inveterate autograph collectors no longer wait for me. The people now who wait at the stage door are older people, and the occasional youngsters are quieter, a different type. They call out to me when I pass through them, but they don't ask for autographs."

After Ingrid had returned from an overseas tour with Jack Benny, Jack told me a lot about her, stressing the fact that she was all theater, even to the point where she lavished weeks of preparation on each role. "Before she made *Notorious,* with Cary Grant," Jack pointed out, "she privately ran picture after picture which Cary had made, to study his technique, his manner of reading lines." I told her what Jack had said, and she smiled: "Jack, I think, is one of the kindest and nicest human beings I have ever met." I pointed out that she was evading the question.

"Well," she smiled, "sometimes I have been in trouble because of that manner of preparing for a picture. Before I made *The Bells of St. Mary,* Director Leo McCarey learned that I was having private screenings of some of his pictures, and they told me that he was very pleased at my interest in his work. But then, Leo apparently learned that I had gone back about ten years and dug out a print of *Ruggles of Red Gap.* The next day, at lunch, he told me that he felt very hurt and I expressed complete bewilderment, because I'd never done anything to offend him. 'Look, Ingrid,' he told me, 'if you are so darned uneasy about my work as a director that you must go back to examine it in *Ruggles of Red Gap,* then it can only mean that you doubt my ability.' The minute he said that, earnestly, I started laughing and I explained to him that far from being a slur, it was just my way of learning what he wished to stress before the camera."

an artists' artist . . .

I asked if other Broadway stars had been in to see the play. She evaded the question, but Joe Steele, her right-hand man, answered. "Helen Hayes, Ina Claire and a lot of great actresses have seen the play, and while Ingrid won't tell you what they said —I can tell you that she was deeply thrilled at their delight that she had come home to the legitimate theater." She held up her hands, "That is all, Joe—no more of that—and anyway, I'm going out to catch Joan Crawford in *Humoresque,* unless there are other questions you want to ask." I told her that if the last question had produced nothing but the Bergman smile, I'd better let her go and ply Joe with the others, because they were personal things she'd probably rather not answer. "Don't tell him, Joe," she warned, laughingly.

Quite apart from my very sincere respect for him, there are two other reasons for the bond between me and Joseph Henry Steele. He was born in September and so was I. Additionally, we both have ulcers!

What sort of a person was she, I asked him.

"I've met a lot of stars," said Joe, "but she is something superlative. On my word of honor, I have never heard her complain about anything. I've never heard her excited, except on that one occasion at Washington, D. C. And so help me, Ed, each time that wonderful face is a new revelation of lights and shadows. I've often discussed that with her husband, and he says that meeting her, or looking at her, each time is a new experience in beauty. On all of her War Bond tours, or war camp shows, she'd get out of a plane, no matter how tired, rub some cold water on her face, push back her hair and look as though she'd stepped out of a bandbox. If the schedule got out of hand, I'd propose that we postpone a long air trip until the following day. 'No,' she'd say, 'those youngsters have been expecting us, so we'd better push on.' Where she gets her energy from, I don't know, but I'd certainly like to find out."

double trouble . . .

I asked him how she ever had managed to study her long, exhausting part in *Joan of Lorraine* while working on *Arch of Triumph.*

"That was completely incredible," he agreed. "But you know only part of it, Ed. While she was making *Arch of Triumph,* she'd also use up half of her lunch hour taking a French lesson, and at night, before dinner, she'd take a singing lesson. In between times, on top of everything else, she had to go down to Western Costume Company, in Hollywood, where they were making the mail and coat of armor for *Joan of Lorraine.* They had no suit of armor for a girl, so it was a long and involved process, and successive fittings were necessary."

Joe Steele gravely paused: "Then came the day when the armor was ready! I can still see her as she looked, standing in front of the full length mirror. As she regarded herself in the glass, she sort of threw her head back and raised the sword to her chest and by God, there was Joan!

"We finished *Arch of Triumph* on a Saturday afternoon," he recalled, "and the balance of the day she spent packing. On Sunday, we were on the plane heading east, and at 11 o'clock, Monday morning, she reported for rehearsal. By the end of the first week of readings, she had her part letter-perfect, all except that one tremendously long speech near the end of the play. She said she was afraid that if she rehearsed that one too much she'd lose some of the values in it. There were only three weeks in which to rehearse, and so she had to go to the costumers for fittings regularly, and to the bootmaker, and sit for photos. But she never became upset, never spoke sharply to anyone, never relaxed her thoughtfulness toward others in the cast. 'This may last for a little while,' some of the cast agreed, 'but one day, Joe, your Hollywood star is going to get an attack of temperament and go right through the roof—and we won't blame her.' Well, it never happened and it won't happen, because she is all thoroughbred."

Talking to Ingrid before, I had told her that Jack Benny had a complaint. "Not Jack," she demurred. I told her that Jack said she'd completely exhausted him, on the overseas tour, by her habit of sitting up until all hours of the morning, over cups of coffee, discussing all sorts of things, generally the stage and acting. "Finally," said Jack, "I told her in self-defense that I was



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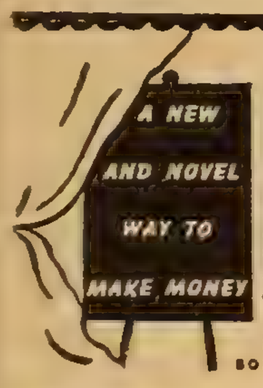
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an old comedian, and that she'd have to sit up with Larry Adler, a young harmonica player." She smiled brightly at the recollection: "That is right, but Jack should have told you I could even outsit Larry." She said it quite proudly. "What a grand trip that was," she continued. "I love to travel, I suppose every girl does, but just imagine traveling that way, with everybody going out of their way to be nice to you—and all expenses paid." That is quite an interpretation of dangerous airplane trips, Army chow, emergency trips to outlying camps, the strain of hospitals and shaking hands with thousands of GI's. "No, it was wonderful," she repeated, and the sincerity in her eyes and voice was not fabricated.

One night, in Germany, she told me, the Benny troupe ran into some gunfire. They were speeding through the night, and their Army driver didn't notice that he had been flagged down by an M.P., half-obscured at the side of the autobahn they were traversing. As the car sped by the sentry, there followed a burst of gunfire. Larry Adler, sitting in the rear of the car with them, let out a gasp of pain as the bullet plowed through the car's upholstery. "I'm hit, Jack," he called out, as the car crunched to a jarring stop.

They lifted him out carefully, as other sentries came racing up. It was discovered that Larry had not been hit at all. What had happened was this: the bullet plowed through the body of the car, hit a ring of the seat spring and the spring, released, had belted Adler through the upholstery with the force of a trip-hammer. It was painful, but not a certificate for a Purple Heart, so on through the night they went, with Ingrid and Jack kidding Larry about his "wounding."

Suddenly, the headlights of the car revealed, in the middle of the highway, a black cat.

"Look," said Benny, "now he tells us."

Whereupon the dignified Miss Bergman admits she collapsed on the bottom of the car and shrieked merrily until they pulled up at the next camp. It must have been quite a trip.

THERE WAS ALWAYS DAD

(*Continued from page 34*)

bubble. But his forebears can't subdue the light in his eyes, nor keep an occasional quiet sentence from slipping out. Like for instance, "She's a parent's dream come true—"

The Best Years Of Our Lives worked its own private miracle with him. That he considers it the finest picture ever to come out of Hollywood is standard procedure. Most people agree with him, including the writer. But Teresa's performance in *Pride of the Yankees* so moved him, that for him he felt it could never be topped. This got to be a family gag about other pictures.

"What did you think, Daddy?"

"I thought you did a fine job, dear."

And they'd finish together—"But Eleanor Gehrig is still my favorite."

Till he saw *Best Years*. "I thought it was beautiful, dear . . ."

"But . . ."

"No. Peggy's my favorite now."

He's proud of her success, but prouder of her as a person. Thinks character's more important than fame and fortune—not on high moral grounds necessarily, but because it gives you a surer footing from which to cope with the world, and so makes you a happier person.

Her mother, after an illness of five years, died when Teresa was seven. Teresa went to boarding school, where she stayed for three years. Most of her adolescence was spent in boarding houses. At eighteen, she

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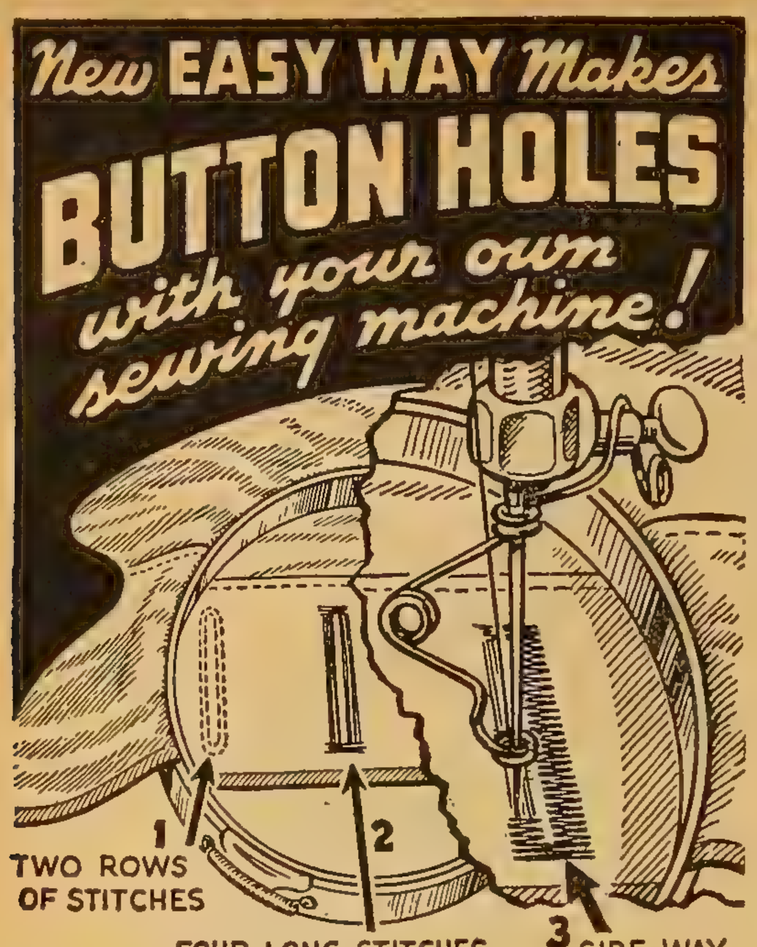
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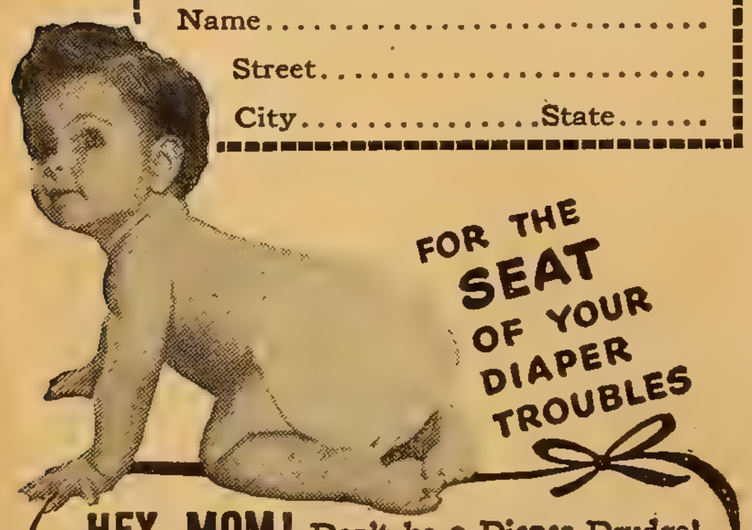
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DIAPER LINERS

Wherever Baby Goods Are Sold

was sharing a New York apartment with another girl—the first place she could even remotely call her own. Psychologists would frown over such a history. More than anything else, they'd tell you, a child needs the security of a stable background. Yet Teresa *was* a happy child. She *had* security. That was her father's great achievement. His love was the abiding element of her world.

Her earliest memories are of being fed and bathed by him, of turning to him in all her childish woes. The cherished companion of those days was a life-size baby doll, known as the Peggydoll. Catastrophe in some form overtook this treasure, and left Teresa desolate. But Daddy scoured the highways and byways till he managed to turn up an exact counterpart. Wherever she went, the Peggydoll went along—even to Hollywood.

There was another quest her father set out on one day, with something more on his mind than dolls. Teresa was in the hospital, very ill after an appendectomy. Nothing would stay on her stomach, not even ginger ale. "Champagne," said the doctor, "is lighter than ginger ale. Maybe she could keep that down."

Prohibition was still in. Not only was champagne high, but it was hard to come by, unless you knew the ropes. Daddy didn't know the ropes, but he finally ran a bottle of champagne to earth and paid for it through the nose.

expensive ginger ale . . .

"Mmm," said Muriel Teresa, aged four and a half. "*Nice* ginger ale." By any name it would have sounded sweet to her father, for it did stay down.

She trusted him completely. He didn't lay down laws or give orders. "We'll work it out together," he'd say when a problem came up. Because he explained at length why it was best for her to go to boarding school, she accepted the idea at once.

Rose Haven was a small school that stressed home life, cultural activities and close personal attention to its 25 boarders. For Arthur Wright, it must have meant cutting corners, but Teresa stayed at Rose Haven for three happy years. Every Sunday, Daddy would come out.

There were special holidays, when he'd take her out to lunch. She always wanted the same lunch—bacon and tomato sandwich, chocolate ice cream and milk. But he always asked, "What'll you have, dear?" She liked that. It made her feel grown up.

He never had a lot of fancy pet names for her. Till she was nine or ten, he called her Chickie, and she returned the compliment by calling him Chickiedaddy.

Very early in her life, it seemed apparent to others that Teresa was destined for the theater. In a croquet game at Rose Haven, a mallet collided with her nose. One of the teachers rushed her to the doctor.

"You've got to take care of Muriel's nose, doctor. It just mustn't be broken. She's going to be an actress, you know."

That was the first she'd heard of it, and she went very still and ashamed inside. "It's because I'm not bright," she thought, remembering her spelling. "The only thing left for me to be is an actress."

Dad was neither depressed nor elated over the prospect. When people said, "Why don't you put her on the stage?" he'd shrug it off, his instinct being to mind his own business. Teresa's life belonged to Teresa. If the talent and ambition were there, they'd come out.

By the time she was attending Columbia High at Maplewood, Teresa wanted nothing more than to be an actress. But those were depression days. The depression had taken her out of Rose Haven. Which was all right. She couldn't imagine being happier than she was at Columbia, where Stanley Wood, who taught English, and Mildred Memory, the dramatic coach, both thought she could act. Only for training you had to go to dramatic school, and dramatic schools cost money.

But Dad was thinking his own thoughts, meantime. He'd seen her play Grazia in the high school production of *Death Takes A Holiday*. To him she'd seemed exquisite, but he *could* have been prejudiced. The New York critic, however, who compared her performance favorably with that of the original Grazia, couldn't be prejudiced. Neither could Stanley Wood. "Your daughter's a natural actress," he'd told Dad. "I'd like to see her encouraged."

He started scheming as to how he could manage the impossible. Independently, Teresa wrestled with the same problem. It was Stanley Wood who came up with an answer. Associated with the Wharf Theater at Provincetown, he said he could arrange a summer scholarship for her. This would pay her expenses in part. The father of a friend, also going to Provincetown, offered to pay the balance.

She told him about Stanley Wood and Provincetown and—now came the hard part—about her friend's father. He looked away toward the window for a moment, but when he turned back, his face was perfectly clear.

"This means a lot to you, doesn't it?"

"It means everything, Daddy."

"Well, I'd like to help, and if I can do that by letting someone else help, it's all right with me."

It was all right with him, too, when she took a small apartment in New York with another girl. She was eighteen and knew how to look after herself, and you can't haunt agents' offices from New Jersey. They had dinner together a couple of times a week, talked on the phone almost daily. If he was lonely, he kept it to himself. When she needed him, he was there . . .

She must have phoned him a thousand times about *Our Town*. They needed an understudy for Emily, and Doro Merande, whom she knew from Provincetown, had put in a good word for her. She'd read for the stage manager, and now she'd been waiting a month to read for Jed Harris. "Be here at such-and-such a time," they'd say. "We're expecting Mr. Harris." She'd go down and wait. Then they'd say, "You'd better go home. He isn't coming."

It happened again on a day of teeming rain. She had a cold in the head, felt rotten and looked worse. Late in the afternoon they sent her home.

At nine the phone rang again. "Be down here right after the performance tonight. We're expecting Mr. Harris."

bawling bernhardt

For a wonder, their expectations were realized. She read one scene, but how good can you be with a running nose and eyes like a couple of puffballs? He told her to wait. She retired to the wings, leaned her head against the nearest prop and bawled.

Her eye caught sight of a pay phone on the wall. In New Jersey a bell shrilled, waking one A. Wright. "Daddy," said a tense voice. "I've just read for Jed Harris and I'm waiting to read again. Could you meet me at the theater?"

He got up and dressed and took the tube to Manhattan, where he found a deliriously happy girl who'd just copped her first professional job in the theater. That was a night to paste in their memory books. The rain had stopped, so they climbed on a bus which floated them uptown . . .

She gave him a bear hug at parting. "Poor daddy, now you'll have to go all the way back alone."

"I wouldn't have missed it for anything. First time I ever rode a bus with an actress."

She played the part on the road and got rave notices in Boston. Dad saw it in New Haven, took her out to supper, felt like any



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proud papa when people stopped by to compliment her. But their biggest night was Teresa's first Broadway opening—as Mary in *Life with Father*. They celebrated with a party at the Biltmore—Teresa and a boy friend, Edna and Daddy (who were married in '40, with the groom's daughter as maid of honor).

Those days were tinged with glory, and quite unbelievable. All she'd hoped for was a chance, and here she was in a Broadway hit, getting offers from the movies. Daddy'd meet her every Saturday after the matinee, and they'd have dinner at Bleeck's, where actors and writers congregated. "Guess you'll have a bacon and tomato sandwich," he'd say gravely.

He was far from enchanted when she finally accepted Samuel Goldwyn's offer to go to Hollywood for *The Little Foxes*. Not that he had anything against the movies, except that they were 3000 miles away. But it might have been a lot worse. After all, she was coming right back.

i wanna get married . . .

She came back all right, but in such a frenzy to get something off her chest that what her greeting amounted to was, "Hello, Daddy, how are you, I'm in love with a man and want to go back and marry him."

He sat there carefully, trying to reassemble his brain as it had been before the explosion. What did you say when your only beloved daughter informed you suddenly that she wanted to marry a man? You asked about the man. Naturally—

"What's the color of his hair?" Dad demanded.

This broke them both up enough so that they could relax. By the time she got through telling him all about Niven, including his hair, Dad was himself again. "If you love him, I'll like him."

But when Niven wrote, saying how he felt about Teresa, Teresa's dad wrote back: "I have every confidence in Muriel's ability to choose her own husband. You must be a fine person, or she wouldn't be interested in you."

Niven Terence Busch is directly responsible for the fact that Edna and Arthur Wright now live in California. Dad had missed Teresa's wedding—the one great disappointment of his life—but he wasn't going to miss the baby, by gosh!

When they learned that a baby was on the way, he talked things over with his wife. Young in spirit, he saw no reason why he couldn't sell insurance in California as well as Detroit. Edna agreed, and out they came. Dad was partial to girls. He wanted one just like Teresa.

Things happened so quickly the night the baby was born, that they had to go to the hospital without calling Dad. Waiting for a phone call, Dad was startled to hear a knock at the door.

There stood Niven. "What did you say you wanted, a boy or a girl—?"

"A girl."

"Well, you've got a boy."

"That's fine. I wouldn't change him for two girls."

Terry's past two now, and clever enough to look like both his parents. When Niven's dad came out to visit, he realized the necessity of distinguishing between his grandfathers, and without any prompting, started calling one G'pa and the other G'poo. Grandfather Wright was G'poo.

G'poo gave him his first rocking horse, and felt slightly cheated because somebody else turned up with a bike before he got around to it. For the rest, he considers himself the most fortunate of men. Having spent some of the best years of his life with the little girl who was (and is) his lovely daughter Muriel, he's now spending some more best years with the little boy who is his g'son.

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BREAK OF HEARTS

(Continued from page 50)

in his voice; observed his puzzled shrug; listened to him forthrightly declare that "Margot is the swellest girl that ever lived."

"We met while I was working in *Stage Door* for the Group Theater in New York," he told me. "We went together for a year before we married. We were married five and a half years. Our separation is really months old. We decided quite a while ago that we couldn't make a go of marriage any longer. But, at the time, we were living in a big place I bought in Brentwood, and there wasn't any place Margot could go.

"I felt that she was unhappy because she found it impossible to go on any further as a concert pianist. She has a wonderful talent, but a professional pianist has to keep in training, like a fighter. Margot couldn't take it any longer."

Dane should know about those things. He was a professional boxer before he became an actor. Today he keeps himself in tip-top condition by never missing a day's work-out at a gymnasium. As I sat talking to him on the set of the *Deep Valley* location, I couldn't help comparing him mentally with the sleek, thoroughbred horses in the corrals at the Harry Warner ranch nearby. Dane is the racehorse type. He doesn't bend to the will of others.

And right there, I believe, is the rub. I'm sure that's the secret of why he and Margot have called it a day. Margot is as high spirited and independent, herself, as a thoroughbred. All her life she has been making her own decisions, living her own life, asking no odds. A girl like that becomes more dominant as the years go by. She's had a romantic career of her own.

The second child and the eldest daughter of a well-to-do Texan, who founded the town of Snyder, Texas, she left home early to make her way. Her artistic talents were pronounced: she painted; sang; played the piano; read everything, and absorbed what she read. As a girl she married a struggling young painter in Chicago, where she was a student at the American Conservatory of Music. But, he died soon after.

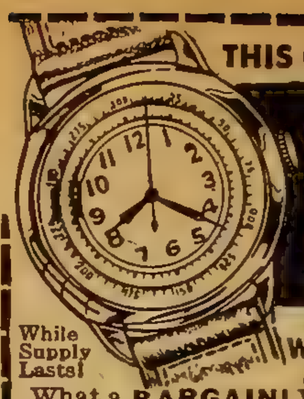
She went to Paris; became the bride of a titled Englishman; studied piano with the famous Alfred Cortot for two years. She was part of the artistic life of the French capital. Charming, vivacious, temperamental, her redheaded beauty adorned social gatherings in high circles. She absorbed her marvelous piano technique by

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My friend and I went to a musical comedy, and when the lights flashed on between the acts, I recognized the face of Ted Briskin, sitting a few aisles away. Oddly enough, I saw him before I saw his lovely wife, Betty Hutton. They both seemed surprised when I asked, "May I have your autograph, Mrs. Briskin?" Turning to her brand new husband, Betty exclaimed, "Gee! She called me 'Mrs. Briskin!' Here, honey, just for that, you must sign your 'X,' too." It seems it was the first time anyone had ever called her that in public.

Lorraine Hartley
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I SAW IT HAPPEN



When our Robert Mitchum fan club arrived at the RKO studios, Bob was making a close-up with Laraine Day. The director was explaining the scene, in which Laraine was to slap Bob. They rehearsed the scene over and over before Miss Day could get up enough courage to do it. Finally she said she was ready. The cameras rolled and the scene progressed; then came the slap, loud and hard. We all breathed a sigh of relief, but to our amazement, Miss Day had stopped the dialogue of the scene and was saying apologetically, "Oh, Robert, I'm so terribly sorry! Did I hurt you?" Everyone roared, especially Bob, and when we left, he was still reassuring the gentle Miss Day that he wasn't mortally wounded.

Pat Hutchison
Los Angeles, California

accompanying Cortot on a tour.

Ten years ago she came to Hollywood, met and married George Fisher, now a brilliant writer and radio commentator; then, a struggling press agent. She tried to become an actress and studied at Jean Muir's school. Margot's tendency to dominate was a factor in the breakup of her marriage to Fisher, who professes the highest regard for her.

The careers of the Hollywood stars run in a pattern: success goes with success. There came a day when Dane Clark began to find the recognition that his talents deserved. He became known as an actor of importance. His studio handed him better roles, heavier responsibilities.

And he has a temperament of his own. If an actor hasn't got temperament, there's a pretty good chance that he hasn't got anything else that success in his craft demands. And so two egos clashed. For there is nothing lackadaisical about Dane Clark. Not only is he a two-fisted young man physically, but he has strong notions about where he wants to go and how he proposes to get there. He's definitely not the type that craves petticoat government.

But he is sad. Life has dealt him a blow. This handsome chap said to me, "I hate to talk about it. It's like probing an open wound with a knife. Margot's really a swell gal. In fact, she's the swellest person I know. And, of course, it makes me furious to have insinuations made that there is someone else in my life. The way I feel now there never will be."

Undoubtedly, there is a deep friendship between Dane and Ida Lupino. They are both passionately interested in the theater. They both have the same keen, restless minds, always searching for something new to challenge their understanding. Few actors in Hollywood have Dane's education. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in New York State, and if acting ever fails him, he could undoubtedly take his place among the outstanding attorneys in California.

As soon as he finishes *Deep Valley,* he is going to New York for a meeting with Margot. He doesn't know how their estrangement will come out. I suggested to him that everything might be patched up when they sit down to talk things over. He smiled a bit wistfully and said, "the fact that we are separated now is evidence that we are pretty far apart. I'm not optimistic about our getting together again."



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THOSE ACADEMY AWARDS

(Continued from page 27)

performance by an actor was turned in by Fredric March as the middle-aged homecoming veteran in *The Best Years of Our Lives*—and I'm right here to state that my vote went to him in the New York critics' poll. Great motion picture acting is a rare and remarkable thing; we see it about as often as we see great motion pictures—and that's not often! Too many times, mere acrobatics are mistaken for acting art; too frequently are we deceived by personal charm. But I am firmly convinced that Mr. March's performance in *The Best Years* is great—and, no matter who gets the "Oscar," he is definitely my boy.

He is an adult, mature and finished actor who has long since graduated from glamor roles and is one of the screen's men of real distinction. That's the key to his success in *The Best Years*. For, in this facile portrait of a husband and a father who returns home from war, expected to resume civilian routines in a good but inevitably stuffy job, aware that he is not a chipper youngster yet reluctant to detach himself from youth, Mr. March has created a character of warm and inspiring quality, demonstrated in a hundred subtle ways.

best scene, best years . . .

I'd say that one of the most appealing scenes I've ever witnessed on the screen is that which takes place in Butch's tavern in the early part of *The Best Years*. For here Mr. March, grandly pickled as a normal way of release from the tensions of sudden reunion with his family (Myrna Loy and Teresa Wright), reveals in his manner of introducing his wife and daughter to his veteran friends, Dana Andrews and Harold Russell, all the joy and the pathos of the back-to-civilian-life jump. Acting a drunk is not easy, and many an actor has floundered in such a task. But Mr. March, being blessed with a magnificent sense and tempo for comedy, as well as a feeling for human sentiment, has illuminated in this scene—as well as in that later one, when he gets up to speak at the dinner for him—a sweet and heart-warming character, a real man.

A role must be written as well as acted. The greatest actor in the world can't give an Academy performance unless it is in the script. For this reason, I found it most revealing when Mr. Robert E. Sherwood told me the other day that the role played by Mr. March in *The Best Years* was rather negative as originally conceived—that it wasn't until Mr. Sherwood knew that Mr. March was going to play the role that it took on a positive magnetism and became the focal character in the script. That, in my estimation, is a score for Mr. March.

It might, too, be well to remember that Mr. March is an old and honored hand—that he was playing romantic heroes back in the Garbo-Shearer days when most of our current heart-throbbers were playing mumbly-peg. How fondly do many of us recall him in *Anthony Adverse, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (for which he won the 1932 "Oscar"), *Smilin' Through* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street!*

Oh, sure—there are other contenders. Jimmy Stewart (see page 56) in *It's a Wonderful Life* gives a charming and flexible performance of a big-hearted, small-town guy—a multi-mannered fellow with a wide emotional span. And Dana Andrews, Gregory Peck and Rex Harrison (see page 58) turned in swell ones in 1946. But where Jimmy's performance, for instance, is patterned to a stamped theatrical style—a "typical Frank Capra hero"—Mr. March's is unique. I'd vote for him.



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Citing an actress for the "Oscar" is a little bit tougher for me because my admiration is divided among three or four ladies of note. I think that Rosalind Russell did a remarkably dexterous job with her difficult role in *Sister Kenny*—an oddly exacting task—and especially was I attracted by the sincerity of her attitude towards the children in the film. I liked, too, Olivia de Havilland's (see page 60) sensitive playing of the tragic heroine—the self-sacrificial mother—in the highly sentimental *To Each His Own.* Both Miss de Havilland and Miss Russell covered a wide range of ages in their respective roles with fascinating development of each small detail.

But I am also quite vividly mindful of Dorothy McGuire's striking versatility in the role of the mute girl in *The Spiral Staircase* and of Teresa Wright's (see page 34) wistful yearning in *The Best Years.* Indeed, in my estimation of the virtues (and faults) of all of them, I find my book near a Mexican stand-off. But in the last analysis, I'd give Miss Russell my vote.

However, there's no denying that I think the best actress of the year was the aforementioned Celia Johnson, who helped make the British film, *Brief Encounter,* such a gem. Her unglamorized demonstration of how an English housewife might behave if she found herself desperately attracted to a young (and married) doctor whom she met, struck me as supremely true and finished—a rare exposure of a woman's heart. But she's not eligible for an "Oscar," since *Brief Encounter,* being an English film, is outside the "jurisdiction" of the Academy.

supporting roles raise problem . . .

The choice of supporting players for Academy honors must be hard for those who are qualified to make them. So many contradictions are involved. For instance, I think Hume Cronyn was extraordinarily good as the mean-minded Scottish grandparent in *The Green Years*—but wasn't that a leading role? Likewise Michael Chekhov, as the gaudy ballet impresario in *Specter of the Rose,* played a character of primary importance in the tale. Philip Merivale was excellent as the doctor who opposed Sister Kenny in that film. His was hardly a "supporting" performance, yet I suppose that is how it is classed. At the same time, a very slight appearance, such as that of comedienne Celeste Holm in *Three Little Girls in Blue,* a slight picture, would not, I presume, qualify for Academy consideration, but I thought it quite a winning bit.

However, I have my own hopefuls. I'd like to see Mr. Cronyn get the nod for his role in *The Green Years.* And I'm confident that the best supporting actress that I saw during the year was Leopoldine Konstantin, who played the German mother—an awesome creature—in Alfred Hitchcock's *Notorious.*

As for the best child's performance, can there be any question that little Claude Jarman, Jr. (see page 62) who plays the role of Jody in *The Yearling* will run away with the prize?

But, again I repeat, we working critics have no vote in these affairs. Selection is strictly limited to those who work in Hollywood. So are the qualified candidates. Both limitations strike me as wrong. For I feel that some partial determination of the highest film awards of the year should come from outside the industry—and I feel that all film artists in the world should be qualified for consideration. The motion picture is an international art in which the measure of talent and accomplishment should not be made along national lines. That's how we New York critics feel about it—and that is why we give our awards to what we think are the "best" in the year's productions that are laid before our eyes.



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FREE CATALOG



SUDDENLY IT'S LOVE!

(Continued from page 12)

struggle she waged since. She has been acutely aware for a long time now that life without Leo Durocher means nothing to her. Actually she and Leo are worlds apart. Durocher comes from a world to which she is a stranger. Leo is a man's man, tough-bodied, tough-minded. He knows what it means to fight and claw his way to the top. He's smart, aggressive, wise in the Broadway sense, sophisticated, and no stranger to romance.

Yet once the hands of these two had clasped, once their lips had met, they knew that none of life's glories or triumphs ever could mean a thing to them unless they could share them.

But, of course, Laraine is a girl of gentle, rigorous upbringing. She comes from Mormon people in Utah. High ideals of personal conduct were early instilled into her character. She was determined above all else that this irresistible love should not wreck her career or her life, that it must not touch her adopted babies.

Leo loves the children. Laraine yearned for children of her own to satisfy her mother instinct. When the story of their love first broke as a stunning surprise on Hollywood, I went to see Laraine at her Santa Monica home. I found her changing the baby's diaper. Only one of her three youngsters has been legally adopted, the others being in process now. Fear that she might be deprived of any one or all of them worried Laraine.

The complaint filed by Ray Hendricks in which Leo was made to appear a "love-thief," stealing into his and Laraine's home to make off with her affections, shocked and stunned her. She realized the threat involved her right to keep the children.

Behind the scenes the lawyers haggled. When the divorce matter finally came up before Superior Judge George A. Dockweiler, it was cut and dried. Durocher's name was not mentioned. Only consideration for the children induced Laraine to go through with a settlement which unquestionably gave her the worst of it financially. What price freedom indeed?

On a Monday Laraine's decree was granted. That night she and Leo boarded a plane for El Paso over American Airlines using the names of A. and V. Johnson. Her real name is Loraine Johnson. The word seeped around that they were eloping. Reporters pursued them.

At El Paso they went to the Hilton Hotel. The manager delightedly prepared to show them to the bridal suite.

"No, no," Laraine protested. "We want two rooms!"

The hour was early morning. They slept briefly, refreshed themselves, and kept an appointment with an El Paso attorney who escorted them across the International Bridge to Juarez. In a few minutes she had a Mexican divorce to add to the interlocutory decree granted in Los Angeles.

Hurrying back into the United States, they proceeded to the office of a justice of the peace where they remained for more than an hour. When they emerged reporters asked if they were married. Leo replied curtly: "No, we're not married."

Meanwhile in Los Angeles things were happening. Attorney Bernard Silbert, Laraine's divorce counsel, was worried for fear of what they might do in Texas and had advised them against a hasty marriage. They assured him that they had no intention of getting married. And I think when they said that they meant it. Judge Dockweiler, hearing that they had flown away together, promptly developed a fine case of judicial anger, threatening to set aside the divorce and property settlement if they should, as he put it, "flout the laws of California."

Silbert called Durocher in El Paso. "It's too late," Leo told him. Durocher called Judge Dockweiler. "We are very much in love," he pleaded. "We were married on an impulse, the spur of the moment. In two weeks I am going to Havana to start spring training with the ball club. I promise you that we will not live together as man and wife in the interim."

His Honor was grim and unyielding. "See me when you get back," he ordered.

The plane that brought the newlyweds back to Los Angeles arrived ten minutes ahead of time, but I've learned not to trust airplane schedules too closely. While wire services fumed and fretted and sent wrong stories to New York, while all Hollywood waited and wondered, I got the whole story directly.

"We shall live apart in California," said Laraine. "I am going right home and Leo will go to the Hotel Miramar. Yes, it is true that we are married. I do hope the Judge will not be too angry.

"In two weeks Leo goes to Havana. I stay here working on my picture, *Tycoon*, with John Wayne, until February 22. Then I, too, shall fly to Havana and we shall have a two weeks' honeymoon. Then back to work for me and at the end of April, I'm going to pack up and go to New York where we shall live."

They were a worried pair of wedded lovers. I don't know which was the more worried of the two, but maybe it was Leo. He told me volubly that his New York lawyer, Bernard Sandler, had assured him a Texas marriage was okay and did not "flout the laws of California." New York recognizes both the Mexican divorce and the Texas marriage, Sandler assured Leo.

Friends of Laraine who have watched her closely these last few months have been amazed at the change in her. Once she seemed definitely the mousy type.

Now she has become one of the town's dashing beauties. Her laughter is gay and sparkling, her manner warm and friendly.

Somehow the whole affair adds up to the most thrilling love story that has come out of Hollywood in a long, long time. And to me, the magnificent transformation in Laraine proves anew the sagacity of the old philosopher who said, "A woman is not truly a woman until she has loved!"

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We're laying aside modesty and admitting quite frankly that we're pretty proud of our story line-up for April. But, first, last and always, it's *your* opinion that means most to us. So—after you've read the stories and features in this issue *carefully*, take a few extra seconds to fill out the Questionnaire below. If you do it NOW, you may be one of the lucky 500 who'll receive a three months' subscription to MODERN SCREEN (May, June and July issues) ABSOLUTELY FREE!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

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Manhattan Nocturne (Rex Harrison) ☐
Full Confession (Ginger Rogers) by Ed Sullivan ☐
Jody (Claude Jarman, Jr.) by Clarence Brown ☐
Suddenly It's Love! (Laraine Day) ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

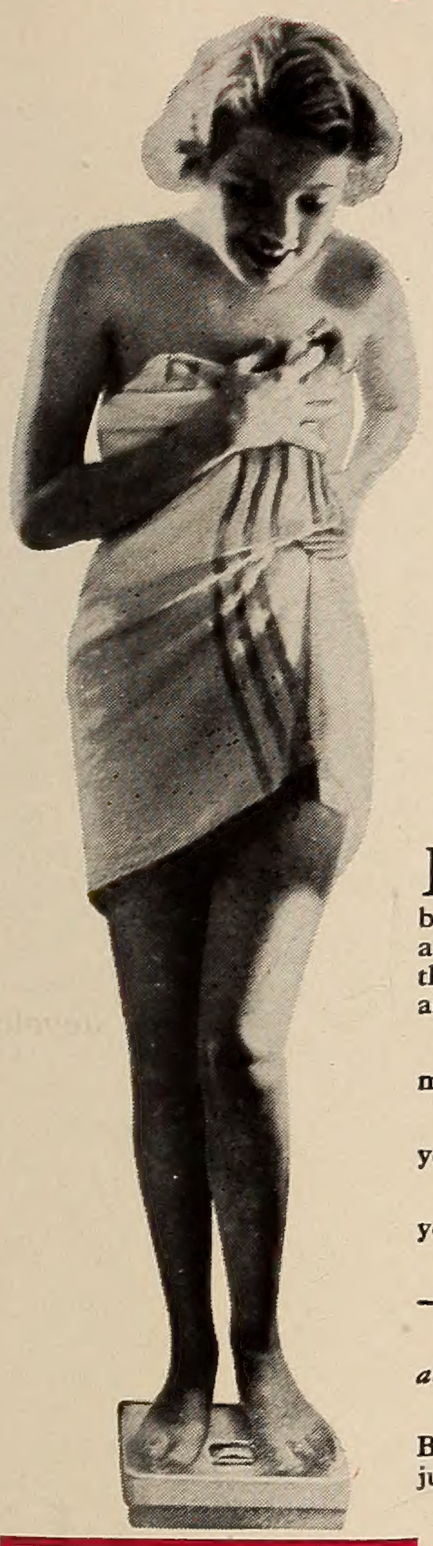
My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

"Frankly, this was written for lazy people who *want* to get slim who *don't* like to exercise who *do* like to eat!"



Here is the "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET"

Average Overweight Person May Expect to

Lose 5 to 10 Pounds in 10 Days, Yet Enjoy Better Health, Delicious Meals Every Day—No Exercise or Drugs!

HERE is the pleasant, sensible, scientific way to REDUCE. To see those unattractive bulges "smooth out" and disappear as if by magic. To enjoy the frankly admiring glances that a slim figure always attracts. This slenderizing miracle can be accomplished for the overweight quickly and safely—whether you are a man or woman, young or old. And, best of all—

WITHOUT starving yourself! (You'll eat delicious, satisfying meals every day, including a tasty breakfast.)

WITHOUT the drudgery of exercise! (You can be as lazy as you please.)

WITHOUT drugs, pills or compounds! (They can definitely hurt your health and appearance.)

WITHOUT steam baths or massage! (So *often* they don't work —and they are usually terribly expensive.)

How then? *By simply knowing certain up-to-date scientific facts about food-selection!*

"Oh, of course," you may reply, "it's just a matter of calories." But IS it? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a sirloin steak? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, *the steak would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY-stimulating calories.* Yet the total *number* of calories in each is roughly the same!

So you see it ISN'T "just a matter of calories." It's the KIND of calories that makes the big difference!

Calories, Yes—But Which KIND?

Some foods are high in *fat* calories. Others are high in *energy-stimulating* calories. Science has discovered that if you eat the first kind of foods, your body burns LESS ENERGY and stores MORE FAT. But if you eat the second kind your body burns MORE ENERGY and stores LESS FAT!

This simple scientific fact explains why most ordinary "dieting" fails . . . and why *"The New Way To Eat and Get Slim"* (as explained by Donald G. Cooley in his book) produces such amazing results.

How Much Do You WANT to Lose?

Since no two persons are exactly alike, it is impossible to predict the exact number of pounds *you* will lose on the "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET" given in this book. But the average overweight person can expect to lose 5 to 10 pounds in 10 days—even though the diet provides as much daily bulk as the average American diet!

Then the book also gives you a diet for losing 10 pounds a month; and a "stay-slim" diet, so when you *reach* alluring slenderness, you can *stay* there. You don't have to stick to each day's menu, either. Substitution Table gives you dozens of other meats and foods you may eat instead.

What This Book Is Doing For Others

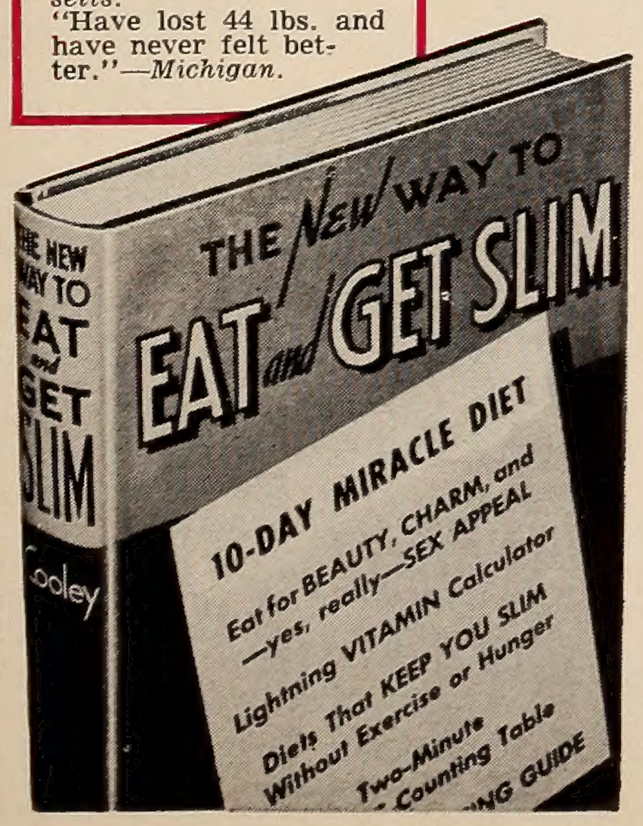
"Lost 10 lbs. in 10 days. Feel better than I have in years."—*Wisconsin.*

"My sister is very short, weighed 196. Was so thrilled to be losing weight, would even get up in the night to weigh herself. Now weighs 120, is healthier, happier."—*Michigan.*

"Kindly forward me the book. Have a friend who lost 34 lbs., is now ever so much better in health, appearance."—*California.*

"Most sensible way to reduce I have seen yet. I'm a registered nurse and can fully appreciate sensibility of this means."—*Massachusetts.*

"Have lost 44 lbs. and have never felt better."—*Michigan.*



PARTIAL CONTENTS

Showing HOW This Book Takes Off the Pounds and the Bulges

I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no drugs, girdles or gadgets.

How Much Do You Want to Reduce—How Fast? Your choice of diets that reduce you rapidly or gradually, as you wish.

Counting Calories Isn't Enough. How to pick "galloping calories" that slim you faster.

Exercise Is a Practical Joker. Why exercise alone is a poor way to reduce. **No Drugs, No Sweat.** Why you can ignore costly sweat baths, reducing drugs, dangerous fasting, etc.

II. WHY YOU DON'T GET SLIM

Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Milk, Water, Soft Drinks. How beverages affect weight control—with some surprises.

Cocktail Calories. The strange role of alcohol in building fat.

III. YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

How Proteins Help You Get Slim. One secret of reducing without feeling hunger pangs or sacrificing vitality.

The Simple Arithmetic of Reducing. Easy way to set your Calorie quota whether you're a housewife, factory worker, stenographer, etc.

These Diets Will Reduce You Safely. Best proportions of food elements assured by the new way of calorie-counting.

The Fastest SAFE Slimming Program. Diet safeguards that make speedy weight reduction safe.

10-Day Miracle Diet. Safe way for average overweight person to lose 5 to 10 pounds in 10 days.

Daily menus for 10 days.

Heartier Diets. 3 diets for losing 10 pounds a month. How to substitute other foods you like better. 2 "STAY Slim" diets.

Two-Minute Calorie-Counting Table—At-a-glance chart showing kinds of calories in 26 meat dishes, 4 kinds of milk, 13 fish, 10 kinds of cheese and egg servings, 41 vegetables, 29 pies, pastries, 17 fats, sugars, syrups, 7 nuts, 11 soups, 18 "little things," 15 beverages.

Split Your Quota Any Way You Like. Exploding the no-food between meals myth and the nothing-but-coffee-for-breakfast error.

IV. YOU COUNT YOUR VITAMINS THE EASY WAY

You Needn't Pay Extra for Vitamins. How to get all you normally need from foods alone.

Your Daily Vitamin Needs. Complete table showing units of A, B1, C, G and D needed daily for Adults, Adolescents, Children, Infants and Pregnant Women.

Lightning Vitamin Calculator. Vitamin units in 78 common foods, in handy chart.

Cook Them Kindly, 9 simple rules to preserve vitamins in preparing foods.

V. EAT FOR BEAUTY, CHARM

No Pep, No Joy, No Friends. Is this you? Maybe you can remedy it —at the dinner table!

Skin You Love to Touch. How Vitamin A and other elements promote clear, beautiful skin.

Teeth You Love to Brush. Food minerals for healthy teeth.

The Diet Cure for Common Constipation. "Scare" warnings vs. truth.

Examine It 5 Days FREE

It costs only a stamp to get this book for FREE EXAMINATION. No money need be sent now. *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper)* will be sent with the understanding that you may keep it for five days.

Leading medical authorities have approved this book. We believe that *your* doctor will, too. Show it to him. Unless you are convinced that this book offers you the quick, safe, pleasant "lazy-way" to reduce, return it without obligation. Otherwise it is yours to keep for only $2.00 plus few cents postage. Mail Free Examination Coupon at once. WILFRED FUNK, INC., Dept. R 354, 227 East 44 St., New York 17, N. Y.

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227 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

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☐ Check here if enclosing $2 WITH this coupon, and WE will pay the postage. The same 5-day return privilege, for full refund, applies.

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!



Result: *Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.*

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not.

And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Thus the demand for Camels . . . always great . . . grew greater still . . . so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette



When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—*the brand named most was Camel!*